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PAUL JONES

FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY

PAUL JONES

FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY

A History

BY

AUGUSTUS C. BUELL

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
NEW YORK 1900

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TROW DIRECTORY
PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY
NEW YORK

To

CHARLES HENRY CRAMP

BUILDER OF NAVIES

THE AUTHOR INSCRIBES THIS

HISTORY OF PAUL JONES

FOUNDER OF A NAVY

PREFACE

Paul Jones's character and achievements entitle im to a conspicuous place among the great men of he American Revolution, and yet the details of his xtraordinary career are little known. His fame, in he broad sense of enduring interest, ranks with hat of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, Adams, and Robert Morris; and, in his own partic- lar province, he stands absolutely alone.

To the average student of American history, men- ion of our Revolutionary Navy instantly suggests ne name of Paul Jones, and no other. Yet, not- withstanding such singular distinction as a gener- lity, but little is correctly known in detail as to the ctual life and the real character of the man. The aily lives, the individual incidents, and the per- onal characters of our other very great men in that poch are as open books. These men spent their ves in our country, and after they had passed away ne materials for their histories were left in friendly ands.

The reverse was true of Paul Jones. He resided

in this country from the spring of 1773 till the fall of 1777. After that, though continuing in the service of the United States and passing some part of his time here at intervals between 1777 and 1787, his actual domicile was France, and from 1787 till his death, in 1792, he did not appear in this country at all. He left no family to preserve with filial care the voluminous and valuable records he had prepared. Some of these records were in the English language; others, and in many respects the most valuable, were in French. After his death his papers were scattered. Some of them found their way to the United States, others to Scotland, and yet others remained in France.

The papers that found their way to America and to Scotland fell into hands incompetent to make the best historical use of them. They were published in both cases; but in a fragmentary and disjointed manner; and this evil was aggravated by efforts on the part of editors to explain things they could not themselves comprehend, or in some instances to correct what their ignorance of correlative facts led them to consider errors in the originals. Thus, between the division of his papers and the incapacity of his editors, Paul Jones suffered as nearly as could be without throwing them into the fire the destruction of his literary relics in America and Scotland. The papers that remained in France

fared better; but as they relate almost wholly to that period of his career which had no direct connection with American history, little use of them has been made in our tongue.

On such a basis numerous biographies and innumerable sketches of Paul Jones have been published during the last hundred years. Through all of them runs a vein of mystery which, in its turn, has made his name the sport of novel-writers, and the prey of fiction for three generations. The result has been distorted views of his character and imperfect conceptions of his career. But there was no mystery about his career, had the materials for a plain history of him been intelligently handled. On the contrary, his life, as indicated by his own singularly frank writings, and as mirrored in the copious discussions of him and his character in the papers of his great contemporaries, was free from mystery, and in most respects extraordinarily open and above-board. It is by no means on his own literary relics that a real history of Paul Jones must be based. As is true of every famous man, the materials for such a history of him must be sought in the records of his contemporaries and colleagues, as well as, or to a greater extent than, in his own.

The present volume represents an effort to combine the most important or most interesting parts

of each element—his own papers on the one hand, and those of his contemporaries on the other. Whether successful or not, the effort has been at least earnest.

The author gratefully acknowledges his debt to many admirers of the name and fame of Paul Jones for assistance in the preparation of this work. Among them he must make special acknowledgment of his indebtedness to the late Dr. Francis Wharton, who first encouraged him to undertake it many years ago, and thereafter gave him aid and suggestion beyond the power of anyone else to give; the Hon. Ainsworth R. Spofford, Librarian of Congress, who has freely given to the author the benefit of his marvellous bibliological equipment; Andrew H. Allen, Esq., Chief of the Rolls and Librarian, Department of State, for copies of manuscripts and documents not otherwise accessible; Professor J. Harvard Biles, Chair of Naval Architecture, University of Glasgow, for aid in securing historical documents from the Admiralty archives of Great Britain; M. Adolphe Letellier, C.E., M.A., of Paris, for aid and suggestion in research among the archives of France, and for introductions that gave access to certain private collections of rare books and pamphlets; the late General Prince Wittgenstein, and the families of Prince Korsakoff, and the late Admiral Grévé of the Russian

Navy, for assistance in research of the history of Paul Jones in the service of that Empire.

It may, perhaps, be not improper to add that in his work the author has been stimulated by an instinct of heredity. His effort has been to write a history of Paul Jones as truthful as a great-grand sire's services under Paul Jones were faithful.

A. C. B.

PHILADELPHIA, June 15, 1900.

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PAUL JONES

FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY

CHAPTER I

SAILOR AND PLANTER

In the middle of the eighteenth century an honest, hard-working Scottish peasant lived near the fishing hamlet of Arbigland, Parish of Kirkbean, County (or, as it was then called, Stewarrty) of Kirkcudbright, in the Western Lowlands, on the north shore of Solway Firth. His name was John Paul and his occupation was partly that of gardener to the Honorable Robert Craik, a country squire and member of Parliament, and partly that of fisherman.

John Paul, like most Scotchmen in humble circumstances, was the father of a large family. He had four sons—William, Adam, Robert, and John Paul, Jr.—and three daughters—Elizabeth, Janet, and Mary. William, the eldest, born about 1730, was adopted in 1743 by a well-to-do and childless Virginia planter named William Jones, a native of Kirkbean Parish and a distant relative of the Pauls, while he was on a visit to his old Scottish home,

and by virtue of the act of adoption took the name of William Paul Jones. Of Adam and Robert Paul no trace is left. Elizabeth died before reaching the age of twenty. Janet and Mary followed their brother William to Virginia as soon as they arrived at maturity. Mary married, first a man named Young, who died, and she then became the wife of a planter named Loudon. Janet became the wife of a watchmaker in Norfolk, Va., a Mr. Taylor, who had emigrated from Dumfries, Scotland, and afterward returned thither.

The history of these six children of John Paul does not take up much space and none of them would have had even such scanty claim to the notice of mankind but for the fifth child and youngest son of the family, John Paul, Jr., who was born on July 6, 1747. His history has been written in three languages—English, French, and Russian—and though for more than a hundred years the theme of many busy pens, the half of it has not yet been told.

Of his maternal ancestry the only record extant is that left to history by Edward Hamilton, author of the Aberdeen life of Paul Jones. His mother was Jeanne Macduff, daughter of an Argyll Highlander named Ian Macduff,* an armorer or gunsmith by

* Dr. Robert Sands, editor of the Janette Taylor Collection of the Jones papers, published at New York in 1830, says: "The Macduffs were a respectable rural race in their own district; and some of them had been small landed proprietors in the Parish of Kirkbean for an immemorial period."

But Edward Hamilton, writing several years afterward (1848) and having the Janette Taylor Collection before him, personally investigated the subject and established by the parish records of Dumfries, as well as by authentic neighborhood lore, the Highland origin of Jeanne Macduff. At the time John Paul married her they were both in the employ of Mr.

rade, who migrated early in the eighteenth century from Inverary to Dumfries, in search of a wider market for his skill. Jeanne was a little girl when her father descended to the Lowlands; but she was born a "Hieland lassie." There may have been historic pertinence in Hamilton's terse suggestion that "Little John Paul was clearly his mother's boy; at heart a Hielander!" Hamilton himself was a Highlander, and after two generations had softened the asperities of the Revolutionary struggle, he was, perhaps, glad to enroll Paul Jones among the "Heroes of the Heather." But apart from any such racial predilection, it is not to be denied that there were qualities in the character of Paul Jones and instincts exhibited in his career that bespoke the fierce blood of the Gael rather than the placid strain of the Briton. The suddenness of temper, the swiftness of hand that he restrained with difficulty—if at all; the exultant valor, the scorn of peril, and the deathless grit that made him the conqueror where others might have succumbed, were perhaps the heritage, not of the peaceful farmer and fisher folk from whom his father sprung, but of his mother's ferocious ancestors in the Grampian Hills. It might be an interesting study in comparative ethnology to trace the savage instinct of foray that mastered him more than once, back to those "plaided

Craik—John Paul as head gardener and also game-keeper and fish-warden; and Jeanne Macduff as lady's maid to Mrs. Craik. The positions of head gardener and game-keeper were frequently filled by the same person on estates of moderate size such as that of Mr. Craik. The duties of the "fish-warden" were simply to prevent "poaching" in the two or three small salmon streams that flowed through Mr. Craik's estate into the Nith.

clans" whose "early education" Aytoun sings in the lay beginning:

> Come hither, Evan Cameron,
> Come stand beside my knee;
> I hear the river roaring down
> Unto the wintry sea.

It may have been that, with the thrift and shrewdness of his father's Lowland race, there blended in him a dash of other blood, and that the "Hieland lassie's boy" was, after all, more Celt than Saxon.

Little John Paul enjoyed a scanty childhood. No institution of learning more pretentious than a Scotch parish school opened its doors to him; and as soon as he was strong enough to steer a fishing yawl or haul a line, his studies were ever and again interrupted by the hard necessity of helping to win a humble living from the waters of the Solway. Yet he grew rapidly in body and in mind alike, so that at the age of twelve he was as well knit, hardy, and capable as boys usually are at sixteen.

Even at the early age of twelve, his love of the sea, his aptitude for its pursuits, and his disregard of its perils, had become subjects of remark throughout that sturdy neighborhood; and for a year or more he had constantly besought his father to let him go over to Whitehaven and ship aboard some vessel bound for the New World, where his brother William, whom, by the way, he had never yet seen, had already found home and fortune.

Whitehaven was then the principal seaport on the Cumberland coast of England, on the southeast shore of the Solway, and about twenty-five miles

from Arbigland by water. It was then to the American and West Indian trade what Liverpool is now, and the principal commercial port on the northwest coast of England. Among the enterprising and prosperous ship-owning merchants of Whitehaven was James Younger, Esq., also a Lowland Scotchman, born at Old Carlaverock Castle, on the Dumfries shore of the Nith, a few miles from Arbigland. In the summer of 1759 Mr. Younger was at Arbigland, looking for sailors to man one of his ships about to sail for the Chesapeake. Late in the afternoon one day the attention of the villagers was attracted to a small fishing yawl beating up against a stiff northeast squall, to gain the shelter of the small tidal creek that formed the boat-harbor of the hamlet. Mr. Younger did not think she could weather it. As the little boat neared the landing-place Mr. Younger saw that her "crew" consisted of a boy and a man—the boy steering, handling the sheets, and commanding; the man simply "trimming the boat" by sitting on the weather-rail. Among those watching the boat was old John Paul. He did not seem alarmed. 'That is my boy John conning the boat, Mr. Younger," he said. "He will fetch her in. This isn't much of a squall for him!"

As soon as the boat was alongside and made fast, little John Paul was introduced by his father to Mr. Younger, who congratulated him on his seamanship and said that if his father would let him go he would ship him as master's apprentice in a fine new vessel he owned, just fitting out for a round voyage to Virginia, the West Indies, and thence home. Between his flattering offer and the importunities of the

boy, old John Paul yielded, and little John Paul went to Whitehaven with James Younger, Esq., duly bound shipmaster's apprentice, and fully destined for the ocean.

Such was the sea-birth and such the Neptune's christening of the Founder of a New Sea-power—the Father of the American Navy.

A few days thereafter the stout brig Friendship, of 148 tons, James Younger, owner, Richard Bennison, master, and John Paul, master's apprentice, sailed from Whitehaven, and after an uneventful voyage of thirty-two days, dropped anchor in the Rappahannock River near the present site of the sleepy old Virginia village of Urbana.

The trading voyages of those days were leisurely affairs; the triangular round-trip from England to the North American Colonies, thence to the West Indies, and thence back to England, usually lasted about six months, of which perhaps three months were spent at sea and the other three in various ports discharging and taking on cargo and conducting barter or exchange. The anchorage of the Friendship was only a short distance down the Rappahannock from the landing-place of William Jones's plantation, and, as part of the ship's business was with that worthy planter, little John Paul found abundant opportunity to visit ashore as the guest of his eldest brother, William Paul Jones, then a man of thirty, married, and managing the plantation, flour-mill, and trade of his adopted father, William Jones. The old Scottish-American planter took a great fancy to little John Paul, and wished to adopt him also, offering to get him released from his in-

dentures to Mr. Younger. But the boy preferred the sea-career he had chosen, and so, when the business of the Rappahannock was done, he sailed away in the Friendship for Tobago and Barbados, whence he returned to Whitehaven in the early spring of 1760.

For four years John Paul continued in the service of Mr. Younger. He advanced so rapidly in seafaring skill and general attainments that in 1764 he made a round voyage as second mate, and the next year was first mate. In 1766 Mr. Younger retired from the shipping business, and released John Paul from his indentures. Some writers of John Paul's history say that Mr. Younger failed in business at this time. But the fact that he was elected to Parliament in 1766, and held the seat for that borough until 1771, would not seem to prove the truth of that statement. At any rate, when he released John Paul from indenture, Mr. Younger gave to him for a nominal consideration a sixth interest in a ship called King George's Packet, and sold two-sixths to her master, Mr. Denbigh.

In this ship John Paul went again to the West Indies in 1766. Trade with the west coast of England was slack that year. So Captain Denbigh and his first mate, John Paul, resolved to try the traffic with the west coast of Africa. This was nothing else than the slave-trade, but at that time it was considered legitimate business, and it formed the basis of fortunes still extant by heredity in the hands of the most distinguished modern philanthropists of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

Captain Denbigh and John Paul made two voy-

ages in the King George between Jamaica and the Guinea coast, with fair profit. On arriving at Kingston, Jamaica, at the end of the second slaving voyage in 1767, John Paul declined to undertake a third one, and Captain Denbigh bought his sixth interest in the ship. Though not yet twenty-one years old, John Paul now found himself the possessor of about one thousand guineas (say, $5,000) in gold—then fully equal in purchasing power to three times that sum now—as the result of eight years' constant seafaring. He decided to visit his brother William, in Virginia, and to go thence home with a view to getting a command of his own.

Unable to find a ship bound for England by way of the Chesapeake, he took passage in the Whitehaven brig John o' Gaunt, Captain Macadam. Soon after clearing the Windward Islands yellow fever broke out on board, and the captain, mate, and all but five of the crew died within a few days. John Paul and the five surviving sailors proved to be "immunes" from yellow fever, and they navigated the John o' Gaunt safely to Whitehaven with her valuable cargo, Paul in command.

On arrival at Whitehaven the owners of the ship gave to John Paul and his five faithful sailors a ten-per-cent. share in the cargo for what was then termed "summary salvage." These owners were Donald Currie, Beck & Co., then the principal merchant ship-owners of Whitehaven. They had a new, full-rigged ship, about ready to sail on a round voyage to the West Indies, the American coast, and home. They offered the command of this vessel to Captain Paul, who was also made supercargo, and

they gave him a "lay" of ten per cent. on the net profits of the round voyage without investing a shilling of his own. This was in October, 1768. He commanded this ship—the John—for three round voyages, visiting his brother William Paul Jones at Rappahannock twice during the time. Old William Jones had died in 1760, and by the terms of his will had made John Paul the residuary legatee of his brother in case the latter should die without issue; provided that John Paul would assume, as his brother had done, the patronymic of Jones. On his visit to Rappahannock in 1769, Captain John Paul legally qualified under the provisions of the will of Willam Jones by recording his assent to its requirements in due form. He continued in the service of Currie, Beck & Co. in the meantime forming a connection with the firm of Archibald Stewart & Co., of Tobago, the other junior partners being Mr. Seaforth Young and Captain John Cleaveland.

His third voyage in the John involved Captain Paul in serious trouble. On the outward voyage the crew was reduced by fever to five or six hands. One of these, a huge Jamaica mulatto named Munro—or "Mungo"—Maxwell, became mutinous, and Captain Paul, being the only officer able to keep the deck, found it necessary to subdue him with a belaying-pin. Maxwell died soon after the arrival of the ship at Tobago, though not until he had shipped on another vessel. Captain Paul surrendered to the authorities, made a full statement, and asked an immediate trial. He was exonerated by the Judge Surrogate of the Vice-Admiralty Court of Tobago, the Honorable James Simpson, after the usual ex-

amination of the accused and witnesses, and the decision of Judge Simpson was approved and certified by the Honorable William Young, Lieutenant-Governor of the colony.

However, upon his return to Whitehaven, notwithstanding this exoneration, Captain Paul was put on trial for murder on the high seas. This prosecution seems to have had some malice behind it, and gave the young Captain considerable trouble. He was finally acquitted on two grounds: first, that there was a reasonable doubt as to whether the death of Maxwell was actually caused by the injuries he received from the hands of Captain Paul; and, second, if his death, which occurred on board another ship, the Barcelona packet, about three weeks after he received the injuries, was due to those injuries, it had been shown to the satisfaction of the court that Maxwell was mutinous on the high seas, under circumstances calculated to lodge plenary power in the hands of the master of the vessel; and that, therefore, the homicide was justifiable because it was the only means of maintaining the discipline necessary for the safety of the ship and crew. Captain Paul was a witness in his own defence. In the course of his examination the King's counsel (prosecuting attorney) asked him:

"Captain Paul, are you, in conscience, satisfied that you used no more force than was necessary to preserve discipline in your ship?"

To which he answered: "May it please the most Honorable Court, sir, I would say that it became necessary to strike the mutinous sailor, Maxwell. Whenever it becomes necessary for a commanding

officer to strike a seaman, it is also necessary to strike with a weapon. I may say that the necessity to strike carries with it the necessity to kill or to completely disable the mutineer. I had two brace of loaded pistols in my belt, and could easily have shot him. I struck with a belaying-pin in preference, because I hoped that I might subdue him without killing him. But the result proved otherwise. I trust that the Honorable Court and the jury will take due account of the fact that, though amply provided with pistols throwing ounce balls, necessarily fatal weapons, I used a belaying-pin, which, though a dangerous, is not necessarily a fatal, weapon."

Captain Paul was acquitted. Currie, Beck & Co. then offered him command of a new ship, one of the largest hailing from Whitehaven, ready to fit out for a voyage to North American and West Indian ports. But before she began to take in cargo, the East India Company chartered her as an "extra ship" to take out stores, passengers, and recruits for regiments serving in India. This ship was called the Grantley or Grantully Castle, of 420 tons burden. Captain Paul took her around from Whitehaven to Plymouth, where the stores, passengers, and recruits were taken on board, and she sailed for India, according to the records of that time, early in 1771 with several other East India ships under convoy.

The round voyage consumed nearly a year, the ship returning to Whitehaven early in 1772—probably in March or April. The records of this voyage are meagre. Captain Paul refers to it in his writings at the time only to express wonder that

"the King leaves the Cape of Good Hope in possession of the Dutch, when its situation as a commanding station on our route to India is of such prime importance." And he also is "surprised that the French have been let keep so long the Isles of France and of Bourbon, lying as they do like lions in our path to our Eastern possessions whenever we happen to be at war with France."

From this it would appear that Captain Paul was a zealous and loyal subject of His Britannic Majesty in 1771–72. After his return to Whitehaven, early in 1772, his ship was temporarily laid up for overhaul, as was usual after East India voyages, and Captain Paul then took command of another ship, bound for the West Indies and American ports.

During all these years Captain Paul had been an indefatigable student not only of the problems of his own profession, but of the French language, which he had mastered, and of Spanish, in which he had become fairly proficient. He had also made himself conversant with the naval history and tactical theories of his time, so that by 1773, when he reached his twenty-seventh year, there was probably no regular naval officer of his age in the British service better educated or more accomplished in professional acquirements than he. More than half of his life, young as he was, had been spent at sea; and though only twenty-seven years old, he had for ten years held positions of command, from mate of a West Indiaman to captain of an East Indiaman.

The course of study he had pursued and the knowledge he had acquired were outside the ordinary sphere of a merchant captain in those times.

Most men of his class then were content to be capable navigators, and, for the rest, aspired to little more than holding the confidence of their owners and having a good time ashore at each end of a voyage. But this narrow horizon did not satisfy the restless mind of John Paul. He was by no means ascetic in tastes, or gloomy in temperament. But he had no liking for revelry, and nothing bored him so much as those jolly coffee-house dinners or tavern drinking-bouts that formed the staple amusement or recreation ashore of the typical merchant captains of his time.

When in port he invariably sought the society into which the merchants and bankers with whom he dealt could introduce him; where his rich fund of observation could be drawn upon to interest men and women of intellect, and where he could figure, as was always his ardent ambition, in the character of a cultured man of the world. To this aspiration his martial figure, classically handsome face, and courtly bearing always lent resistless aid; and his active mind, richly stored with anecdote and experience, which an almost miraculous memory and a supreme command of language kept ever at his tongue's end, made him a man of mark in every Colonial port where his ship anchored. The result was that while the average of captains ashore would be swapping yarns in coffee-houses or carousing in taverns, Captain Paul would be passing his evenings in port at dinner with the *élite* of Colonial society, from New York all the way down the coast to Charleston, and thence to all the principal towns in the British Antilles from Barbados to Jamaica.

During this period he made the acquaintance of such men as the Livingstons of New York, the Morrises of Philadelphia, the Hursts, Granbys, Ayletts, Lees, Parkes, and Washingtons of tidewater Virginia, Hewes of Edenton, N. C., the Pinckneys, Laurenses, and Rutledges of Charleston—all men then on the verge of the most colossal destinies known to human annals.

If, in all this seeking the society of the people of prestige and power, or in all this study and self-training so far beyond the average of his class, John Paul foresaw in dream or in fancy the glories the near future had in store, he has left to us no hint of it. To ascribe such foresight to him would be to assume that he was almost superhuman. The probability is that he foresaw no more than other men of equal opportunities do, and that his choice of society and studies was simply the dictate of a proud nature, a clean mind, and a lofty ambition in the broadest sense, and without special ulterior design.

Lord Nelson said: "A naval officer, unlike a military commander, can have no fixed plans. He must always be ready for *the* chance. It may come tomorrow, or next week, or next year, or never; but he must be *always ready!*"

This instinct of destiny may have lurked in the recesses of Captain Paul's mind, and perhaps he was unconscious of its influence upon him; but he was surely "ready for *the* chance" when it came to him.

The brig Two Friends proved to be the last merchant command of Captain John Paul. She sailed from Whitehaven early in November, 1772, bound first for Lisbon, thence for the Madeira Islands,

thence for Tobago, thence for the Chesapeake, and thence home. It must have been a lucky voyage, because he made all his ports of call, transacted all necessary business at each port, and anchored in the reach of the Rappahannock just below his brother's plantation the 17th of April, 1773; only a little over five months out of Whitehaven in a quite circuitous trip. He found his brother dying of what was then known to pathology as inflammation of the lungs, or lung fever. In our time it is called pneumonia.

The legend is that William Paul Jones was still breathing when his brother John Paul reached his bedside, but he never rallied enough to recognize him. In a few hours he died. Then, through the succession established by the will of William Jones, John Paul became John Paul Jones, sinking his old name that he had already made well known and universally respected, in a new name that he was soon to bequeath in a blaze of glory unto all immorality.

The voyage of the Two Friends, so far as concerned trading, was now over. In the Rappahannock she had only to take on board some bales of "winter-cured tobacco-leaf" and a quantity of furs and peltries. This was soon done. Then Captain John Paul Jones turned the command over to his first mate, Mr. Lawrence Edgar, and settled down to the idyllic life of a Virginia planter. As Colonial plantations were then, in tidewater Virginia, the Jones estate was not large. A quaint old Colonial record, dated in the year 1761, on transfer by will, describes it as containing "about 3,000 acres of prime land, bordering for twelve furlongs on the

right bank of the Rappahannock, running back southward three miles, 1,000 acres cleared and under plough or grass, 2,000 acres strong, first-growth timber, grist-mill with flour-cloth and fans, turned by water power; mansion, overseer's house, negro quarters, stables, tobacco-houses, threshing-floor, river wharf, one sloop of 20 tons, thirty negroes* of all ages (18 adults), 20 horses and colts, 80 neat-cattle and calves, sundry sheep and swine, and all necessary means of tilling the soil."

Into such a fortune John Paul passed in one day, and exchanged the deck of a merchant brig for the broad acres of a Virginia plantation in the last days of the Colonial *régime;* days that, though the last, were the brightest, as sunset is always brighter than high noon.

Few pictures of the real Colonial life have been handed down to us. No such social conditions have ever existed anywhere else, and none such can ever exist anywhere again. It was a blending of the wilderness and the garden, a union of aristocracy and democracy, an amicable agreement between freedom and slavery never known before and never to be known again. It was a long, thin fringe of opulent civilization whose front doors looked out upon a trackless ocean and upon whose back doors frowned a savage forest. And yet that long, thin

* The articles of trust which the Frazier Brothers executed in May, 1775, when Jones placed his property in their hands *ad interim*, give the number of negroes on the plantation as twenty-two, of whom eight were under thirteen years of age. This decrease from the number stated in 1761 was due to the fact that William Paul Jones had manumitted several slaves during his possession of the estate, and had never bought any new ones.

fringe of civilization, with the devil on one side of it and the deep sea on the other, bred and nurtured the race of men and women that won for us our independence. With such a race and with such destinies Paul Jones cast his lot and linked his fortunes in 1773.

Of his life for two years as a Virginia planter but little record remains, and that is nearly all embraced in a few quaint paragraphs in his letters to Joseph Hewes. His brother, William Paul Jones, had served with Major George Washington's battalion of Virginia Provincials in Braddock's fatal expedition. Among the flotsam and jetsam of Braddock's defeat had been a Highland soldier of Dunbar's British Regiment, who, though badly wounded in the leg by an Indian bullet, still managed to keep on his feet. William Paul Jones took care of this poor Highlander and brought him to his plantation, where he stayed in the capacity of "land-steward" or "head-farmer." The tough Highlander survived his rescuer, and when Paul Jones succeeded to the estate and the name, he found old Duncan Macbean in actual control. It did not take Paul Jones long to perceive that the perfect order and complete efficiency which he found prevailing in every part of the establishment were due to the vigilance and fidelity of old Duncan Macbean. He left his Scotch overseer as he had found him, master of the plantation and all its belongings.

This arrangement left Jones free to indulge his social propensities at will. He was a bachelor, only twenty-eight years old, and, though he kept up the full state of the hospitable old Jones mansion, there

were no women in the house except colored servants, and his table had no hostess. The good Colonial dames of the neighborhood rallied to his rescue. By turns they presided at his dinners and chaperoned the young people at his boating parties in his big sloop. Naturally, they exercised their ingenuity to make a match for him. But, acute as the Colonial dames may have been, and charming as their daughters unquestionably were, there is no record that the heart of the sailor-planter was ever touched by one or by the other. There is a tradition that for some time he showed partiality for the society of Miss Betty Parke, a relative of the lady known to fame as Martha Washington; but Miss Parke became Mrs. Tyler in 1775, while Paul Jones remained single and free.

Events thickened about that time. The years of grace 1773 and 1774 saw the gathering of the clouds from which flashed the lightning of Bunker Hill and rolled the thunder of the Declaration of Independence. Like any other man trained to read the omens of the ocean-sky, Paul Jones watched the gathering of the clouds and listened for the premonitory sounds of the storm to come.

Freed by the fidelity of old Duncan Macbean from the drudgery of plantation management, he spent all his time in study and observation. He went to Williamsburg and attended the sessions of the House of Burgesses, where he heard the eloquence of Patrick Henry and the stately logic of Thomas Jefferson. He journeyed in November, 1774, to Edenton, to commune with his friend Joseph Hewes and to assure him that, whenever the hour might

strike, they could all know where to find Paul Jones.

Returning from Edenton by way of Norfolk in December, 1774, Jones stopped at the latter town to visit friends. During his stay he attended a public ball at which were also present several officers belonging to a British sloop-of-war of eighteen guns, then lying in the harbor. In a letter to Joseph Hewes, written the day after the event, Jones says:

. . . The insolence of these young officers, in particular when they had gotten somewhat in their cups, was intolerable, and there could be no doubt that they represented the feeling of their service generally. As you may hear imperfect versions of an affair brought on by the insolence of one of them, I will take the liberty of relating it: In the course of a debate, somewhat heated, concerning the state of affairs, a lieutenant of the sloop-of-war, Parker by name, declared that in case of a revolt or insurrection it would be easily suppressed, if the courage of the Colonial men was on a par with the virtue of the Colonial women!

I at once knocked Mr. Parker down, whereupon his companions seized him and all hurried from the scene, going aboard their ship. Expecting, naturally, that the affair would receive further attention, I requested Mr. Granville Hurst, whom you know, to act for me; suggesting only that a demand for satisfaction should be favorably considered and that he should propose pistols at ten paces; place of meeting, Craney Island; time, at the convenience of the other side.*

* Recent biographers, notably Mr. Abbott, have endeavored to create the impression that Paul Jones was opposed to the practice of duelling. Whatever may have been the amiable intentions of these writers in the light of the latter half of the nineteenth century, their statements, if true, would place Jones in a sorry light with respect to any part of the

To my infinite surprise no demand came, but this morning, on the ebb tide, the sloop-of-war got under way and sailed, it is said, for Charleston. Trusting that you will approve my conduct and that you will not be misled by any contrary versions that may reach you, I remain, etc.

This affair soon found its way into the Colonial newspapers and was viewed as an indication of a grave state of things. While there had been much bitter talk, this was the first actual collision that had occurred on the soil of Virginia between a Colonist of high social rank and an officer wearing the King's uniform. It added no little fuel to the flame. It was said the reason why Lieutenant Parker did not demand satisfaction was that none of his brother officers would act for him, holding that his language was brutal and his chastisement deserved. It was even said that he was forced to resign. But this cannot be true, because he was present at the bombardment of Fort Moultrie not long afterward by the British squadron under Sir Peter Parker, his relative, and was severely wounded in that memorable action.

So far as Paul Jones was concerned, he seems to have regarded it as a trivial affair, and never referred to it except in his letter to Mr. Hewes; and

eighteenth century. All gentlemen, and particularly all naval officers, recognized the code in those times. Jones was not only no exception, but, if anything, was inclined to the other extreme. The fact that he never fought a duel was wholly the fault of the other side in the quarrel. On several occasions he gave several men the most ample opportunity of single combat. In a word, Paul Jones was any kind of a fighting man; and he was as many kinds of a fighting man as could be joined in one person. His skill with the pistol in single combat or any other kind was proverbial.

his aim in that letter was clearly nothing but to prevent Mr. Hewes from being misinformed as to his conduct. But it was enthusiastically approved by the high-spirited Colonial dames and their daughters, who saw in the young sailor-planter of the Rappahannock a chivalric knight, ready to resent aspersion upon their fair names at the muzzle of a duelling-pistol.

Soon after this affair Jones returned to his plantation, where he passed the winter, excepting occasional trips to Williamsburg to keep in touch with the political leaders of the Colony. During this winter he became acquainted with Thomas Jefferson and also with Philip Livingston, of New York, who visited Virginia to confer with Washington, Jefferson, and the Lees on the situation. In one of his journals—that of 1782—Jones says:

> At this time [January, 1775] outbreak of hostilities was believed to be certain. Colonel Washington, Mr. Jefferson, and Mr. Livingston agreed that it would be better to postpone the open rupture if possible to the next year, that the widely scattered Colonies might have opportunity to arrive at a more complete concert than had been reached up to that time. But they also agreed that the disposition in Boston and the other New England Colonies was to force the issue, and in that frame of mind they were likely to bring on a clash of arms as soon as the snow was off the ground.
>
> I regretted much that in all my sailings to Colonial ports I had never once touched at Boston, and so had no acquaintance with its people except as I had met them trading in the West Indies and elsewhere. But the other gentlemen assured me that, though of Puritan stock and slow to anger, the New England Colonists could not be

appeased when once roused, which was their condition at this time. They all expected the first blow to fall in or near Boston, and were sure that it could not be long delayed. Mr. Livingston had recently been at Boston, and his reports of conferences he had with the Adamses, Mr. Otis, Dr. Warren and others were of the utmost gravity. Among the things he said was that open and armed resistance to the King's authority would have been offered some time before had the New England people been as sure as they now were that the Middle and Southern Colonies would support them. Colonel Washington, Mr. Jefferson, the two Lees, and in fact all the Virginians of note, agreed that, whatever the Boston people might do, or whenever they should act, they must be sustained at all hazards !

I availed myself of these occasions to assure Colonel Washington, Mr. Jefferson and all the others that my services would be at the disposal of the Colonies whenever their cause should require service on my own element, which would, of course, be coincident with the outbreak of regular hostilities on the land.

CHAPTER II

FOUNDING THE AMERICAN NAVY

EARLY in the spring of 1775 Jones went to New York in his sloop, making a leisurely trip and spending some time in the waters and among the islands of the eastern shore, at his favorite sports of gunning and fishing. The crew of his sloop included two of his own stalwart young slaves, Cato and Scipio. He was in New York the 21st of April, 1775, when the news of the battle of Lexington reached there. In his journal he says:

The first to apprise me of the news was William Livingston, Esquire, whom I chanced to meet in King William Street, and in a short time it was promulgated through the town by means of leaflets issued from the printing-presses. This caused an immediate change of my plans. I had fully intended to prolong my voyage to Boston by going through the Sounds, being extremely desirous to see that town and make the acquaintance of its people; to which end I had already obtained letters from Mr. Livingston and others introducing me. But now I hastened the completion of my business in New York. I had intended to charter a ship there for a voyage to Tobago and possibly to the old country, but now I abandoned that purpose and on the 24th set sail for home, picking up my moorings on the 27th at the plantation. I at once took steps to put myself in communication with Mr. Hewes and other members of the Continental Congress whom I had the honor to know.

The first Session of the Congress, meeting at Philadelphia, September 4, 1774, had made no provision whatever for the raising of forces either by land or by sea; which I thought an unwise omission, as it left the first shock to be borne by the individual Colony in which it might occur, and put upon the Congress when it should again assemble the necessity of beginning *de novo* to create a general military organization in the midst of hostilities. But now this issue could no longer be avoided, and the best must be done that could be.

Under date of April 27, 1775, the day of his arrival home, Jones wrote a letter to Joseph Hewes, sending copies of it to Thomas Jefferson, Robert Morris, and Philip Livingston. The material part of it is as follows:

It is, I think, to be taken for granted that there can be no more temporizing. I am too recently from the Mother Country and my knowledge of the temper of the King, his Ministers and their majority in the Commons is too fresh to allow me to believe that anything now is or possibly can be in store except either war to the knife or total submission to complete slavery.

I have long known that it is the fixed purpose of the Tory party in England to provoke these Colonies to some overt act which would justify martial law, dispersion of the legislative bodies by force of arms, taking away the charters of self-government and reduction of all the North American Colonies to the footing of the West India Islands and Canada—that is, to Crown Colonies under military rule; or, perhaps to turn them over to the mercies of a Chartered Company as in Hindostan, all of which I have seen.

I cannot conceive of submission to complete slavery; therefore only war is in sight. The Congress, therefore,

must soon meet again, and when it meets, it must face the necessity of taking those measures which it did not take last fall in its first session, namely, provision for armament by land and by sea.

Such being clearly the position of affairs, I beg you to keep my name in your memory when the Congress shall assemble again, and in any provision that may be taken for a naval force, to call upon me in any capacity which your knowledge of my seafaring experience and your opinion of my qualifications may dictate.*

He did not have long to wait. But while waiting, he heard early in May that two French frigates had put in at Hampton Roads. He at once loaded his sloop with delicacies of the season and ran down to the Roads, where he found the two frigates under command of Commodore (or Capitaine de Vaisseau) de Kersaint, senior officer, with "the Sailor Prince of France," Louis Philippe Joseph,† Duke de Chartres, second in command.

*So far as our research of the literature or records of that period enables us to judge, Jones was original in his imputation of an ulterior motive to the overt acts of oppression which the Tory party in England inflicted upon the American Colonies during the six or seven years immediately preceding the Revolution. All sorts of reasons for this oppression were ascribed; but Jones seems, in 1775 at least, to have been alone in his perception of a purpose behind them to provoke the Colonies to resistance which could be made the pretext for depriving them of their local self-government, and for reducing them to the status of Crown Colonies, or of charter proprietaries like the domains of the East India Company.

† This young prince, eldest son of the Duke of Orleans and heir-apparent to that title, had been selected in 1774 to succeed the Duke de Bourbon-Penthievre in the office of High Admiral of France. The voyage on which he came to our shores in 1775 was a "cruise of instruction," under the tutorship of Commodore, afterward Admiral, Kersaint, one of the ablest officers in the French Navy. Louis Philippe Joseph was a

This was the beginning of an acquaintance which was soon to prove of vast value not only to Paul Jones personally, but to the cause of the infant nation at large. When Jones reached the deck of the frigate La Terpsichore, the young Duke greeted him cordially, and then Jones informed him that his sloop alongside was laden with fresh provisions from his own and neighboring plantations, which he begged His Royal Highness to accept, with the compliments of the season. He made no secret with the young Duke and Commodore Kersaint that his object was to obtain information as to the plan, design, and construction of hull, arrangement of battery, spars, rig, and other technical particulars, for the guidance of the Marine Department of the new American Government, which he assured them would be formed within two months, and which would fight it out with England to the bitter end.

Kersaint was naturally conservative, as he was the senior French officer on the coast and had just heard the news from Lexington, which made the

convivial prince, but able and ambitious, and he was also imbued with the liberal, not to say, republican, sentiment then luxuriantly growing in France. In this respect he was alone in the Royal Family, and it has been said that one reason for assigning him to the navy was the desire to separate him from political connections and literary associations which the King and Queen and the Ministers of State did not approve. He had a few years before married Mary Adelaide de Bourbon-Penthievre, daughter of the High Admiral. She was one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of her time; granddaughter of the Count de Toulouse, High Admiral of France at the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, Commander of the French fleet in the great battle off Malaga in 1704, and regarded as one of the ablest naval commanders in the history of France. The Count de Toulouse was a son of Louis XIV. by Madame de Montespan, and it was said that her great granddaughter, Mary Adelaide, inherited all the beauty and wit of that famous woman.

situation delicate for neutrals. But the young Duke de Chartres took an enthusiastic fancy to Jones and allowed him to obtain the most complete data of the new frigate, even to copies of deck plans and sail plan which he caused his carpenter to make. Jones was the guest of the Frenchmen two or three days and invited them to visit his plantation. But the outbreak at Lexington had made it impolitic for them to accept entertainment ashore from persons known to be hostile to King George, and they sailed away, bound for Coruuna, Spain.

It is worthy of remark that the American frigate Alliance, built a year later, was constructed almost precisely on the dimensions and general lines of the new French frigate La Terpsichore, and mounted exactly the same battery—twenty-eight long twelve-pounders on the gun deck and ten long nines above.

Jones soon received encouraging responses from all four of the leaders to whom he had written, and he at once put his house in order. During May he appointed the Frazier Brothers, of Port Royal, trustees of his estate, *ad interim*, and made other necessary dispositions for prolonged absence.

The Continental Congress met in its second session May 10, 1775. On June 14th a provisional Marine or Naval Committee was appointed to "consider, inquire and report with respect to organization of a naval force." At first this Committee consisted of Robert Morris, chairman; Philip Livingston, Benjamin Harrison, John Hancock, Joseph Hewes, and Nicholas Van Dyke, members. At a session held June 24, 1775, this Committee, on motion of Mr. Hewes, authorized the chairman "to invite John

Paul Jones, Esquire, gent., of Virginia, Master Mariner, to lay before the Committee such information and advice as may seem to him useful in assisting the said Committee to discharge its labors."

Jones received this invitation at his home the 1st of July. On the 14th he sailed in his sloop for Philadelphia, arriving there on the 18th, "having been," as he expressed it, "much bedeviled by calms off the Eastern Shore. I could have been more expeditious by land."

Reporting in person to the committee, a list of inquiries in writing was handed to him, embracing two general subjects: first, "The proper qualifications of naval officers," and, second, "The kind or kinds of armed vessels most desirable for the service of the United Colonies, keeping in view the limited resources of the Congress." To these formal inquiries was appended a suggestion that any information he might wish to impart concerning the outfitting and supply of such vessels for cruising would be gratefully received and carefully considered.

Mr. Jones was informally assured that it was the intention of Congress to offer him a commission among the first officers authorized to be employed, but, as the matter was entirely new, much deliberation would be required in so important a step as that of laying the foundation for a regular navy, and therefore it would be some little time before any officers could be permanently commissioned. In the meantime the committee requested Mr. Jones to "act as member of a commission of experienced persons to survey and report upon the condition, availability, and the expediency of purchasing cer-

tain vessels then in the Delaware at the disposal of the Congress."

To these duties Paul Jones bent all the tremendous energy of his nature. The "commission of experienced persons" consisted of four merchant captains besides himself, with Robert Morris as *ex-officio* Chairman. But Jones at once assumed the lead; and he led the commission so completely that it is hardly possible now to identify the other four merchant captains who were his colleagues, except one—Nicholas Biddle, of Philadelphia.

The work of this commission was no sinecure. About twenty vessels of all descriptions were offered. Of these ships, one of considerable size and five smaller craft were accepted by the commission. The large one is known to history as the Alfred; and of the five small ones the history of only two, the Reprisal and the Lexington, can be accurately traced. Four of the ships had already seen service; the other two—those just named—were new. The Reprisal, under command of Captain Lambert Wickes, had the honor of carrying Dr. Franklin to France, and she afterward made some unimportant depredations on the commerce of the Channel coast. The Lexington also crossed the ocean and was captured by a British sloop-of-war soon after her arrival in European waters. Her chief claim to distinction rests on the fact that Richard Dale was her first lieutenant when captured.

The most important of the ships "surveyed and reported upon" was the Alfred. This was a ship built at Maryport, Cumberlandshire, England, about 1766. She was of 440 tons burden and had been em-

ployed in the North American trade. In 1770 she was bought by a company of Philadelphia merchants trading to the East Indies. After two round voyages to the Bay of Bengal, Bencoolen, and Batavia, she had been repaired at Philadelphia, and but for the outbreak of the Revolution would have sailed on her third India voyage in June, 1775. At that time all East India ships carried more or less armament even in time of profound peace, for protection against the pirates who swarmed on the Indian Ocean, or, for that matter, nearer home.

As an Indiaman the Alfred was pierced for sixteen guns, long nine-pounders, amidships. When Paul Jones had surveyed her he reported that "her tonnage, stability, and scantling will enable her to mount a battery of twenty-four long nines on the gun-deck and six six-pounders on the quarter-deck, and her berthing and hammock spaces will accommodate a complement of 220 officers, seamen, and marines. This will make her the full equivalent of a twenty-eight-gun, nine-pounder, light frigate of the standard British navy rate. She has buoyancy and balance or stability enough to carry twenty-two twelve-pounders on her gun-deck; but I doubt if the beams are strong enough, and besides, we have not the twelve-pounders at hand! I therefore recommend that she be bought and armed as above."

The provisional Marine Committee approved this report, bought the ship, and on the 25th of August, 1775, requested Jones to take charge of the work necessary to convert her into a light frigate of the rate and class proposed. From this he had no doubt that he would be appointed to command her

when finished and equipped for sea. Before the work of fitting out had progressed very far, Jones found that he could get hold of eight old English twelve-pounders. He at once procured these, and by fishing the gun-deck beams of the Alfred amidships, and providing extra stanchions, made her strong enough to carry them. So, as completed, she had a gun-deck battery of eight twelve-pounders amidships and twelve nine-pounders forward and aft, with eight six-pounders for the quarter-deck. Among other things, the Alfred needed new sheathing. Copper bottoms were almost unknown in 1775. The first experiment with copper sheathing had been tried on the British frigate Alarm in 1761, and it was repeated on the frigates Aurora and Stag in 1769 and 1770 respectively. But it was not until 1783 that the use of copper sheathing became general. In the Alfred the sheathing was simply pine boards from three-quarters of an inch to one inch thick, fastened with small nails to the planking. There were no dry-docks anywhere then, so that the only way by which the bottom of a ship could be newly sheathed was by "heaving her down," as it was termed. Sometimes, where there was not much tide, the ship would be hove down at a wharf. This was the case with the Alfred. Jones hove her down at the Christian Street wharf, Philadelphia, in September, 1775, and kept her there, first on one side and then on the other, until her whole underwater body was thoroughly repaired and newly sheathed with pine boards.

This and other needful repairs and alterations were enough to keep almost any man fully occupied

in superintendence; but while it was going on, Jones found time to draft replies to the general inquiries of the committee on the subjects of naval *personnel* and *materiel* respectively. These two documents were laid before the committee, in writing; the one on *personnel* under date of September 14th, and the one on *materiel* dated October 3, 1775. On the subject of *personnel* Jones addressed the committee in the form of a letter to Joseph Hewes. At the outset he said, personally, to Mr. Hewes: "I choose this form of communication partly because I can write with more freedom in a personal letter than in a formal document, and partly that you may have opportunity to use your judgment in revision before laying it before the Honorable Committee. Please, therefore, use all, or any part, or none of it, as your judgment may dictate."

Mr. Hewes laid the whole letter before the Committee without a word of revision, as follows:

As this is to be the foundation—or I may say the first keel-timber—of a new navy, which all patriots must hope shall become among the foremost in the world, it should be well begun in the selection of the first list of officers. You will pardon me, I know, if I say that I have enjoyed much opportunity during my sea-life to observe the duties and responsibilities that are put upon naval officers.

It is by no means enough that an officer of the navy should be a capable mariner. He must be that, of course, but also a great deal more. He should be as well a gentleman of liberal education, refined manners, punctilious courtesy, and the nicest sense of personal honor.

He should not only be able to express himself clearly and with force in his own language both with tongue and pen, but he should also be versed in French and Spanish—for

an American officer particularly the former—for our relations with France must necessarily soon become exceedingly close in view of the mutual hostility of the two countries toward Great Britain.

The naval officer should be familiar with the principles of international law, and the general practice of admiralty jurisprudence, because such knowledge may often, when cruising at a distance from home, be necessary to protect his flag from insult or his crew from imposition or injury in foreign ports.

He should also be conversant with the usages of diplomacy and capable of maintaining, if called upon, a dignified and judicious diplomatic correspondence; because it often happens that sudden emergencies in foreign waters make him the diplomatic as well as military representative of his country, and in such cases he may have to act without opportunity of consulting his civic or ministerial superiors at home, and such action may easily involve the portentous issue of peace or war between great powers. These are general qualifications, and the nearer the officer approaches the full possession of them the more likely he will be to serve his country well and win fame and honors for himself.

Coming now to view the naval officer aboard ship and in relation to those under his command, he should be the soul of tact, patience, justice, firmness and charity. No meritorious act of a subordinate should escape his attention or be left to pass without its reward, if even the reward be only one word of approval. Conversely, he should not be blind to a single fault in any subordinate though, at the same time he should be quick and unfailing to distinguish error from malice, thoughtlessness from incompetency, and well-meant shortcoming from heedless or stupid blunder. As he should be universal and impartial in his rewards and approval of merit, so should he be judicial and unbending in his punishment or reproof of misconduct.

In his intercourse with subordinates he should ever

maintain the attitude of the commander, but that need by no means prevent him from the amenities of cordiality or the cultivation of good cheer within proper limits. Every commanding officer should hold with his subordinates such relations as will make them constantly anxious to receive invitation to sit at his mess-table, and his bearing toward them should be such as to encourage them to express their opinions to him with freedom and to ask his views without reserve.

It is always for the best interests of the service that a cordial interchange of sentiments and civilities should subsist between superior and subordinate officers aboard ship. Therefore it is the worst of policy in superiors to behave toward their subordinates with indiscriminate hauteur, as if the latter were of a lower species. Men of liberal minds, themselves accustomed to command, can ill brook being thus set at naught by others who, from temporary authority, may claim a monopoly of power and sense for the time being. If such men experience rude, ungentle treatment from their superiors, it will create such heart-burnings and resentments as are nowise consonant with that cheerful ardor and ambitious spirit that ought ever to be characteristic of officers of all grades. In one word, every commander should keep constantly before him the great truth, that to be well obeyed he must be perfectly esteemed.

But it is not alone with subordinate officers that a commander has to deal. Behind them, and the foundation of all, is the crew. To his men the commanding officer should be Prophet, Priest and King! His authority when off shore being necessarily absolute, the crew should be as one man impressed that the Captain, like the Sovereign, "can do no wrong!"

This is the most delicate of all the commanding officer's obligations. No rule can be set for meeting it. It must ever be a question of tact and perception of human nature on the spot and to suit the occasion. If an officer fails in this, he cannot make up for such failure by severity, aus-

terity, or cruelty. Use force and apply restraint or punishment as he may, he will always have a sullen crew and an unhappy ship. But force must be used sometimes for the ends of discipline. On such occasions the quality of the commander will be most sorely tried. You and the other members of the Honorable Committee will, I am sure, pardon me for speaking with some feeling on this point. It is known to you and, I presume, to the other gentlemen, your colleagues, that, only a few years ago, I was called upon in a desperate emergency and as a last resort to preserve the discipline requisite for the salvation of my ship and my fever-stricken crew, to put to death with my own hands a refractory and wholly incorrigible sailor. I stood jury trial for it and was honorably acquitted. My acquittal was due wholly to the impression made upon the minds of the jury by the testimony of my crew. . . . I do not reproach myself. But it is a case to illustrate the truth of what I have already said, namely, that the commander should always impress his crew with the belief that, whatever he does or may have to do, is right, and that, like the Sovereign, he "can do no wrong"!

When a commander has, by tact, patience, justice, and firmness, each exercised in its proper turn, produced such an impression upon those under his orders in a ship of war, he has only to await the appearance of his enemy's topsails upon the horizon. He can never tell when that moment may come. But when it does come he may be sure of victory over an equal or somewhat superior force, or honorable defeat by one greatly superior. Or, in rare cases, sometimes justifiable, he may challenge the devotion of his followers to sink with him alongside the more powerful foe, and all go down together with the unstricken flag of their country still waving defiantly over them in their ocean sepulchre!

No such achievements are possible to an unhappy ship with a sullen crew.

All these considerations pertain to the naval officer

afloat. But part, and often an important part, of his career must be in port or on duty ashore. Here he must be of affable temper and a master of civilities. He must meet and mix with his inferiors of rank in society ashore, and on such occasions he must have tact to be easy and gracious with them, particularly when ladies are present ; at the same time without the least air of patronage or affected condescension, though constantly preserving the distinction of rank.

It may not be possible to always realize these ideas to the full ; but they should form the standard, and selections ought to be made with a view to their closest approximation.

In old established navies like, for example, those of Britain and France, generations are bred and specially educated to the duties and responsibilities of officers. In land forces generals may and sometimes do rise from the ranks. But I have not yet heard of an Admiral coming aft from a forecastle.

Even in the merchant service, master mariners almost invariably start as cabin apprentices. In all my wide acquaintance with the merchant service I can now think of but three competent master mariners who made their first appearance on board ship "through the hawse-hole," as the saying is.

A navy is essentially and necessarily aristocratic. True as may be the political principles for which we are now contending, they can never be practically applied or even admitted on board ship, out of port or off soundings. This may seem a hardship, but it is nevertheless the simplest of truths. Whilst the ships sent forth by the Congress may and must fight for the principles of human rights and republican freedom, the ships themselves must be ruled and commanded at sea under a system of absolute despotism.

I trust that I have now made fairly clear to you the tremendous responsibilities that devolve upon the Honor-

able Committee of which you are a member. You are called upon to found a new navy; to lay the foundations of a new power afloat that must some time, in the course of human events, become formidable enough to dispute even with England the mastery of the ocean. Neither you nor I may live to see such growth. But we are here at the planting of the tree, and maybe some of us must, in the course of destiny, water its feeble and struggling roots with our blood. If so, let it be so! We cannot help it. We must do the best we can with what we have at hand!

It does not seem necessary to say that, as a whole, this letter of Paul Jones to the Marine Committee of the Continental Congress in 1775 embodies the logic and philosophy of naval organization and the elements of sea-power to-day quite as fundamentally as it did then, or as they ever can be embodied under any conditions conceivable in the future.

The letter was read by George Washington, to whom Mr. Hewes submitted it before handing it to the committee. Mr. Hewes records Washington as saying after he had read it:

"Mr. Jones is clearly not only a master mariner within the scope of the art of navigation, but he also holds a strong and profound sense of the political and military weight of command on the sea. His powers of usefulness are great and must be constantly kept in view."

Clear, forcible, and philosophical as was Paul Jones's review of the qualities and qualifications of the ideal naval officer, the information and advice he offered to the committee on the subject of ships and their armament was no less wise and sound. Early in the session a scheme, originated in New England,

had been presented to the committee providing for the construction of six ships of the line of seventy-four guns, and six frigates of thirty-two guns each. This scheme being part of the matter submitted to Jones for his opinion and recommendation, he disposed of it as follows:

At this stage of our fortunes I think it unwise to attempt ships of the line. Such vessels are too large and costly both in building and keeping in commission, and require too many men for our present resources. Their use is mainly strategical, for which purpose they must operate in fleets and squadrons, calculated to fight ranged battles or to make extensive demonstrations or to protect military expeditions over sea, or to overawe inferior powers.

The posture of our affairs does not present such requirements. We cannot hope to contend with Britain for mastery of the sea on a grand scale. We cannot now nor for a long time hope for conditions admitting of such an attitude. As it is, only four powers are able to maintain fleets of the line capable of standing up in ranged battle. They are England, France, Spain, and the Netherlands, and their fleets are the growth of centuries.

Besides these strategical and political considerations there are mechanical reasons against attempting ships of the line. Such vessels are nearly always built in the public dockyards abroad. It is seldom, even in England, that a private shipyard is entrusted with the building of a line-of-battle ship. In the dockyard is always an accumulation of timber of the scantling sizes required in such ships, which is kept seasoning for years before being put into frames and siding of ships. We have no dockyards, no seasoned timber of scantling sizes suitable for ships of the line. Hence, if we build them—which few of our shipyards can do—we must put green timber in them, fresh cut

from the forests. Ships so built must be most perishable. In short, every element of our situation seems to me to condemn the project of building ships of the line.

Even supposing all the above considerations to be laid aside or overcome, we may yet survey the financial side. A seventy-four-gun ship on modern lines must be at least of 1,600 to 1,650 tons burthen. My information as late as two years ago, based upon Parliamentary estimates and dockyard reports in England, is that a seventy-four, built at Chatham in 1773, cost between £19 and £20 per ton, when armed and equipped, ready to take on crew and sea-stores. In the present state of our resources I do not believe we could do as well, notwithstanding our cheaper and more plentiful supply of timber; at least of standing timber; because the other elements of building, such as metal for fastenings, armament, etc., would be much dearer than in England. But supposing we could do as well, our seventy-four-gun ship of 1,600 tons must cost at least £28,500 to £30,000. Besides, as ships of that class must mount at least twenty-four-pounders on their lower gun-decks, where are we to get the guns? And even so, we would when done, have only a green timber ship for our £30,000 that must begin dry-rotting in her hull almost before her rigging is set up.

Nor would I go to the other extreme and counsel the fitting-out of small vessels able only to harass the enemy's commerce. That character of sea-warfare, important as it is, may, I think, be left in the main to the enterprise or cupidity, or both, of private individuals or associations who will take out letters-of-marque and equip privateers.

You perceive that I now come to consider a class of ships we do need; that is, frigates. This class, rating from thirty-two to thirty-six guns, can sustain long voyages which the smaller craft cannot do. We can build a frigate in half the time required for a seventy-four, and at little if any more than half the cost. My latest knowledge of the cost of a frigate built in England is one of thirty-six guns com-

missioned in 1774, of 820 tons, costing, ready for sea-stores, £13,400. I am sure we could do as well as that here, and besides, there is much timber on hand in our private shipyards, or at least the larger ones, both in New England and on the Delaware, cut some time ago, seasoned, and intended for large merchant vessels, that could be worked into the frames, planking, and spars of thirty-two-gun, or even thirty-six-gun, frigates.

I have the general plans and dimensions of the latest thirty-six-gun, twelve-pounder frigate of the French Navy. [This was La Terpsichore.] Her dimensions are as follows:

Length on the gun-deck	142 feet
" of keel for tonnage	123 "
Extreme breadth	37 "
Depth of hold	12 "
Burthen in tons	848 to 850
Main-deck battery	26 long 12s
Quarter-deck battery	6 " 9s
Forecastle battery	6 " 9s
Complement, all hands	312

I would undertake to arrange for the building of such a frigate here in Philadelphia, within sight of the place where the Committee sits, and guarantee that her cost, except the guns, but otherwise ready for crew and sea-stores, should not exceed £15,000, and I think it could be kept within £14,500 by careful economy. It would be wise to provide for the building of at least six such frigates. I would not counsel smaller ones, such as twenty-eights or even thirty-twos ; because the drift of progress is to make frigates heavier all the time, and anything inferior to the twelve-pounder, thirty-six-gun frigate is now behind the times. On the other hand, I would take a step further than the English and French have yet gone in frigate design. I would create a class of eighteen-pounder frigates to rate

thirty-eight or forty guns. Thus far eighteen-pounders have not been mounted in single-decked ships. Take the ship described above, add eight feet to her length, two feet to her breadth, and one foot to her depth of hold. That will give you a burthen of 1,000 tons or very nearly. She will carry twenty-six long eighteens on her gun-deck and fourteen long nines on quarter-deck and forecastle. By this means we shall have a ship of frigate build and rate, but one-half again stronger than any other frigate now afloat. In addition to the six already proposed, to carry twelve-pounders, it would be wise to provide for at least four of the new class of eighteen-pounder frigates that I propose, and, if possible, six.

We should, at the earliest moment, have a squadron of four, five, or six frigates like the above—either or both classes—constantly in British waters, harboring and refitting in the ports of France, which nation must from self-interest alone, lean toward us from the start, and must sooner or later openly espouse our cause.

Keeping such a squadron in British waters, alarming their coasts, intercepting their trade, and descending now and then upon their least protected ports, is the only way that we, with our slender resources, can sensibly affect our enemy by sea-warfare.

Rates of insurance will rise; necessary supplies from abroad, particularly naval stores for the British dockyards, will be cut off; transports carrying troops and supply-ships bringing military stores for land operations against us will be captured, and last but not least, a considerable force of their ships and seamen will be kept watching or searching for our frigates.

In planning and building our new frigates I would keep fast sailing, on all points, in view as a prime quality. But no officer of true spirit would conceive it his duty to use the speed of his ship in escape from an enemy of like or nearly like force. If I had an eighteen-pounder frigate of the class above described, I should not consider myself justi-

fied in showing her heels to a forty-four of the present time, or even to a fifty-gun ship built ten years ago.

A sharp battle now and then, or the capture and carrying as prize into a French port of one or two of their crack frigates, would raise us more in the estimation of Europe, where we now most of all need countenance, than could the defeat or even capture of one of their armies on the land here in America. And at the same time it would fill all England with dismay. If we show to the world that we can beat them afloat with an equal force, ship to ship, it will be more than anyone else has been able to do in modern times, and it will create a great and most desirable sentiment of respect and favor towards us on the Continent of Europe, where really, I think, the question of our fate must ultimately be determined.

Beyond this, if by exceedingly desperate fighting, one of our ships shall conquer one of theirs of markedly superior force, we shall be hailed as the pioneers of a new power on the sea with untold prospects of development, and the prestige if not the substance of English dominion over the ocean will be forever broken. Happy, indeed, will be the lot of the American captain upon whom fortune shall confer the honor of fighting that battle!

The rest of this unique paper is an apology for its length and an assurance that "the opinions offered are based upon long and arduous experience at sea, and drawn from diligent study of the modes and effects of maritime warfare."

Mr. Hewes says that this paper "summarily put an end to consideration of ships of the line, and the programme of new ships authorized by the Resolution of December 13, 1775, was, with a few changes, laid down on the lines traced by Paul Jones." Six twelve-pounder frigates, though rating thirty-two

instead of thirty-six guns, were at once authorized; and the next year one eighteen-pounder frigate was ordered to be built at Salisbury, Mass., and another was contracted for at Amsterdam by our Commissioners to France, Dr. Franklin and Silas Deane, to be built in the shipyard of the Dutch East India Company.*

* These two ships, as originally ordered, were to be built on the lines and plans of La Terpsichore as expanded by Paul Jones for an eighteen-pounder frigate. But the one ordered built in New England, which became the Alliance (built at Salisbury, on the Merrimac), was actually laid down and constructed on the original lines of the French frigate as furnished by Jones, with the single exception that her length was increased by seven feet. When completed she was armed with twenty-six long twelve-pounders on the gun-deck and ten smaller guns—nines and sixes—on the quarter-deck and forecastle. The one contracted for in Holland was laid down on Jones's expanded lines, but was further lengthened by five feet. This vessel will receive attention later, in these pages. She was known at first as the Indien, and after some vicissitudes found her way into our navy as the South Carolina. She was planned to carry thirty long eighteen-pounders and fourteen long nines. But a Dutch officer named Gillon, who was employed by Silas Deane to superintend her construction, altered the battery-plan by substituting short thirty-six-pounders for the long eighteens. These short guns were the precursors of the "carronade" invented about twenty years later. They were then known as "Swedish guns," from their origin in that country.

CHAPTER III

CRUISES OF THE PROVIDENCE AND THE ALFRED

About the middle of December, 1775, the committee recommended the appointment of five captains, five first lieutenants, and eight junior lieutenants. There had been earlier appointments by individual Colonies, but this was the first national navy list—the foundation of the American Navy. The senior captain, Ezek Hopkins, was nominated commodore, and the four other captains were Dudley Saltonstall, Nicholas Biddle, Abraham Whipple, and John B. Hopkins. Paul Jones was placed at the head of the list of lieutenants.

This arrangement had been the subject of heated debate in the committee, between Mr. Adams, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Hewes, of North Carolina. Mr. Adams was the particular champion of Dudley Saltonstall; Mr. Hewes of Paul Jones. In his description of this debate, Mr. Hewes does not mince words. He says:

> The attitude of Mr. Adams was in keeping with the always imperious and often arrogant tone of the Massachusetts people at that time. They contended that they had shed the first blood, both their own and that of the enemy. They urged that they had already yielded everything to Virginia and Pennsylvania in the organization and command of

the Army ; that they, representing the principal maritime Colony, were entitled to the leading voice in the creation of the Naval force. Mr. Adams went so far as to say that Mr. Saltonstall, a native of the Colony and having commanded none other than Colonial vessels, stood on a different footing from Paul Jones, who had never commanded any but English ships with English crews, had no acquaintance with Colonial seamen and, in fact, had not been a resident of the Colonies more than about two years. As between such antecedents, Mr. Adams declared there could be no ground for debate. I then proposed to make six captains instead of five, thus placing Paul Jones at the foot of that list instead of at the head of the lieutenants. To this Mr. Adams demurred on the ostensible ground that there would be no ship for him to command. I then perceived that this was a cunning ruse of Mr. Adams who wished to keep Jones in the grade of lieutenant so that Captain Saltonstall, who was to command the Alfred if Mr. Adams could bring it about, might have the benefit of Jones's services as first lieutenant of that ship.

The Committee having adjourned, I felt it my duty to apprise Mr. Jones of all the facts. I had some apprehension of an indignant protest from him, knowing his extremely sensitive spirit, but was most agreeably disappointed at his reply. He said : "I am sorry Mr. Adams holds a poor opinion of me ; but I am here to serve the cause of human rights ; not to promote the fortunes of Paul Jones. If, by devotion to the one I can secure the other, well and good. But if either must wait, let it be my fortunes. Do not debate the point further with Mr. Adams. Let the Resolution go as it is. Leave me at the head of the lieutenants' list. I will cheerfully enter upon the duties of first lieutenant of the Alfred under Captain Saltonstall. Time will make all things even."

The next morning I had the satisfaction of relating all this to Mr. Adams, and that he felt the implied rebuke was plainly evident.

The resolution as agreed upon and reported from the committee was passed by the Congress, December 22, 1775. By its provisions Ezek Hopkins was made senior officer of the Colonial or Continental Navy, then consisting of four ships—the Alfred, Captain Dudley Saltonstall; the Columbus, Captain Abraham Whipple; the Andrea Doria, Captain Nicholas Biddle; and the Cabot, Captain John B. Hopkins. The first lieutenants, after Paul Jones, were Rhodes Arnold, Eli Stansbury, Hersted Hacker, and Jonathan Pitcher. The junior lieutenants were Benjamin Seabury, Joseph Olney, Elisha Warner, Thomas Weaver, James McDougall, John Fanning, Ezekiel Burrows, and Daniel Vaughan.

Of the captains in this list New England surely had the lion's share. Mr. Adams succeeded in getting for his section four out of five—the two Hopkinses, Saltonstall, and Whipple. Pennsylvania, through the pertinacity of Robert Morris, got one —the brave and accomplished, but unfortunate, Nicholas Biddle. Out of the total number—five captains and thirteen lieutenants—but two names live with any lustre whatever—Nicholas Biddle and Paul Jones. What the career of Nicholas Biddle might have been, had the fortunes of war been kind to him, may be inferred from the fact that his brave life ended almost before his career had begun by the blowing up of his little thirty-two-gun frigate, the Randolph, in his desperate attempt to measure strength with the British ship Yarmouth, of exactly twice his force—sixty-four guns—about sundown, March 7, 1778, off Barbados. Just before his ship blew up, Biddle, satisfied by twenty minutes'

broadsiding that his little frigate was no match for the English two-decker at that sort of work, was wearing round to close with the enemy and lay him on board; and at the moment of the explosion he was so near the accomplishment of his purpose that several of the Yarmouth's crew were injured by fragments of the Randolph's hull and spars that fell on board the enemy. That the Randolph was well handled and bravely defended is attested by the losses in the Yarmouth while the little frigate was alive and fighting. And for even this sad fragment of our naval history the country is indebted to four survivors of the Randolph's gallant crew who were picked up by the Yarmouth herself, floating on a piece of the Randolph's wreckage, five days after the battle.

The story of these four survivors and the sufferings they had endured while afloat from the evening of March 7th to the morning of the 12th on a piece of wreck, without food or water, so impressed the humane Captain Vincent, of the Yarmouth, that he did not treat them as prisoners of war, but shortly afterward, when approaching the American coast, hove to off Savannah and sent them ashore under a flag of truce, not even exacting from them a parole. One of them was a youth of not over twenty years, son of a prominent and opulent South Carolina merchant. He had been a volunteer midshipman in the Randolph. His name, which will appear more than once in these pages further on, was John Mayrant.

So much digression for the sake of Nicholas Biddle's memory needs no apology. The pity is that

fate made his story so soon told. Speaking of the "five captains," long afterward, Paul Jones himself said: "Four of them were respectable skippers; and they all outlived the war! One of them was the kind of naval captain that the God of Battles makes. That one was Nick Biddle—poor, brave Nick!—and he died in hopeless battle with a foe double his own strength—half of his hapless ship going down and the other half going up by explosion of his magazine!"

Though sixth on the list, and only the senior lieutenant, Paul Jones was the first of the pioneer officers of our infant navy to receive his commission, which was handed to him in the old Hall of Independence, Philadelphia, by John Hancock in person, shortly after noon, December 22, 1775. The other officers, above and below him, received theirs at different times as they reached Philadelphia or reported at Independence Hall.

Immediately after receiving his commission, Paul Jones, accompanied by Mr. Hancock, Robert Morris, Joseph Hewes, John Langdon, Philip Livingston, Anthony Wayne, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Harrison, Charles Carroll, William Pinckney, and others like them, to the number of twenty-five or twenty-six, went on board the Alfred, which was moored about a cable's length off Chestnut Street wharf Captain Saltonstall had not yet arrived from Boston. John Hancock directed Lieutenant Jones to take command of the Alfred *pro tempore* and to "break her pennant"—the naval phrase meaning to place a man-of-war in commission. Obeying this order, Paul Jones flung out the first American flag ever

shown on a regular man-of-war. This was not the Stars and Stripes, but the "Pine-tree and Rattlesnake" emblem with the motto "Don't Tread on Me!" Though he had the honor of hoisting it for the first time aboard ship, Jones never fancied this emblem. Some time later, in one of his journals, he said of it:

> I was always at loss to know by what queer fancy or by whose notion that device was first adopted. For my own part I could never see how or why a venomous serpent could be the combatant emblem of a brave and honest folk fighting to be free. Of course I had no choice but to break the pennant as it was given to me. But I always abhorred the device and was glad when it was discarded for one much more symmetrical as well as appropriate, a year and a half later.

The pioneer squadron of our new navy, as has been remarked, consisted of four ships. Of these the Alfred was the only one ready for commission December 22, 1775. The other three were in various stages of preparation the Doria, Nicholas Biddle's ship, being the most advanced. As for the squadron as a whole, the inexperience or incompetency of the new officers, the almost resourceless condition of the infant government, and the generally inchoate, not to say chaotic, state of affairs, kept the little fleet in port until February 17, 1776, when it cleared Cape Henlopen and stood to the southward and eastward, bound on an expedition against what was then called Fort Nassau, New Providence Island, in the Bahamas.

This cruise lasted from February 17th to April 8,

1776, when the squadron came to anchor in the harbor of New London. Of its operations, the less said the better. They consisted of a desultory descent on New Providence Island in the latter part of February and a running fight off the east end of Long Island, April 6th, with the twenty-gun British sloop-of-war, Glasgow, in which the latter, all things considered, had the better of the action. So far as Paul Jones was concerned, his subordinate position made it impossible for him to prevent the errors or be responsible for the failures of the cruise. Perhaps the most salutary as well as most noteworthy result of the whole affair was the dismissal of the "Commander-in-Chief," Ezek Hopkins, from the navy, by resolution of Congress, on January 2d, following, after a fair and exhaustive investigation. Another result was the temporary retirement of Captain Dudley Saltonstall from active service; though he was not dismissed, and received another command a year or more afterward. On the whole, the New England *protégés* of John Adams in our pioneer navy list reflected little credit on their patron, and less on themselves.

Though this ill-assorted and luckless squadron broke up in the spring of 1776 and resolved itself into a series of courts-martial, votes of censure, and dismissals from the service, its fate brought forth at least one good result. It showed Congress that war itself is wiser than statesmen in the selection of warriors; that the first effect of the blasts of battle is to winnow the chaff and the wheat apart; and that powder and ball are no respecters of political influence or family connections. Incidentally it also

contributed to give Lieutenant Paul Jones an independent command and freed him, as the sequel proved, forever from the incubus of imbecile superiors. His first command was indeed a small one, but it was all his own, and, fortunately for his fame and the glory of the American Navy, the order by virtue of which he assumed it instructed him to report directly to the head of naval authority, the Marine Committee of the Congress. From that moment to the end of his eventful career Paul Jones was always the ranking officer on his station, and never afterward served under the orders of any senior. The command which he assumed on May 10, 1776, at Newport, was that of the Providence, sloop-of-war, fourteen guns and one hundred and seven men. He took with him, besides his two negro boys, Cato and Scipio, nine men from the Alfred's crew, and as these, with three others he found in the Providence, followed him through all his fortunes and through almost inconceivable vicissitudes of their own for the rest of the Revolutionary War, or until they fell in action, his history would manifestly be incomplete without mention of their names. They were John C. Robinson and Richard Wallingford, of Philadelphia ; Henry Lunt, Nathaniel Fanning, Henry Gardner, Owen Starbuck, Samuel Stacey, and Charles Hill, of Massachusetts, and Thomas Potter, of Baltimore, whom he took from the Alfred. The three faithful followers whom he found in the Providence were Nathan Sargent, of Portsmouth, N. H. ; William Hichborn, of Salem, and Anthony Jeremiah, of Martha's Vineyard. All these were native Americans

except Robinson, and one of them could surely "read his title clear" to American birthright, because he was a full-blooded Narragansett Indian; like most of the remnant of his race then lingering on Martha's Vineyard, a sailor and a whaleman. This was Anthony Jeremiah. So far as we can ascertain, no other full-blooded American Indian has ever served in our navy.

Jones sailed at once in the Providence to New York, where he took in stores and shipped a crew of regular seamen, the old crew of the sloop being, with the exception of a dozen or so, landsmen—mainly soldiers loaned from the army. Completing his outfit, Jones returned to Newport through the Sound—being unable to get directly out of New York in consequence of the blockade—and on the 14th of June, 1776, sailed on a general cruise ranging from Bermuda to the Banks of Newfoundland. All things considered, and viewing success as the most important test of priority, this cruise of the little Providence, under command of Paul Jones, in the early part of 1776, may, we think, be fairly described as the first real, effective cruise of an American man-of-war. It surely and beyond dispute was the first one that reflected credit on our flag or hurt our enemy.

This cruise, in view of the small size and feeble force of the ship, was remarkable alike in boldness, pertinacity, and success. The seas traversed by the Providence were full of English cruisers, all superior in everything except in the resource and alertness of her commander and the courage of her crew. She captured sixteen vessels of various descrip-

tions, of which eight were manned and sent in, and eight were destroyed at sea. The little sloop was chased twice by British frigates, and on one of these occasions narrowly escaped capture by manœuvre so daring and unexpected that the frigate, in the haste of her attempt to circumvent it, was taken all aback, with so much damage to her rigging that the Providence got out of gunshot before the frigate could bring her guns to bear again. The manœuvre consisted in clawing to windward until the frigate had gained the lee-quarter of the Providence near enough to open with her port bow chase-gun, and then suddenly wearing round off the wind and running dead to leeward; while the frigate, endeavoring to box short about, came into the wind, lost steering way, and was taken aback under a press of sail by a squall. While in this condition Jones crossed her within half gunshot on the other tack, and before the frigate could get squared away again he was out of reach of her guns and running off before the wind, which was the sloop's best point of sailing.

Jones was always as candid with himself as with others. He never assumed or pretended anything. In the course of a characteristic letter to Mr. Hewes, dated two days after the Providence arrived in port, he says:

> Now that I have told you how we escaped, I hardly feel equal to the task of explaining to you why we did. Clearly, we should not have escaped, judging by the usual rules of sea-manœuvre. If the frigate, instead of trying to box about as he did in a fresh breeze which he was standing as close-hauled to as his trim would stand, had simply followed my manœuvre of wearing around under easy helm,

trimming his sails as the wind bore, I could not have distanced him much in the alteration of the course, and he must have come off the wind very nearly with me, and before I could get out of his range. But he put his helm the other way to, luffed into the teeth of a little squall that I saw already cat's-pawing to windward when I wore my ship, and so he broke his steering way, got taken aback, and let me have the chance to show him a clean pair of heels on my little sloop's best point of sailing. I do not take to myself all the credit for this. I did the best I could, but, after all, there was more luck than sense about it. The fact is, it was one of those singular cases often happening at sea, where the fortune of a lucky sailor beats all kinds of calculation, and where a good or bad puff of wind foils all kinds of skill one way or the other! Be all this as it may, I got off scot-free, as you will see by the post-date of this letter; leaving my big adversary to clear away his sheets and reeve preventers at his leisure; meantime answering his distant broadsides by now and then a musket-shot from my taffrail by way of derision. The old saying that "discretion is the better part of valor," may in this case, I think, be changed to "impudence is—or may be, sometimes—the better part of discretion!"

Some idea of the industrious character of this resolute cruise of the Providence may be formed from the fact that the prize-crews put aboard the eight captured ships that were manned and sent in absorbed sixty of her crew of one hundred and seven, leaving only forty-seven officers and men for duty, all told, when the ship reached port.

During this cruise in the little Providence, Jones, besides the havoc he wrought at sea, made two daring incursions ashore; one was at Canso, in Nova Scotia, where he released several American prison-

ers, who promptly joined his crew. He also took and burned three vessels belonging to the Cape Breton fishery, and brought away a fourth with a cargo of salt fish. The other descent was on Isle Madame, where he destroyed a number of fishing-smacks, dispersed the Tory garrison, and captured several stands of arms, with a considerable quantity of ammunition.

Limitations of space alone forbid greater detail of these interesting operations, the chief value of which, after all, was the fact that they served to call public attention to the remarkable character of the man, and thereby to pave the way for exploits of broader significance. This character and these possibilities of usefulness on the part of Jones have been surveyed by Alfred Mahan in a way that leaves little task for any other pen. In a paper on "John Paul Jones in the Revolution" (*Scribner's Magazine* for July, 1898), Captain Mahan sums up this little cruise as follows:

> What is chiefly interesting in these incidents, trivial in their immediate results, is the clear impression left upon his mind of the essential importance of a navy to the American cause, and that the best use to be made of the small force that could be put afloat was to direct it, not so much upon the enemy's commerce at sea, in transit, as upon his coasts and commercial stations, where his shipping would be found congregated, with insufficient local protection. Commerce-destroying, to use the modern phrase for an age-long practice, is a wide term, covering many different methods of application. In essence, it is a blow at the communications, at the resources, of a country; in system, it should be pursued not by random prowling,

by individual ships for individual enemies, as they pass to and fro, but by dispatching adequate force to important centres, where the hostile shipping for any reason is known to accumulate. From his experience as a mariner, and from his habits of observation and reflection, Jones knew in his day that there were many such exposed points in the British dominions, on their coasts. Small squadrons directed upon them could do a maximum amount of injury; for the shipping caught in a defenceless port would be without the power of escape, and could be destroyed also without embarrassment concerning the disposition of prisoners, who would need only to be landed. Let a single ship of war—commerce-destroyer—meet twenty or thirty merchant-ships at sea, he can take but a few; the rest scatter and escape, and the prisoners must be cared for. Corner the same squadron in port, and neither difficulty, as a rule, exists. Moreover, Jones's plan contemplated destruction, not capture; injury to the enemy, not prize-money primarily. The latter he recognized as a necessary concession to the sordid weakness of the mass of mankind; for himself, glory, distinction, was the prime motive. This is satisfactorily shown, not only by the general utterances of his letters, which might be forced, but by his plans and his acts. Self-seeking in him took the shape of loving military success, not money. . . . Jones was not called upon—more is the pity—to play a part in the great navy, but to adapt very limited means to the attainment of considerable ends.

In this brief—and, for him, quite casual—survey, Captain Mahan practically exhausts general analysis of the perceptions, the aims, the sense of limitations, and the springs of effort that made the career of Paul Jones. And his survey, aside from its intrinsic value, derives incalculable historical worth from the fact that it bears the impress of an authority on the

annals and the ethics alike of Sea-Power, universally accepted as final.

Two kinds of news greeted Jones on his arrival in port. One was a letter from Thomas Jefferson enclosing his commission as Captain in the Continental Navy, by act of Congress. The other was a letter or letters from his trustees and agents in Virginia, the Frazier Brothers, informing him that during the month of July previous his plantation had been utterly ravaged by an expedition of British and Tories under Lord Dunmore; all his buildings, including his mill, burned to the ground; his wharf demolished, his live stock killed, and every one of his able-bodied slaves of both sexes carried off to Jamaica to be sold. The enemy had also destroyed the growing crops, cut down the fruit-trees; in short, the Messrs. Frazier informed him nothing was left of his once prosperous and valuable plantation but the bare ground.

His comment on this affair is characteristic. Writing to Mr. Hewes and enclosing copies of the Messrs. Fraziers' letter, he says:

> . . . This is, of course, a part of the fortunes of war. I accept the extreme animosity displayed by Lord Dunmore as a compliment to the sincerity of my attachment to the cause of liberty. His lordship is entitled to his own conception of civilized warfare. He and his know where I am and what I am doing. They can affect me only by ravage behind my back. I do not complain of that. But I most sadly deplore the fate of my poor negroes. The plantation was to them a home, not a place of bondage. Their existence was a species of grown-up childhood, not slavery. Now they are torn away and carried off to die

under the pestilence and the lash of Jamaica cane-fields and the price of their poor bodies will swell the pockets of English slave-traders. For this cruelty to these innocent, harmless people I hope some time, somehow to find opportunity to exact a reckoning.

You will see by the enclosed letter of William Frazier, Esquire, that my good and faithful old overseer, Duncan Macbean, escaped the clutches of Lord Dunmore and has joined General Morgan's Riflemen. He has, I presume, taken with him the fine Lancaster rifle of my late brother. It is the best rifle I know of in Virginia, and if Duncan has it, all is well. It could not be held in steadier hands or sighted by a surer eye. For many years Duncan has had no equal as a deer-stalker in the Tidewater country. The old Highlander is now close to three-score years, and always limps a little with his old wound of Braddock's defeat; but he is hale and hearty and many good fighting years are left to him. As I have not the honor to know General Morgan personally, I hope you will kindly mention old Duncan Macbean to him in my behalf and with my best recommendations.

I am now more than ever glad that I brought with me my two black boys, Cato and Scipio. They were well trained in river and bay sailing on the sloop, and now, in the two cruises we have made in the Alfred and the Providence, they are become prime seamen. Their brothers and sisters have been carried off by the British marauders, and now they talk of nothing but vengeance. I have given them their full papers, [meaning papers of manumission] dated even with my Captain's Commission, October 10, 1776.

Another most serious concern to me is that this destruction cuts off my source of revenue. During the three seasons of my ownership, 1773, 1774, and 1775, the net income from the agriculture, trade, and milling of the plantation was nearly 4,000 guineas in the aggregate, over and above all necessary outlays. Since my coming to Philadelphia

in June a year ago, I have lived on this surplus, having drawn from the public funds only £50 in all that time; and this not for pay or allowances, but to reimburse me for expense of enlisting seamen. Since July, 1775, I have drawn to Philadelphia about 2,000 guineas in prime bills. Of this, some 900 guineas remain on balance in my favor in the Bank of North America or in the hands of Mr. Ross. This is all I have in the world except an interest in the firm of Archibald Stewart & Company of Tobago, which, being under the enemy's control, is of course unavailable.

It thus appears that I have no fortune left but my sword, and no prospect except that of getting alongside the enemy.

Mr. Jefferson's letter enclosing Paul Jones's commission as captain enclosed also a list of captains as decreed by Congress in the resolution dated October 10, 1776. In this list Jones stood number eighteen. He at once resented this injustice in his reply to Mr. Jefferson's letter, and he forwarded copies of the reply to Robert Morris, Joseph Hewes, Philip Livingston, and to General Washington himself.

In this letter he said that, according to all received rules of precedence in civilized navies, he should have been at least the sixth captain, because the law of December 22, 1775, placed only five captains above the senior lieutenant, which he himself was at that time; and therefore any subsequent addition to the number of captains should have been made in view of his prescriptive right to the first lineal promotion. This, he urged, was simply a matter of precedence or seniority, according to law made by the Congress itself, and any departure from

it must stultify its authors. To this reasoning he added, with a trace of bitterness:

Surveying the names and locations of the twelve captains who have been graciously appointed to supersede me while I was afloat in the Providence and therefore not in position to plead my own cause, I perceive that nine of them hail from New England. This gives rise to a suspicion in my mind that Mr. Adams may have taken advantage of my absence cruising against the enemy and thus debarred from watchfulness of the happenings ashore, to promote at small cost to himself several more of his respectable skippers of West-India lumber-droghers at my expense. If their fate shall be like that of his share in the first five captains last year, I can only say that Mr. Adams has probably provided for a greater number of courts-martial than of naval victories! You are well aware, honored sir, that I have no family connections at my back, but rest my case wholly on what I do. As I survey the list of twelve captains who have been newly jumped over me by the act of October 10th, I cannot help seeing that all but three are persons of high family connection in the bailiwick of Mr. Adams!

Please do not understand me to complain. I only state facts, easily proved. . . . I speak now only in the interests of method and regularity of procedure. . . .

The 17th of October, by the next post, he wrote to Robert Morris as follows:

. . . It is to the last degree distressing to contemplate the existing state and so-called establishment of our naval force. The common class of mankind—sailors in particular—are actuated by no nobler principle than that of self-interest, of gain, of personal advantage. This is what determines the choice of all the fearless adventurers, the hardy seamen, the whalemen, etc., all along this coast,

teeming as it is with the highest quality of fighting sailors, to enlist by choice in privateers rather than in our Continental men-of-war. Therefore, unless the personal emolument or chance of it for individual seamen shipping in our navy can be made superior or at least equal to that in privateers, it can never become respectable; it certainly cannot become formidable. . . . The British Navy, our foe, best regulated and most firmly established of any in the world, gives to its crews the whole value of all prizes. Holding this practical fact in view, I need use no argument to convince so sensible a statesman as yourself of the necessity of making the emoluments of our Regular Navy seamen equal if not superior to theirs.

We have had proof that a navy may be officered on almost any terms, though we cannot be sure, without the hard trial of cruising or of battle, or both, that the officers will be equal to their commissions. But, if mistakes be made in selecting officers, they can be corrected by subsequent courts-martial, dismissals, or even shootings; as in the case of the English Admiral Byng some years ago in the last French war, with the history of which you are familiar.

This is not true of the common sailor-men. I have been dealing with sailors ever since my thirteenth year and ever since I was seventeen years old I have, in one rank or another, commanded them. I trust you will not deem me egotistical if I say that such experience qualifies me to get along fairly well with sailors. I like them and I know how to make them like me. And with sailors, as they average-up, liking a commander and being of a will to fight for him to the last gasp, are quite the same thoughts. I will give you an illustration. In the Alfred, where I was only first lieutenant, there were many floggings. Every one was ordered by Captain Saltonstall. . . . In the little Providence, with 107 hands all told, from May 10 to October 7, the period of our whole cruise, the gratings were not rigged a single time for flogging; there was no cat-o'-nine tails aboard, because I threw the only one we had in the sea the

first day out, and I never punished any man more than talking to him like a father or, in extreme cases, stopping his grog for three days. . . . The comparative results of the two cruises speak louder than any words at my command in commentary on the two modes of exercising authority.

The regulation as to prize money made by the Congress, January 6th, 1776, by which the Government reserves one-third is, in my judgment, unwise. If our enemies, with the best established and most formidable navy in the universe, have found it expedient to assign all prizes to the captors, how much more is such policy essential to our infant fleet; but I need not use argument to convince you that the emoluments of service in our navy ought to be made equal if not superior to that of our enemies.

One more suggestion and I am done: Thus far officers have been appointed on recommendation of members of the Congress, their qualifications being taken for granted. The results have been by no means happy. Every candidate for commission should be examined by a board composed of persons qualified to judge as between fitness and unfitness in all respects. This would prevent persons creeping into commissions without ability or qualification, which has to my certain knowledge been true in several cases. Then promotion itself should in the main be regulated by seniority with only such exceptions as may become justly due for display of extraordinary merit, or achievement above the common run. Were such regulations adopted and practiced in our navy they would prevent numerous disputes and even duels, which in the present hap-hazard procedure will be unavoidable.

I enclose herewith copies of list of prizes, ship's log, and roster of my crew, which please lay before the Honorable Committee, to be joined to my official report dated 7th inst. Also please cause to be appended to my said report the following:

"Of the conduct of my officers and men I can hardly

speak without emotion. Some conception of the quality of my seamen may be formed when the fact is known that, of the eight prizes sent in, the last three had as prize-masters the following named able seamen, as I had no more officers of any grade to spare, five out of eight having been already sent in, thus leaving me only three officers in the Providence. The able seamen whose knowledge of navigation and other prime qualifications led me to entrust command of valuable prizes to them are Nathaniel Fanning, of Salem, Nathan Sargent, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and Henry Gardner, of Nantucket. They all brought their prizes in safely, as follows: Mr. Fanning, the brigantine Kingston Packet, from Jamaica; Mr. Sargent, the brigantine Defiance, from Isle of Jersey; Mr. Gardner, the brig-sloop Portland, whaler, from Hull, England.

"Where all behaved so well I cannot bring myself to single out individuals. If question should be asked in the Committee why no special mention is made I offer the ship's roster as a whole with the remark that their conduct was uniformly such as to admit of no distinctions. However, it may not be amiss to speak of three, who, belonging to races considered inferior, may be more entitled to credit than their shipmates of the higher race. These are Anthony Jeremiah, of Martha's Vineyard, a full-blood Narragansett Indian, and Cato Jones and Scipio Jones, negro boys, formerly my own slaves, but set free by me on the 10th of this month."

The foregoing suggestions and recommendations of Paul Jones were at once taken under consideration by the Marine Committee. On October 30, 1776, only thirteen days after the date of his last letter to Robert Morris, a resolution was adopted in committee partially embodying his views as to prize money. On the 30th of November following a new

list of captains was prepared, embodying a rearrangement of lineal rank, in which Jones's name was placed next after that of Nicholas Biddle, or the sixth in line. This resolution, however, was not considered by Congress. The "political skippers," as Jones used to call them, had influence enough to smother it in a pigeon-hole.

The first response to the report and letters of Jones in relation to his cruise in the Providence came in the shape of an order from the Marine Committee to take command of the Alfred, which had been partly refitted at Newport during the summer, and, if he could enlist a sufficient number of seamen, make a short cruise to the eastward in that ship, with the Providence in company. This order reached him on the 4th of November, 1776. About two hundred seamen were available, and Jones did not wait to enlist more. He assigned about one hundred and forty men to the Alfred and sixty to the Providence, with such stores and outfit as he could get, and on November 7th put to sea. This cruise lasted only thirty-three days, terminating with the arrival of the Alfred and Providence in Boston Harbor, December 10, 1776. But during that short time Jones had captured seven ships of the enemy.

Two of these were the most important and valuable prizes yet made by the Continental Navy. They were the Mellish, an armed transport bound for Halifax and New York from London, with quartermaster's supplies for the British Army in the Colonies, and the Bideford, bound for Quebec, with similar supplies for the forces then assembling in

Canada under Sir Guy Carleton. These ships were taken off the south coast of Newfoundland. They had been under convoy of the Milford, a British frigate of thirty-two guns, but had separated from her in a gale, and so fell easy prey to the Alfred and Providence. When Jones ascertained the value of these prizes he decided to convoy them into Boston, partly because the season was too far advanced for further cruising, partly because his ships were short-manned and poorly stored, but mainly because he wished to exhaust his power of preventing their recapture. Two days after the capture, when the Alfred and Providence had shaped their course for Boston with the Mellish, Bideford, and two lesser prizes under convoy, the Milford hove in sight, accompanied by another armed transport and letter-of-marque, and at once hauled up in chase of Jones and his prizes. Signalling to the Providence and the prizes to crowd all sail to the southward and westward, Jones dropped to leeward in the Alfred until he could make out the force of the enemy. This he did before dark. The Milford was a dull sailer, which gave Jones choice of position; for the Alfred, feeble as she was in other respects as a man-of-war, sailed fast, and was very weatherly. He decided to keep between the Milford and his prizes during the night and next day, or as long as there was danger of recapture, but not to risk the chances of an engagement.

The Milford succeeded in keeping up the chase all night and the next day, and actually did retake one of the prizes—the least important of all—which, having sprung her foretopmast, and being a dull-

sailing brigantine, fell astern. But the Mellish and Bideford escaped, and Jones took them into Boston the 10th of December, 1776.

His first act, after dropping anchor, was to write a letter to Robert Morris, with copy to Joseph Hewes, explaining why he had declined battle with the Milford. In it he says:

. . . You may, perhaps, think it strange that I declined close quarters with an enemy's ship of so little nominal superiority of force to my own. But I think, when you have read my reasons, you will approve my discretion. A little before sundown I made the enemy out to be a thirty-two of the regular rate, and her pace showed her to be an indifferent sailer. I knew that she must carry twenty-two long twelves on her gundeck with ten to twelve long sixes above, and I also knew that all British ships on the station or in convoy were likely to be full-manned.

I had in the Alfred ten long twelves and fourteen nines, and, after manning the prizes, one hundred and fourteen officers and men were left at stations. The wind was north-northwest, with snow squalls now and then, and the sea cross and choppy. There were also signs of a haul of the wind to north-northeast, which in that latitude at the time of year would mean anything from a stiff blow to a living gale by daylight.

I felt that it would be wrong in such conditions to ask one hundred and fourteen men in a ship of only twenty-four guns to stand alongside a thirty-two of regular rate and battery with surely over two hundred in her complement. I felt that it would be "asking too much of the cards," as we say in whist when we have a poor hand.

So I ran, and I am not ashamed to confess it. But I brought my prizes safe in, and I did not submit the poor old Alfred and her short crew to the chance of being sunk

and butchered by what I considered a foe so superior that battle with him would be hopeless.

When her cargo was "broken out" in Boston, the Mellish was found to contain ten thousand complete uniforms, including cloaks or great-coats, boots, socks, and woollen shirts, for the winter supply of General Howe's army; seven thousand pairs of blankets; one thousand four hundred tents; six hundred saddles with complete cavalry equipments; one million seven hundred thousand rounds of fixed ammunition (musket cartridges); a large quantity of medical stores; forty cases of surgical instruments; all priceless and wholly unattainable by any other means in the then state of our resources.

The Mellish also had on board a considerable assortment of other stores, and forty-six soldiers who were recruits sent out to join various British regiments then serving in the Colonies—or, as this was after the Declaration of Independence, we may as well say, "in the United States."

The other large prize, the Bideford, carried one thousand seven hundred fur overcoats for the use of the British force in Canada; eleven thousand pairs of blankets intended partly for the British troops in Canada, and partly for the Indians then in British pay on our northern frontier; one thousand small-bore guns of the type then known as the "Indian-trade smooth-bore" with hatchets, knives, and boxes of flints in proportion, to arm the Indians; together with eight light six-pounder field guns and complete harness and other equipage for two four-gun batteries of horse-artillery. The Bideford also had

on board some wines and other table supplies personally consigned to Sir Guy Carleton, and, withal, a case of fine Galway duelling pistols for some British officer then serving in Canada. It is of record that Jones confiscated for his own use and behoof a share of the wines and the case of pistols.

On his arrival in Boston Jones promptly reported his cruise and its results to the Marine Committee. In due course of mail he received orders to turn over the command of the Alfred to Captain Elisha Hinman, and report forthwith to Philadelphia for duty in connection with the Board of Advice to the Committee, which had just been constituted. Pursuant to this order he left Boston the 5th of January, 1777, and reported for duty at Philadelphia on the 14th.

The other members of this board were Captains James Nicholson, Nicholas Biddle, John Barry, and Thomas Read. The board was also ordered to draw up a plan for examination of officers on promotion, and also of applicants for commissions in the lower grades. A resolution was also passed providing that "from and after the date hereof no appointment shall be made from civil life to grade above that of third lieutenant, and promotion from one grade to the next higher shall be by seniority unless the officer next senior shall fail to pass the required examination, when the officer next junior shall be called up for examination, and the first officer, so junior, to pass the required examination shall be promoted to the next higher grade."

CHAPTER IV

IN COMMAND OF THE RANGER

Captain Jones stayed in Philadelphia on duty with the Board of Advice from the middle of January till June, 1777. During that period, in the month of April, he went to Virginia and visited his ravaged plantation. He found there nothing but the bare ground and two or three cabins which sheltered a dozen or so of his slaves, who were either too old and infirm or too young and valueless as field hands to be worth Lord Dunmore's trouble of taking away. All else was gone. Nothing remained but charred and blackened ruins of mansion, mill, tobacco-houses, wharf, and store-house—as he has described it—"the completest wreck imaginable of any kind of possessions that were on the land and therefore could not be scuttled and sunk in the sea!"

But he did not repine. He simply turned his back on the scene of desolation, after doing what he could to provide for the remnant of his slaves, and went back to Philadelphia to renew his efforts in the prosecution of the war.

"He was more cheerful when he came back than I believed he would be," writes Mr. Hewes in his diary. "He had little to say about his losses, but much to say about providing opportunity for himself to get alongside a ship of the enemy."

His pet project now was a cruise in European waters. He wanted to get on the British coast with a ship, or, better, a squadron, of some force. He argued with his colleagues on the board, with the committee, and with every member of the Congress whom he could reach, that the time had come to show our flag and demonstrate our existence as a naval power in European seas. He said that cruises off our own coast, while they might annoy the enemy and result in capture of his small ships and transports from time to time, would still be unheard of in Europe, and would therefore add nothing to our prestige as a new nation.

His arguments, coupled with the successes he had already achieved in independent commands, and, above all, by reason of the vehement earnestness with which he advocated his projects, produced a profound impression upon all who heard him. Lafayette, then recently arrived in this country, took a special fancy to him because he could talk and write French fluently, which was at that time a rare accomplishment among even the most liberally educated Americans. It may be remarked that of the twenty-four captains then on the Continental Navy list, only three besides Jones could speak French at all—Manley, Biddle, and Wickes—and Jones was the only one who could both speak and write it fluently or gracefully.

Lafayette, with his shipload of supplies—by a roundabout voyage from Passages in Spain, ostensibly to Porto Rico—had arrived at the port of Georgetown, S. C., April 19, 1777. He journeyed thence by land to Philadelphia. It strangely hap-

pened that Lafayette, on his way from South Carolina to Philadelphia, and Paul Jones, on his return to the same destination also by land from his ruined plantation, reached Alexandria the same day, at noon, and stopped at the same tavern. Lafayette had with him the Baron de Kalb and several other French, German, and Polish officers. Lafayette could express himself fairly in English, as could de Kalb; but the others could not. Their interpreter was a very poor one. The meeting took place in consequence of the efforts of Lafayette and de Kalb to straighten out some misunderstanding about the relay of horses. The Marquis himself thus described the incident in a personal reminiscence during his visit to this country in 1824, as narrated by Professor Wentworth in a magazine article published in 1826:*

A slender, black-haired, black-eyed, swarthy gentleman in a naval uniform and of most martial and distinguished bearing, approached and said in perfect French,

"Pardon, Monsieur; il me semble que, peut-etre, je peux vous aider. En tel cas, commandez, s'il vous plait."

Delighted to hear my mother tongue so unexpectedly and so opportunely spoken, I informed the gentleman who we were and asked whom I might have the honor to address, to

*The article in which the circumstances of this meeting as here narrated were given grew out of the visit, a year and a half previous, of Lafayette to this country, and was found by the author in the Gardner Collection of newspaper clippings and magazine papers. In the absence, so far as we have been able to discover, of any reference to the incident in the literary remains of Lafayette or Jones, the historical accuracy of the anecdote may be open to question; but it has been thought worth while to retain it on the authority of Professor Wentworth, who claims to have heard the story from Lafayette himself.

which he replied: "J'ai l'honneur d'être capitaine de frégate de la marine des États Unis ; et on m'appelle Paul Jones ; à votre service, Monsieur."

Profoundly acknowledging his courtesy, I at once turned over to Captain Paul Jones the task of composing our difficulties and instantly discovered that he was a captain in fact as well as by title. The people there seemed to know him well. He assumed an air of easy, though quite imperious, mastery of the situation, and in a very short time our cavalcade was ready to set out. He had an appointment to dine that evening with friends in Alexandria, but upon my invitation to join our party, he hastily sent a messenger to cancel the engagement "by reason of a sudden and unexpected pressure of public duty of grave importance," and journeyed with us thence to Philadelphia.

This was the beginning of a friendship of the closest nature, lasting for life. It was a universal friendship, enduring not only throughout the American Revolution but extending to close association in the earlier scenes of the French Revolution a dozen years later. Lafayette's influence began with the day of his arrival at the seat of government. He did not come as an adventurer seeking employment. He brought with him a shipload of needed supplies, and back of that the financial resources of an estate than which there were few in France richer. And, above all, he came as the personal representative of the fast-growing Liberal party in France, whose influence was soon to cast the sword and the fleets of that great monarchy into our side of the scale of war.

Lafayette enthusiastically approved Jones's plan of invading British waters, and was among the first

to suggest fitting out a squadron of French ships in French ports, to sail under the flag and by commission of the United States. By this expedient, Lafayette argued, two vital ends would be attained: First, the ships would be larger, more powerful, and better equipped than any the United States could then provide. Second, and of still greater importance in the long run, such operations would embroil France with Great Britain and force to a speedy determination the question of an open alliance. And he declared everywhere and all the time that Paul Jones was the only captain in the American Navy qualified to undertake the mission; that by his knowledge of the French language he fulfilled the first and greatest prerequisite; because, Lafayette said, it would be perfectly idle to send a captain over there who would need an interpreter. "For the rest," he said, "Captain Jones possesses far beyond any other officer in your service that peculiar aplomb, grace of manner, charm of person, and dash of character always required to captivate the French fancy." *

Of the thirteen frigates authorized by the Congress December 13, 1775, the five first laid down were now nearly ready for service. Among them was the Trumbull, thirty-two. Jones applied for the Trumbull, urging that while Lafayette's view as to the policy of obtaining French ships was sound in the broad sense, it would still be of great value to show in their ports a fine new frigate like the Trumbull, as a sample of what the United States could do in the way of naval construction.

* Lafayette to Washington, June 27, 1777.

Here again Jones encountered what seemed to be his evil genii, Mr. Adams and Dudley Saltonstall. The latter had now so far emerged from the consequences of his first cruise in the Alfred as to aspire to another frigate command, and of course Mr. Adams was at his back.

There was a curious story at the time explanatory of Mr. Adams's evident personal ill-will toward Paul Jones. Mr. Hewes related it not long before his death, in 1779, as follows:

Many people marvelled at the pertinacity of Mr. Adams's dislike for Jones. No matter what the captain might achieve or how his exploits might be appreciated and praised by everybody else, and none was more cordial in this respect than the commander-in-chief, Washington himself—Mr. Adams would see no good in him, but always insisted that he was "a smooth, plausible, and rather capable adventurer, with some smattering of general knowledge and a fair command of French and Spanish, due wholly to his earlier career as an English merchant captain trading to the West India Islands and Spanish main; in other words, the merest accident," and so on *ad libitum*. And above all, Mr. Adams maintained, he was a man of no family connection whatever.

Finally, the explanation came out. When the Congress reconvened in June, 1775, Colonel Carroll, of Maryland, came to Philadelphia with his family, in great state, and leased a fine house on the outskirts of the city, near General Mifflin's at the Falls of Schuylkill. Here the centre of fashion was soon established. Shortly after Paul Jones arrived at Philadelphia, in July, 1775, he was a guest at one of Madame Carroll's parties, and Mr. Adams was also there. Mr. Adams was nothing if not pedantic. In the course of the entertainment he essayed to relate an anecdote of Fontanelle to a group of young ladies, among whom were Miss

Betty Faulkner, of Virginia, and Miss Josephine Mayrant, of South Carolina. Miss Faulkner had been educated in France and Miss Mayrant belonged to one of the Carolina Huguenot families in which French was retained as the domestic tongue. Mr. Adams related his anecdote of Fontanelle in French.

When he was gone, Jones, at the request of the young ladies, related the anecdote correctly both as to text and accent. One of the young ladies then asked Jones what he thought of Mr. Adams's French. Jones was always reckless with his wit and more than once in his career sacrificed an interest for the sake of an epigram. On this occasion, not reflecting that such a *bon mot* would be likely to find repetition in such a social circle as that was, he replied with mock gravity :

" La cause des droits de l'homme, Mesdemoiselles, est, peut-être, bien heureuse en ce que les sentiments politiques de Monsieur Adams ne sont pas à l'anglais également à son français ; car, autrement, il serait, facilement, le plus grand Tory du pays ! "

Of this the following is a free translation : " It is very fortunate, perhaps, ladies, for the cause of human rights, that the political sentiments of Mr. Adams are not as English as his French is ; because, if they were, he would be, easily, the greatest Tory in the land."

This delicious, but ill-judged, satire was not slow in reaching the ears of Mr. Adams, and he ever afterward hated Paul Jones with all the sturdy hate of the Puritan nature when its vanity is wounded. Maybe other men, not Puritans, would have hated Jones, too, had they fallen similar victims to his pitiless tongue.

Be this as it may, Captain Saltonstall got the Trumbull.* Jones then determined to appeal to

* In this connection there is an entertaining morsel of personal history : When Ezek Hopkins's ill-starred squadron " broke up at Newport in the spring of 1776 and resolved itself into a series of courts-mar-

Washington in person. His own story of the interview is doubtless the best that could be written:

When I entered the presence of the Commander-in-Chief, I found with him Generals Knox, Wayne, and Greene, and the Marquis de Lafayette. I laid my case before him with an earnestness which my recent disappointment about the Trumbull may have made somewhat vehement.

Lafayette and Wayne shared my feelings and partook of

tial, dismissals," etc., Jones, as first lieutenant of the Alfred, prepared and sent to the Marine Committee charges against the captain of that ship, Dudley Saltonstall, accusing him of cruelty to his men, discourtesy and incivility to his officers, incompetency and even irresolution, to use no harsher term, in the action with the Glasgow.

These charges were suppressed by the committee, and Captain Saltonstall, though relieved from command for a considerable period under circumstances not wholly devoid of the aspect of want of confidence if not disgrace, escaped the court-martial that wrecked some of his brother-captains.

Jones was appointed to the Providence soon after forwarding these charges, and cruised in her and afterward the Alfred until the following midwinter. But when he found Saltonstall in his way again in the spring of 1777, he determined to revive his charges and push the case to a conclusion. Having kept a copy of the charges, he drew them up in due form again with some additions and handed them to Robert Morris with a request that they be formally laid before the committee.

Mr. Morris informed him that the affair was considered closed and could not be reopened.

Jones then rather vigorously informed Mr. Morris that if he could not secure appropriate action in the regular way, he would conceive it his duty to publish the facts over his own name and on his personal responsibility; as he believed the public entitled to know what kind of naval servant they had in Captain Saltonstall.

To this Mr. Morris demurred, saying it could have no result but to bring on a duel between himself and Captain Saltonstall; that such an affair would be more deplorable than anything else possibly could be, as it must be a sorry spectacle to see the officers of our infant navy killing each other when there were so many enemies of the country to destroy.

Jones responded that if Captain Saltonstall could be induced to take

my spirit. But General Washington, calm and imperturbable, walked up and down, mostly listening, but now and then asking a question or uttering a syllable of assent. He remained in this mood for a little time after I had done. Then approaching me, he took me by the hand and said: "Captain Jones, you have conceived the right project and you are the right man to execute it. I will at once see members of the Marine Committee and insist that you be forthwith provided with the best means at their disposal."

that course he, Jones, should by no means consider his main purpose hopelessly defeated; that he conceived it his duty to rid the navy of Captain Saltonstall, and if he were denied the opportunity of doing it in the regular way, by court-martial, it was quite immaterial to him what other way must be resorted to.

Mr. Morris, amazed at this fierce outbreak, inquired if Jones had taken any advice in this most serious affair. Jones answered that he certainly had taken advice. "Of whom, pray?" asked Mr. Morris. "Of General Cadwalader and Captain Biddle, sir!"

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Morris, "the two fieriest and least tractable men in Pennsylvania. Each the soul of honor and the embodiment of courage, but both wholly lacking in prudence or calm judgment where any personal issue is concerned. They will always give you advice to fight, which, by the way, you yourself need as little as any man I know. Cadwalader and Nick Biddle advising a man in an affair of this kind, forsooth! Now, Paul, this affair must end here. I will keep this paper; and, if you have a copy of it, either send it to me also or give me your word of honor that you will burn it at once and dismiss the whole subject from your mind. In Cadwalader and Nick Biddle you have exhausted the wrong kind of advice; now I give you the benefit of the right kind, and forasmuch as you value my friendship, you must obey me."

Jones reluctantly and sullenly obeyed Mr. Morris. But he did not forget! More than two years afterward, while he was in the Texel with his prize the Serapis, he heard the news that Saltonstall had lost the Warren, a new thirty-two-gun frigate, in Penobscot Bay, under circumstances which effectually terminated his naval career. Then he wrote bitterly to Mr. Morris:

"I have just learned the miserable fate of the Warren. To some extent I reproach myself. If I had obeyed the dictates of my sense of duty in 1777 instead of yielding to the persuasions of the peacemaker, our flag might still be flying on the Warren!"

Jones says also that General Washington spoke of the Trumbull matter as a thing that could not be helped, because any effort to displace Captain Saltonstall would cause friction in higher quarters, which it was policy to avoid, and that it was unfortunate that there were not enough of the new frigates ready to make one available for the sixth captain.

"Of course," pursues Jones, "General Washington kept his word. The result was that in a short time the Committee ordered me to Boston to enlist seamen for a European cruise to the number of one hundred and fifty, and then take them to France in a French merchant-ship called l'Amphitrite, which they chartered for that purpose. But this fell through. The French captain was unwilling to take the risk, because, as he said, 'if the English should get wind of the affair, their cruisers would bring the Amphitrite to, take me and my men out of her, and probably condemn the ship for violation of neutrality'—France then being at peace with England."

However, just at this moment another and better resource presented itself. A new ship-sloop had just been launched at Portsmouth, N. H., called the Ranger. She was designed to carry a battery of twenty long six-pounders, and her model was for those days exceedingly sharp, with unusual deadrise and lean lines forward and aft.

Elijah Hall, who was her second lieutenant in her famous cruise, has left an interesting description of the little ship.* Mr. Hall was a shipwright as well

* "The Ranger," says Mr. Hall, "was out of the ordinary run of her class. She was planned expressly for speed. Her length was six feet

as naval officer, alike capable in both professions. He was also an historian of most pleasing style, and the little book in which he recorded his Revolutionary experiences makes the reader sorry it was not larger.

On June 14, 1777, Congress passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Flag of the Thirteen United States of America be Thirteen Stripes, Alternate Red and White; that THE UNION be Thirteen Stars in a Blue Field: Representing a NEW Constellation.

Resolved, That CAPTAIN JOHN PAUL JONES be Appointed to Command the Ship RANGER.

In the perspective of a century and a quarter it seems singular that two acts so widely different

more than any twenty-gun ship-sloop of her day, she was flush decked fore and aft except a short, light topgallant forecastle open aft, and a still shorter poop-deck with a long break to shelter the binnacle and housed in only enough to make a captain's cabin and two small stateroom in the transoms. Her sizes were:

Length, extreme	116 feet.
Length of keel for tonnage	96 "
Breadth, extreme	28 "
Depth in the hold	13 " 6 inches.
Burthen, British measurement	308 tons.

"The timber of her floors and planking to the turn of the bilges was well seasoned, but all the rest, including futtocks, knees, and all framing and plank above the bilges as well as deck-beams was of green timber cut as used; but her decks were of seasoned white pine. Her bottom was metaled to the turn of the bilges, thus making the task of careening or heaving her out much less difficult than in un-metaled ships. I believe she was the first American ship to be coppered, and the device was quite new also in the British and French navies. Her spars were a set got out for a 400-ton Indiaman, and of course too long and heavy for a vessel of her class.

"When Captain Jones arrived and took the command, I had just

in nature and effect should be joined in one resolution. Probably Congress did it simply for convenience and without thought of the historical impression the fact might produce in the distant future. But, little as our Congress may have thought about this unusual combination, its significance was not lost on Paul Jones. He accepted it as a distinction far beyond his wildest dreams. He used to say: "That flag and I are twins; born the same hour from the same womb of destiny. We cannot be parted in life or in death. So long as we can float, we shall float together. If we must sink, we shall go down as one!"

October 2, 1777, Jones reported to the Marine

stepped the lower masts and was so impressed with their disproportionate height that I was about to cut them down about four feet in the caps. But Captain Jones said it was a pity to cut off such fine masts, and he directed me to fid them about four feet lower than usual in the hounds, which was done. Still she was considerably over-sparred, and we did shorten all the yards and the bowsprit, jibboom and spanker boom somewhat. In addition to this she had been planned to carry twenty six-pounders; but Captain Jones put fourteen long nines in her and only four six-pounders, which further raised her centre of weight and increased her top-heaviness. This, with the extra ballast made necessary, brought her a foot lower in the water than was intended, when fully provisioned, watered, and stored for a long cruise.

"All these things made her uneasy and somewhat crank in windward work, and though she was weatherly enough, it was not quite safe to carry full sail on her when clawing to windward close-hauled in squally weather. But with the wind anywhere abaft the beam or going free, she could run like a hound, and on those points of sailing could show her heels to anything afloat, great or small. Another fact was that all her guns were cast in America, most of our other ships at that time having guns cast in Europe. In outward appearance she was a perfect beauty, her sheer being as delicate as the lines of a pretty woman's arm, and as she was rather low in the water for her length and her masts raked two or three degrees more than any other ship of the day, she was on the whole the sauciest craft afloat."

Committee, from Portsmouth, that the Ranger would be ready to sail on the 15th of that month. He reported that his crew was already recruited to the full complement, and described it as "the best crew I have ever seen, and, I believe, the best afloat: nearly all native Americans, and the proportion of able seamen to the total is much beyond the average." He also announced that, while waiting for his final orders, he would make one or two short runs off the coast a day or two at a time, to "shake down his crew, set up his rigging, test the set of his sails, and find out the best trim of the ship."

In due course—probably eight or ten days—he received advices that the Congress expected soon to have news of the last importance for transmission to France, and that he should hold himself in readiness to get under way at once on receipt of the despatches. These orders were accompanied by a private note from Robert Morris informing him that the news daily expected would come from the upper valley of the Hudson, that the character of the news would undoubtedly be such as to exert the most profound influence upon the result of the pending war, and that it had been decided to hold the Ranger in readiness to carry the news because the committee believed both the ship and commander best adapted of any in the navy to make a quick and safe voyage to France.

From this it appears that those at the head of our Revolutionary affairs felt sure of the capture or total defeat of Burgoyne's army at least three weeks before his surrender. The scenes throughout the country during the days immediately following the

17th of October, 1777, must have been thrilling. Couriers rode at breakneck speed in every direction on all roads and across fields, shouting to every person they met and at every doorway as they flew past, "Burgoyne has surrendered!" There were no details; the couriers had no time to give them. But the one great fact was enough. The whole patriot country went wild over it. Marvellous stories have been told of the rapidity with which this glad news was spread over the country from New Hampshire to Georgia in those days of simple horseflesh and hard riding. From the field of Stillwater to Portsmouth is one hundred and forty-seven miles as the bird flies, and doubtless was at least one hundred and seventy-five miles by the shortest roads of those days. Yet it is said that the news reached Portsmouth in about thirty hours and was brought by a single courier, who never stopped except to obtain and shift his saddle to a fresh horse as he wore the others out; eating his meals in the saddle and never thinking of rest!

Thus Paul Jones must have known by October 19th the nature of the news he was to carry across the ocean. The despatches, under the seal of Congress, were placed in his hands about midnight, October 31, and the Ranger was under way and clear of the Isles of Shoals before daylight, November 1, 1777; as her log says in the second entry of that date, "going free, course east by south half east, wind west north-west, blowing fresh, the sea cross and choppy, from the old swell of an easterly gale, the two days before."

The last thing Jones did before casting off the

shore-boat's painter was to add a postscript to his acknowledgment of the receipt of the despatches and his order, saying: "I will spread this news in France in thirty days." He actually did land at Nantes early in the morning of December 2, 1777, thirty-two days out from Portsmouth. Jones himself has left little record of this remarkable run. In his official report he says that he "encountered a good deal of bad weather, and for the first twelve days out, after clearing George's Banks, had a succession of north-easterlies, from a half to a whole gale, with frequent snow-squalls on the edge of the Grand Banks, and as far to the eastward as the forty-fourth meridian. After that it was mostly clear with wind abeam except three days of baffling south-easterlies after passing the longitude of the Azores."

But Elijah Hall, second lieutenant of the Ranger, has left a more copious record, which, in view of the importance of the little Ranger's mission, as the sequel proved, is worth preserving. Lieutenant Hall says:

> I had sailed with many captains in all kinds of voyages, but I never had seen a ship crowded as Captain Jones drove the Ranger. The wind held northwesterly and fresh till we had cleared Sable Island and began to draw in to the Banks. Then it came off to the northeast and east northeast with many snow-squalls, and thick of sights. We might even then have made a long reach to leeward and run as far south as 40°, if not indeed easting on that parallel as far as the Azores. This would have eased everything, but would also have added a week's time to the run. Captain Jones therefore held to his northerly course, and stuck grimly to his great circle, drawn between

47° and 50° north. As the wind hung all the time between north northeast and east northeast with but few veerings outside those points, it was always forward of the beam on the true course and often near dead ahead. Imagine then, the situation of the Ranger's crew, with a top-heavy and crank ship under their feet, and a commander who day and night insisted on every rag she could stagger under without laying clear down!

As it was she came close to beam-ends more than once, and on one occasion righted only by letting-fly sheets cut with hatchets. During all this trying work Captain Jones was his own navigating officer, keeping the deck eighteen or twenty hours out of every twenty-four, often serving extra grog to the men with his own hands, and by his example silencing all disposition to grumble. In the worst of it the watch and watch was lap-watched so that the men would be eight hours on to four off; but no one complained. It speaks well alike for commander and crew that not a man was punished or even severely reprimanded during this terrific voyage.*

* Withal their hard work and trying duty, the crew of the Ranger yet found characteristic diversion. Among other things they invented a sailor song suited to the occasion, which became popular in the Revolutionary Navy and was cherished long afterward in the forecastle repertoire. The verses were written by Midshipman Charley Hill, of Barnstable, and whatever may be their faults of prosody they do not lack vigor. They called it:

THE SONG OF THE RANGER. CARRY THE NEWS TO LONDON!

The final stanza will give an idea of the character of the song:

"So, now we had him hard and fast,
Burgoyne laid down his Arms at Last
And that is why we Brave the Blast,
To carry the News to London!
Heigh-ho! Car'r'y'y the News!
Go! Carry the News to London.
Tell Old King George he's undone!
Heigh-ho! Car'r'y'y the News!"

Jones sent a copy of these verses to Joseph Hewes with the quaint comment that, "while the text is rude in some parts and the language in

Captain Jones in his report to the Marine Committee gives two reasons for selecting the northerly course. He says:

The great circle course was the shortest by several days' sail, and even at the advanced stage of the season there was a chance of westerly and northerly winds prevailing as far as 35° west, and thus we might get a good slant. But the main reason was that the northerly course at that season would free us from interruption by the enemy's cruisers which were known to swarm on the southerly course. Aware that the first and greatest object of the voyage was to deliver the highly important dispatches at the earliest moment in France, I wished above all things to avoid being chased out of my course by the enemy's frigates, with the necessary accompanying risk of being captured or destroyed. The purpose was accomplished. Not a sail was sighted after we passed the sixtieth meridian until we had crossed the twentieth, and the first ship we spoke was a Dutch East Indiaman in the Bay of Biscay, two days' run west of Ushant. I informed the Dutch captain of the surrender of Burgoyne and requested him to repeat the intelligence, with my compliments, to any British captain that he might fall in with. I trust your Honorable Committee will approve my conduct in these respects. I have fully reported my conduct and my reasons for it to our Commissioners, Messrs Franklin and Deane, and am authorized by them to inform you that it meets with their hearty approval.

one line not quite polite, yet as a whole the ballad is spirited and reflects credit on its young author, Mr. Hill, the youngest of my midshipmen. Mr. Hill, who is not yet twenty years old, is the son of the late Captain Abner Hill, of Barnstable, with whom I became acquainted years ago in the West India and coast trade. If Abner Hill had lived I am sure he would now be an ornament to our little navy. His son Charles represents him most creditably, and I commend him to the notice of the Honorable Committee."

My crew are all well, and except a few trifling accidents due to the hard exposure on certain occasions, no one has been on the sick-list. One seaman, Solomon Hutchings, had his leg broken by a spare spar getting adrift, but is doing well. I shall have the honor of calling your attention more particularly to the excellent behavior of all my officers and men in a later report. For the present suffice to say, that, without exception, their conduct left nothing to be desired.

During the last day's run I took two prizes bound from Madeira and Malaga respectively, with wines, dried fruits, etc., for London. I sent one of them to Brest and convoyed the other to Nantes. I enclose estimate of their value; also roster of my crew entitled to share prize-money.*

The Ranger anchored in the Loire, below Nantes, about twilight, December 2, 1777, and Captain Jones at once proceeded express to Paris, placing the despatches in Dr. Franklin's hands early on the 5th,

* It is a singular fact that, identified as the name of the Ranger and the performance of her crew are with one of the most momentous crises in all our national history, no complete roll of the humble heroes who manned her has been preserved in our official archives. The nearest approach to it is a list of seventy-eight names on file in the Department of State, Bureau of Rolls and Library; and these are not in the form of a roll or roster, but are simply signatures to a petition presented by or through one of the private secretaries of Arthur Lee, Hezekiah Ford, of North Carolina, to the American Commissioners in France, from part of the crew while the Ranger lay in Brest Harbor in the spring of 1778, soon after she had captured the Drake. From the reports and letters of Captain Jones, from the Gardner papers, and from other sources of original and contemporary information, it is, fortunately, possible to place upon the pages of history the names of the other fifty-three men who, with the seventy-eight of record in the Department of State, made up the Ranger's crew.

The roster, as given in the Appendix, to which the reader is referred, is that of the officers and crew when the ship arrived in the Loire, bringing the news of the surrender of Burgoyne.

travelling two hundred and twenty miles in sixty hours, after which he returned to his ship about the middle of the month. The despatches contained full accounts of the military operations immediately leading to the surrender of Burgoyne, with a general description of the situation brought about by it, and its effect upon the fortunes of the war so far as the Americans were concerned. The main text of the military part of the despatches was written by General Washington himself, while the estimate and deductions as to the political effects of the event were written by Thomas Jefferson. The documents as a whole were therefore couched in the calm, lofty tone characteristic of their authors. There was no tendency to exaggerate, no exhibition of vainglory. There was no attempt at embellishment, and but little comment. Larger forces than the army of Burgoyne had often capitulated in European fortresses as the result of sieges. But it was instantly recognized that never before had so considerable a force (at least no British force) surrendered in the open field to an army so slightly superior to it in numbers, and as the result of a series of pitched battles. Remarkable and unprecedented as the event was, the Count de Vergennes said that "the modesty with which General Washington and Mr. Jefferson laid the information of it before the King and his Ministers was, if possible, yet more noteworthy."

Paul Jones was not the only messenger who "carried the news" of Burgoyne's surrender. He was not even the first to place it in the hands of Dr. Franklin. Jones arrived at Passy—a village near

Paris—where our commissioners had their quarters—the morning of December 5, 1777. He found that he had been preceded by John Loring Austin, of Boston, who had delivered an exact copy of the despatches he brought, about twelve hours ahead of him. Austin got his copy early in the morning of October 30th, and sailed from Boston in a fast French merchantman (expressly chartered for the purpose) within four hours.

In connection with the delivery of the despatches announcing Burgoyne's surrender, there is a bit of private history, deeply interesting both as an exhibit of the confusion and distrust prevailing in those days, and as a commentary on the character of Paul Jones. To cut a long story short, and to embody here in a page or two the results of years of research, it may be premised that Dr. Edward Bancroft was accused by Arthur Lee of making use of these despatches in advance of their publication for stock-jobbing purposes not only in Paris but also in London; and these accusations went so far as to imply or insinuate the privity, if not the profit, of Dr. Franklin himself in such transactions.

When these accusations became public, Jones, feeling that his own honor as one of the trusted custodians of the news was at stake, set about investigating the matter in his own way. Dr. Bancroft and Jones were friends, and their friendship lasted until death. But under such an imputation, with the slightest possibility that it might, if not cleared up at once, be used to impeach his own integrity and fidelity, Jones would not rest a moment. He probed

the matter to the bottom and satisfied himself that, so far as Bancroft was concerned, the imputations were groundless. On this point Dr. Francis Wharton says, in the first volume of the "Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution:"

> Jones was the most dangerous enemy Britain had on the high seas. By his stealth, his amazing fighting qualities and his coolness he not only inflicted great damage by his prizes but he compelled a large naval force to be retained for home defence and trebled the rates of insurance on British merchant ships. . . . Had Jones suspected Bancroft of perfidy, swift and terrible would have been the vengeance; for in such cases Paul Jones did not stay his hand.

The only mention of the affair the author has been able to find in Jones's correspondence is in a letter to Mr. Livingston, dated Nantes, March 13, 1779—more than a year afterward—in which he emphatically disposes of the story, in favor of Dr. Bancroft's integrity. Dr. Wharton's remark that "in such cases Paul Jones did not stay his hand," means more to close students of his character and career than superficial readers of history are likely to grasp. It means that, while under ordinary circumstances polite and forbearing, even to long-suffering, Jones had at bottom a most ferocious temper, and that the one thing of all things he would not brook from anyone was personal perfidy. Errors of judgment or mistakes in conduct he was quick to overlook or forgive; but for deliberate betrayal he knew but one remedy. He was not in any degree a bully; not even prone to quarrel. But his sense of personal

honor was delicately, almost painfully, acute; and anyone who wanted any kind of a fight could always get it instantly by jarring that high-strung chord in his nature.

This sentiment was quite as mandatory to him in dealing with common sailors as with men of his own class. On taking command of the Ranger he found that forty-three men had been enlisted at Portsmouth on terms stated in public handbills, as to advances and "ship-money," which could not be carried out under the regulations of Congress. The total amount involved was $40 apiece for thirty able seamen and $20 apiece for thirteen landsmen and boys; aggregating $1,460. Jones at once addressed a letter to these men, through Lieutenant Hall, who had enlisted them. In this letter he pointed out the conflict between the terms of the handbills and the regulations of Congress, and then said:

> I would not deceive any man who has entered or may enter to serve under my command. . . . I consider myself as being under a personal obligation to these brave men who have cheerfully enlisted to serve with me, and I accept their act as proof of their good opinion of me, which I so highly value that I cannot permit it to be dampened in the least degree by misunderstanding or failure to perform engagements. If necessary, or to whatsoever extent it may be necessary, I will personally undertake, after exhausting my proper powers in their behalf under the regulations, to make good at my own risk any remainder. I wish all my men to be happy and contented. The conditions of the handbills will be strictly complied with.

According to expense accounts allowed and paid to Jones by Congress in 1782, he expended one

hundred and forty-seven guineas out of his own funds in making the terms of the handbills good, that being the difference between the sum promised in the handbills and the advances which the regulations permitted him to make on public account.

CHAPTER V

THE FRENCH ALLIANCE

The state of European politics at the end of the year 1777 determined the fate of the American struggle for independence. The situation in America, as Europe viewed it, admits of quick summary:

Everything south of the latitude of New York City had gone wrong. By the end of the first week in October, the British, already firmly planted in possession of New York City, had defeated Washington at the Brandywine, had occupied Philadelphia, driving Congress from its capital to seek refuge in the village of York, and had repulsed Washington from Germantown. In the far South little show of resistance remained, except partisan warfare. But north of New York all had been American success. Elaborate as the British plans in that region were, and able as had been the efforts to execute them, all had been British failures. From Bennington to the end, Burgoyne's campaign was a series of British reverses and patriot victories, culminating in the surrender.

Thus the account stood at the end of 1777, or beginning of 1778, as the statesmen of Continental Europe viewed it. They looked only to general results, and gave but scant survey to details. Defeat at Brandywine, check at Germantown, even the

expulsion of Congress from Philadelphia, could be explained or at least estimated to European tacticians, strategists, and statesmen, so long as Washington still had his army in hand and could show a front. But explaining or extenuating the total defeat, surrender, and annihilation of Burgoyne's army was not possible. Thus every success of the British armies on the Delaware and in the South went for nothing in the estimation of Continental Europe when weighed in the scale against the annihilation of Burgoyne.

The news of this event reached Paris, as has been stated, on the evening of December 4, 1777. Paul Jones arrived the next day, and not only brought duplicates of Mr. Austin's despatches but much additional information as to military details which he had gleaned during the ten days that elapsed between the arrival of the news at Portsmouth and his sailing date from that port. He had also the vastly important survey of the situation embodied in Robert Morris's private letter to him which was brought from York along with the official packet; and the significance of Mr. Morris's survey, as further information for the guidance of the commissioners, was second only to that of the despatches themselves.

Jones, in his correspondence concerning the affair, gracefully yields priority to Mr. Austin, but he says that "there were some deductions as to both the strategical and the domestic political effects of the surrender which our subsequent conversations proved to be more clearly drawn in my mind than in Mr. Austin's. But this was doubtless due to the differ-

ence in our experience and training. Among other things it was evident that Mr. Austin did not at the moment quite share my views as to the decisive effect the event must have upon the *morale* of our people themselves, and the far-reaching elation of spirit it must impart to our armed forces by land and sea."

At the moment when Mr. Austin, so closely followed by Jones, laid this news before the eyes of France, the attitude of that country was most important to the cause of American Independence. The good-will of other Continental States might be desirable, but that of France was indispensable.

The French nation was at that instant divided into three parties: First, the out-and-out American sympathizers. Second, those who from hereditary enmity to England wished the revolted Colonies well, but hesitated to give open aid and comfort. Third, the Conservative party, which could see no good whatever in any revolt of a dependency against a monarchy, and which abhorred the doctrines of republicanism, no matter where or by whom maintained.

The first of these parties embodied what, for brevity, may be termed the young France of that time; the men in whose minds the theories of Rousseau and the sneers of Voltaire were rapidly crystallizing into that fierce republicanism which ten years later compelled the King to convoke the Third Estate, and fifteen years later brought on the Reign of Terror. At the head of this party were Lafayette and the Duke de Chartres; the first actually fighting in America, the latter second in command of the Brest fleet; the first a scion of one of the oldest noble

families in France, the latter a scion of French royalty itself.

The second or semi-neutral party, hating but still fearing England, and ready, though hesitating, to strike, embraced all the young or active and ambitious officers of the French Army and Navy; the school of statesmen in whose bosoms rankled the reverses of the last war, the loss of Canada, and the downfall of French aspirations in India; the younger element of the nobility; the adventurous throng in the middle class; and this party had for its leader no less a personage than the King himself, with such statesmen as Vergennes, Vauguyon, Luzerne, Mirabeau, Malesherbes, and a host of others, at his back.

The third party embodied the older nobility, the courtiers almost without exception, the clergy to a man, and all the parasites of court and palace of every grade and degree. This party had for its leader the Queen; and she was supported by such social, political, and religious influences as the description of her following must naturally suggest. But poor Marie Antoinette does not need the charity that her subsequent misfortunes must compel to extenuate her attitude toward our infant republic in its days of peril. She could not help holding such an attitude. She was heart and soul a Hapsburg, and the transplanting of her to France had not in the least abated the rigorous traditions of that haughty house of despotism, already hoary with the sins of centuries. In the tyranny of the French Bourbons there was always a dash of levity, a flavor now and then of good cheer; in short, the French Bourbons were full of human nature, and

even their depravities were not wholly without charm. But the house of Hapsburg in every page of its history up to that time was gloomy, and in every line of its annals austere. It was the embodiment, the incarnation, of all that can be repulsive in tyranny and forbidding in despotism; "the one great power in Europe"—as Napoleon not long afterward said—"that never won a campaign or lost a province." The Hapsburg Emperor was a mediæval monk among kings; a modern Saturn among statesmen. Manifestly, then, no struggling republic could reasonably expect countenance, much less aid and comfort, from either man or woman of such antecedents and such breeding.

Under these conditions, and clear up to the moment when the news of Burgoyne's surrender arrived, the attitude of the three French parties had been: The first or Progressist party, active, noisy, but powerless. The second or Opportunist party, hesitating, indecisive, but anxious for a pretext. The third, the Queen's party, cynical, chilling, and sinister, but yet holding the situation.

The great news from Saratoga let loose the deluge. The Progressists could no longer be restrained. The Opportunists threw off all disguise, cast away all caution, and vied with the others in demanding an American alliance. And they carried the King along with their flood. The Queen and her party sank in the tumult of exultation and vanished from the public view.

Events now thronged one on top of another. The despatches were received on December 4th and 5th. The information in them was formally communicated to the French Court December 8th. King Louis XVI.

directed his Cabinet to "consider favorably the overtures of the Commissioners on behalf of the United States," December 11th. On January 8, 1778, the King wrote his remarkable letter to Charles III., King of Spain. The preliminary articles of treaty were signed January 17, 1778. On January 24th the form of the Treaty of Alliance was approved by the King, except the clause stipulating that France should not undertake the reconquest of Canada. February 1, Louis XVI. yielded as to this clause, and five days later, February 6, 1778, the Treaty of Alliance that assured American Independence was signed and sealed at Versailles—just two months after the arrival of the news.

This marvellous succession of events was the sequel of two years of almost abject begging on the part of our commissioners, to no purpose. It is perhaps proper to say that, while there were three commissioners in name, there was but one in fact. That one was Dr. Franklin. Silas Deane has passed into history as a man who meant well, but was unequal to his task. Whatever came within the range of his capacities he did faithfully. His opinion of himself, as is commonly the fate of his type of man, was not shared by his contemporaries. As for Dr. Franklin's other colleague, Arthur Lee, it is doubtless best to let the "Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution" tell his story. No critic could add a single line to the terrible and eternal indictment of those cold, pitiless official pages. Unfortunately, it is forever beyond the power of the most gifted eulogist to take one syllable of it away.

When Jones left the United States in the Ranger, it was understood, and in fact ordered, by the Marine Committee that he should, on arriving in France, take command of the new ship building at Amsterdam, for which Silas Deane had contracted in 1776. The commissioners—at least Deane and Franklin—had made every effort to keep the actual character of this ship a secret from the British Government. The contract for her construction had been signed on behalf of the United States by a Captain Gillon, in the service of the Dutch East India Company, who was employed by the commissioners to supervise her construction. Gillon, however, was himself "supervised" by Charles Frederick Dumas, secret agent of the Colonies in Holland, and the bills were paid through Dumas's banker. This ship, then known as the Indien, was of peculiar construction, and her general plans were those furnished to the Marine Committee by Jones in the fall of 1775 in connection with the new frigates then authorized. Her principal dimensions and armament were as follows:

Length on the gun-deck	154 feet
Length of keel for tonnage	131 "
Extreme breadth	40 "
Depth of hold	17 "
Burthen, Dutch measurement	1,186 tons
Gun-deck battery in broadside	28 long 18s*
Guu-deck battery in bridle ports	2 " "
Quarter-deck battery	8 " 9s
Forecastle battery	8 " "
Complement, officers and men	400

*In the actual armament of the ship an equal number of short or "Swedish" thirty-six-pounders were substituted for the long eighteens.

She was frigate-built, but from forty to fifty per cent. more powerful than any regular frigate then afloat; the equal in fact of any forty-four-gun ship on two decks in that period, and not much inferior to most ships of fifty guns.

She had been on the stocks since December, 1776, and when Jones arrived in France the December following, the Indien was nearly ready to launch. However, her guns and ammunition were to be placed on board at l'Orient as soon as she could be brought round there from Amsterdam. But shortly after she was launched the British Minister to the Netherlands denounced her to the States-General as an American ship-of-war in disguise, and demanded that she be detained in Dutch waters for "meditated breach of neutrality." The commissioners were dumbfounded at this exposure of their plans, but could do nothing, as the States-General was then under British influence, and after fruitless efforts to get possession of the ship, they sold her to the King of France for a price nearly sufficient to reimburse them for the outlay already made under the contract. This sale was concluded only ten or twelve days before Jones arrived in France with the Ranger. In the course of his investigation, before referred to, Jones ascertained beyond question that the secrets of the commissioners in regard to the Indien had been betrayed to the British Government by Arthur Lee's private secretary, Thornton; also that he had actually furnished the British Foreign Office with documents from the secret files of the commissioners, unquestionably proving the real character of the ship; documents

which the British Minister had laid before the States-General.

After the King had bought the Indien, the situation was no better than before, because it only transferred the question of neutrality from Holland to France. Jones told Dr. Franklin that so long as peace continued between England and France, it would be idle to hope for possession of the Indien, or to obtain any other regular ship-of-war from France; and in view of this fact there was nothing left for him to do but make a cruise on the Ranger as soon as the ship could be fitted out, and the spring opened. Jones also reminded Dr. Franklin that by virtue of the original understanding when he assumed command of the Ranger, he was only to hold that command until he could get a larger ship, and that his first lieutenant, Simpson, considered himself now fully entitled to command the Ranger.

Dr. Franklin settled, or tried to settle, this question by giving Jones written instructions under date of January 16, 1778, to hold command of the Ranger till further orders, and to fit her at once for a cruise in the early spring. Simpson acquiesced in this order, but not cheerfully or with good grace, as the sequel proved. Jones now took the Ranger from Nantes to l'Orient, thoroughly overhauled and refitted her, and on the 13th of February arrived in Brest Roads in the presence of the Grand French Fleet, commanded by the Count d'Orvilliers. The division of the fleet which Jones first spoke was commanded by Rear-Admiral La Motte Piquet, and, wishing to be sure of his ground, Jones sent a boat to that officer with a polite note informing him that the Ranger flew

the new American flag, which had never yet been saluted by the guns of any foreign naval power, and asking whether a salute, if offered, would be returned. In response he was informed that the salute due to the senior officer of a republican naval force on the station would be given him; that is, four guns less than for the representative of a royal navy; the basis being that established for the then Republic of the Netherlands. The next day the Ranger sailed through the French fleet, receiving from it the first national salute to the Stars and Stripes by the guns of a foreign fleet.

Most of the numerous writers who have from time to time during the nineteenth century given to the public "lives" or "biographies" of Paul Jones, have led their readers to believe that he was not only identified by name with the origin of the national emblem by virtue of the curious text of the resolution of Congress, June 14, 1777, already referred to, but also that he was the first to hoist it on an American man-of-war; the first to show it upon the ocean; the first to receive and acknowledge a salute to it from a foreign naval power; the first to fight a naval battle under it, and the first to decorate with it a man-of-war of the enemy taken prize in action.

Some of these assertions or intimations are true; others are fanciful. Whatever his numerous biographers may have claimed for him in respect to personal identification with our existing national emblem, Jones himself always considered the bare truth quite enough glory. The truth was, as we have seen, that the American flag, as we know it,

and the appointment of Paul Jones to command the Ranger, were embraced in the same resolution of Congress; and that his ship was the first to receive a foreign naval salute to it. It was decreed the 14th of June, 1777. Jones displayed it on the Ranger the 4th of July following, the first anniversary of the Declaration of Independence—making a trip from Boston to Portsmouth for that especial purpose. But the Ranger was only recently launched at that time, and, though by that act he placed her nominally in commission, she was not ready for sea until early the next October. During that interval other American ships of-war had gone to sea from various ports, with the new ensign flying. The first battle Jones fought under the Stars and Stripes was in the Ranger, when she conquered the Drake, off Carrickfergus, Ireland, April 23, 1778. But on the 7th of March previous, poor Nick Biddle had gone down—or up—or both—when the Randolph, thirty-two, was destroyed by explosion of her magazine in action with the Yarmouth, sixty-four; and the Stars and Stripes went down—or up—with Nick Biddle. However, Jones was the first to compel a regular British man-of-war to strike the Cross of St. George and St. Andrew to the new flag, which occurred when the Drake struck to the Ranger.

We have seen that the French fleet saluted the American flag on the little Ranger, February 13, 1778, in the outer road of Brest. The next day she ran up and anchored in the inner harbor off the mole of the Dockyard. The Ranger did not leave that anchorage until April 9th, when she dropped down

into the outer road to sail on her cruise the next day. There were reasons for this delay. One was that the winter of 1777–78—and particularly the time from February to April, 1778—was extraordinarily severe and tempestuous. Another was that our commissioners at Paris were divided in their councils. Franklin wanted to keep Jones in European waters. Arthur Lee was bent on sending him back to the United States. Silas Deane, though still nominally a member of the commission, was not at this time even consulted by either of his colleagues, and cut no figure in this affair.

Fortunately, Franklin prevailed. However sinister may have been the designs of Arthur Lee—or, rather, of the British spies and informers whose designs Lee never seemed able to detect—the clear foresight, the lofty integrity, and the unbending resolution of Benjamin Franklin easily overwhelmed all, and saved for its true destiny the genius of Paul Jones.

The Ranger had lain at Brest Dockyard nearly two months. Of that time about one month was consumed by Jones in a trip to Amsterdam to inspect the Indien. This was done at the instance of Franklin, who had never been able to obtain satisfactory information about her. Jones went to Amsterdam in the assumed character of a Spanish officer desirous of inspecting the ship with a view to purchasing her for the King of Spain. His jet-black hair and eyes, his swarthy complexion, and his Iberian cast of features, together with his command of the Spanish language, made this guise easy for him to sustain. No one in Amsterdam, except

Charles Frederick Dumas, our secret agent, knew who he really was. His disguise and the secrecy of his movements were so perfect that for once the vigilance of the British spies, whom Arthur Lee had for "private secretaries," was baffled and outwitted.

The result of this mission was absolute assurance by Jones to Dr. Franklin that it would be preposterous for the commissioners to hope for possession of the Indien then, or anywhere near that time; that all hope of getting control of her so long as England, France, and Holland remained at peace, must be abandoned. Franklin then reluctantly gave up hope, verbally ordered Jones to return to the Ranger, and, as soon as the weather would permit, proceed with her, under his instructions of January 16th previous, to cruise on the British coasts.

Pursuant to these orders, Jones returned to Brest about the middle of March, 1778. He found that during his absence his first lieutenant, Simpson, had stirred up much dissatisfaction among the Ranger's crew; telling them among other things that Jones had been permanently detached from the ship and that he (Simpson) daily expected orders to sail for home. When Jones found this out he called Simpson into his cabin and said to him that he had, apparently, raised an issue which, under the peculiar circumstances, could not be settled in any other way than personally.

"I command this ship, Mr. Simpson," he said, "by virtue of my senior rank, by virtue of the resolution of Congress dated June 14th last, and by virtue of the order of the Commissioners dated January 16th last. But I will urge none of these

considerations upon you in your present attitude. So far as you are concerned, I will say only that I command this ship by virtue of the fact that I am personally the best man aboard—a fact which I shall cheerfully demonstrate to you at your pleasure! And I wish you to signify your pleasure to me here and now!"

It is doubtless fortunate that Lieutenant Simpson chose not to defy fate beyond that point. He assured Jones that his attitude had been misunderstood, and declared that he would serve loyally under his command as heretofore. It is a curious illustration of the character of Jones that as soon as Simpson had yielded in this manner he informed him that he (Jones) was invited to dine ashore that evening with the Commandant of the Brest Dockyard, and directed him (Simpson) to get ready and go ashore with him, assuring him that the French officer would, in the fulness of his hospitality, be glad to receive an additional guest.

This brought about at least a truce between Jones and Simpson that lasted throughout the Ranger's forthcoming cruise. Simpson was a brave man and, for his calibre, a good officer. He was a thoroughbred Yankee sailor but a man of less brain than ambition, and hence easily led astray—as the sequel soon proved—by the sinister counsels of Arthur Lee's "private secretaries," Thornton, and Hezekiah Ford.

During such part of the Ranger's stay in Brest Harbor as was not taken up by his trip to Holland, Jones assiduously devoted his time to cultivating an alliance that had an important effect upon his des-

tiny. It has been observed early in these pages that in May, 1775, he, by chance, made the acquaintance of the young Duke de Chartres, while that Prince was in Hampton Roads on a practice cruise in the French frigate La Terpsichore. This acquaintance Jones promptly renewed and industriously cultivated while the Ranger lay in Brest Harbor in the spring of 1778. The "Sailor Prince" had not forgotten him. On the contrary, the young Duke in 1778 received with open arms his chance acquaintance of 1775. He did not receive him merely as a naval officer paying a call of ceremony aboard his flag-ship, but he took him ashore and presented him to his Duchess, Mary Adelaide of Bourbon-Penthievre, the best, purest, bravest, and most liberal woman of her time in France—and the richest as well.

The Duchess de Chartres instantly took a fancy to the dark, slender, distingué "Chevalier, sans titre, de la mer"—"the untitled knight of the sea," as she used to call him; and Paul Jones at once became a welcome visitor at her cottage-palace at Brest. The afternoon before the Ranger sailed, the Duchess de Chartres gave a luncheon to Captain Jones at which the Count d'Orvilliers was present. The Duchess was granddaughter of the Count de Toulouse, son of Louis XIV. by Madame de Montespan; and her grandfather had commanded the French fleet in the great battle with the allied English and Dutch fleets off Malaga, August 24 and 25, 1704.

That battle was, up to that time, the most creditable—or, perhaps, least discreditable—to the French Navy, of all its encounters with the fleets of Eng-

land; and the Duchess took infinite pride in the exploit of her ancestor. In some way the subject of the battle off Malaga was brought up at this luncheon. Jones, whose studies of naval history fully equipped him for the discussion, made bold to traverse a criticism offered by d'Orvilliers on the failure of de Toulouse to follow the Anglo-Dutch fleets under Sir George Rooke when they retreated toward Gibraltar after two days' fighting. In this debate, Jones, who took the side of de Toulouse, displayed knowledge of the strategy and tactics of that great combat which challenged the admiration of d'Orvilliers himself, as well as that of all the other French officers present. In the course of his review of the event he showed that he knew to a ship, to a gun, and almost to a man, the strength of the respective fleets. He also exhibited comprehensive knowledge of the grand strategy of the campaign as a whole, and an accurate understanding of the political bearing of the operations upon the dynastic questions involved in the war of the Spanish succession. This amazed d'Orvilliers, who had previously regarded him with a sort of patronizing interest as a Yankee skipper of something more than usual dash and cleverness.

But if it amazed d'Orvilliers it delighted the Duchess de Chartres beyond expression, because she cherished above all things the memory of her grandfather's career in the French Navy. Before the dinner was over, she sent an attendant to bring from her jewel-case a Louis Quinze watch of rare design and great value, which her grandfather had worn, and she presented it to Captain Jones in token of

his appreciation of her grandfather's character and career.

Jones, though in his turn amazed, was too thorough a sailor to be "taken aback." He accepted the priceless gift as gracefully as it had been offered to him, and said to the Duchess, with his thanks: "May it please your Royal Highness, if fortune should favor me at sea, I will some day lay an English frigate at your feet!"

CHAPTER VI

THE CAPTURE OF THE DRAKE

Sailing from Brest April 10th, the Ranger at first shaped her course for the west coast of Ireland, but the second day out a westerly gale impelled Captain Jones to alter his cruising plan to the extent of running up through St. George's Channel into the Irish Sea. On this course he cruised to the northward until he reached the Irish Channel. His original intention had been to make the complete circuit of the British Isles, going up the west coast, thence northabout and down the east coast, and through the Channel back to Brest. This, as he said in his journal of 1782, was "a provisional plan, subject of course to change or modification according to circumstances and events."

Arriving on the Cumberland coast and learning from fishermen decoyed on board that there was a large amount of shipping in the harbor of Whitehaven, with no warship of superior force in the neighborhood to protect it, and wishing also to take advantage of his intimate personal knowledge of that harbor and its approaches, he resolved to make a descent with a view of destroying the ships in port there. Up to that time the British authorities had no suspicion of his presence in the Irish Sea. It was

fortunate that head-winds on the 11th and 12th of April deterred him from his projected course up the west coast of Ireland, because Arthur Lee's private secretary, Thornton, had advised the British Admiralty as to the plan of the cruise, and that information was actually in London a day or two before Jones sailed from Brest. Promptly acting upon Thornton's advices, the Admiralty had ordered a thirty-two-gun frigate and two heavy sloops-of-war to the west coast of Ireland. These vessels sailed from Plymouth the day after Jones left Brest, but were compelled to put into Falmouth by the same westerly gale that caused the Ranger to sheer off into the Irish Sea. As soon as the gale abated, the frigate and the two sloops proceeded to their station, where, of course, they could not find Jones.

As the Ranger approached Whitehaven the wind still held to the westward, making her destination a lee-shore, and it was necessary to stand off and on for two or three days. Finally the wind hauled to the eastward, and the Ranger at once beat up toward the town. The wind died out about midnight of April 22d, before the ship had got as near the port as Jones desired, but, having no time to lose, he decided to make the attempt, anyhow. He took command of the expedition in person. It consisted, besides himself, of Third Lieutenant Wallingford, Midshipmen Arthur Green and Charles Hill, and twenty-nine seamen, in two boats.

The surprise was complete. The two small forts at the mouth of the harbor were precipitately abandoned by their garrison of "coast-guards," one be-

MAP OF THE
BRITISH ISLES
AND THE
COAST OF FRANCE.
SHOWING FIRST AND SECOND VOYAGES OF CAPT. JOHN PAUL JONES.
Cruise of the RANGER.
Cruise of the BON HOMME RICHARD
Battles
0 50 100 200
Scale of Miles.
Shetland Islands
Fair Isle
Orkney Islands
C. Wrath
Flannen Islands
Aberdeen
SCOTLAND
GERMAN
OCEAN
North Channel
Glasgow
The Clyde
R. Dee
Firth of Forth
Edinburgh
Whitehaven
Carrickfergus
Newry
St. Marys Isle
Isle of Man
Scarborough
R. Humber
Flamborough Head
Spurn Head
Dublin
IRELAND
Liverpool
Texel
ENGLAND
HOLLAND
Cork
Cape Clear
London
Bristol
Dover
Portsmouth
Dunkirk
Calais
BELGIUM
Falmouth
Scilly Islands
Cherbourg
Havre
Paris
Morlaix
Brest
The Penmarks
L'Orient
Nantes
R. Loire
FRANCE
BAY OF
BISCAY
Bordeaux
Garonne R.
Ferrol
SPAIN

ing taken by Captain Jones, Midshipman Green, and six men; the other by Midshipman Hill and ten men, while Lieutenant Wallingford with eight men landed above the point, leaving only four men as boat-guard. The long pull from the ship had consumed some time, so that when the three parties reached the tidal basin in which the shipping lay, it was nearly daylight. There had been no real resistance, but a few musket and pistol shots had been fired, and the town, or at least that part of it nearest the harbor, was thoroughly aroused. Besides, it was now full daylight, and the insignificance of Jones's force became evident to the townspeople, who were rallying from all directions. Fires had been kindled aboard several ships in the basin, but they had all gone out or been extinguished except one. The necessity for immediate retreat to the ship was clear to all, and there was no time to lose. The landing-party, small as it was, had become separated into two groups, one commanded by Jones, the other by Wallingford. Jones, thinking that Wallingford's party was more seriously menaced for the moment than his own, attacked and dispersed with his dozen men a force of about one hundred of the local militia who were endeavoring to retake the lower fort or battery, whose guns he had already spiked. Meantime Wallingford and his party had reached their boat, though not without a lively but not fatal skirmish between Midshipman Hill, in command of five or six men who formed the rear-guard of that party, and a considerable number of the townspeople and coast-guards who tried to intercept them. With these unimportant exceptions the whole landing-

force except one man * got safely into the boats and were on board the Ranger again before the sun was an hour high.

Jones says of this enterprise :

Its actual results were of little moment, for the intended destruction of shipping was limited to one vessel. But the moral effect of it was very great, as it taught the English that the fancied security of their coasts was a myth, and thereby compelled their Government to take expensive measures for the defence of numerous ports hitherto relying for protection wholly on the vigilance and supposed omnipotence of their navy. It also doubled or more the rates of insurance, which in the long run proved the most grievous damage of all.

The foregoing is an extract from a report in which he requests that special reward be given to the men who formed the landing-party.

As soon as all were safely aboard the Ranger, Jones bore up for the north shore of Solway Firth, which was not more than three hours' sail, and made

* This man was Jonathan Wells, able seaman, hailing from Portsmouth. He remained too long in a ship that had been set on fire, trying to find a tar-barrel to feed the flames, and was thereby cut off from the rest of the party. However, he was cunning enough to make the English believe that he had deserted, and not long afterward succeeded in shipping on board a British transport bound to America. Soon after arriving in New York he deserted from the British, went to Newport, and after some adventures in privateers, shipped in the Alliance when she went to France, carrying Lafayette, early in 1779. On arriving at l'Orient and finding that Jones was fitting out the Bon Homme Richard, Wells made himself known to the Commodore, who promptly had him transferred to the Richard. Wells gave his name as "David Freeman" in this affair, and the local paper—the *Cumberland Packet*—of that date published a long article derived from the "information" he gave.

another descent on St. Mary's Isle, the castle of the Earl of Selkirk. The object of this foray has been variously conjectured. Jones himself stated frankly in a letter to Lady Selkirk, written soon afterward, which has been widely published, that his purpose was to carry off the Earl, with a view of holding him as hostage for the better treatment of American prisoners then in England. In a letter to Mr. Hewes he gives that reason and states also that he wished to produce the impression that more than one American ship was on the coast, and believed that two descents in one day at points thirty or forty miles apart would have that effect.

However, the Earl happened to be away from home, and the only result of the foray was the appropriation of several pieces of silver-ware from the castle by some of the landing-party. A vast quantity of ink has been spilled over this transaction. It may have been justifiable as an extreme measure on the part of a weak power to alarm and worry a strong power. But we think the general verdict is that a project to seize the person of a noncombatant nobleman with a view of holding him as a hostage or of coercing him to use his influence with his government for the better treatment of prisoners of war, fairly captured, can hardly be brought within the most liberal definition of civilized warfare. The fact that it had many examples in the conduct of British landing-parties on our own coast is no justification. Two wrongs do not make one right. It is doubtless fortunate for the fame of Paul Jones that he did not find the Earl of Selkirk at home; because, had Jones captured him and

taken him to France, the act could not have failed to produce unpleasant complications, and it must certainly have injured Jones's reputation in the higher circles of France at a time when the good opinion of that class of people in that country was indispensable to his future success.

As for the few pieces of plate that were taken, Jones purchased them from the captors at his own expense, and, after considerable trouble and delay, succeeded in restoring them to the Earl, who acknowledged the restitution in a letter from which the following is an extract:

> Notwithstanding all the precautions you took for the easy and uninterrupted conveyance of the plate, yet it met with considerable delays; first at Calais, then at Dover, then at London; however, it at last arrived at Dumfries. . . . I have mentioned it to many people of fashion; and on all occasions, sir, both now and formerly, I have done you the justice to tell that you made an offer of returning the plate very soon after your return to Brest.

The cost to Jones of buying the plate from the captors and shipping it from Brest to Dumfries was about £140—say $700.

During the night of April 23d the Ranger stood across the Irish Channel, and the next day Jones learned from some fishermen whose boats he picked up that the Drake, twenty-gun sloop-of-war, guardship at Carrickfergus, was coming out in search of him. He had already looked into Carrickfergus on the 21st, and would have attacked the Drake, then at anchor in the roadstead, but for the contrary wind. Now, as he describes it, "to save trouble, I ran

down again, hove to off the mouth of Belfast Lough, and waited for the Drake to work out, which saved me the pains of going in after her." As he hove to, the Drake sent one of her boats out to reconnoitre, and Jones succeeded in decoying the boat aboard the Ranger, making prisoners of the midshipman and five men in her. The Drake had wind and tide both against her, and worked out so slowly that it lacked only an hour of sundown when she got within hail. Jones's official report of the action that followed is included in his general account of the cruise to the commissioners, dated Brest, May 27, 1778. It is terse and formal, occupying only a single paragraph in the general report, and has been doubtless more widely and more often printed than any other report of an action between ships of such comparative unimportance. But, small as the ships were, this action involved the turning of a new page in naval history, and to that fact alone it owes its celebrity. It was the first instance, in modern naval warfare, of the capture of a regular British man-of-war by a ship of inferior force. In that respect it "broke a record" that had been inviolate since the beginning of regular navies, and it announced to mankind the advent of a new sea-power. From that point of view the size and rate of the ships were immaterial. Jones's official report, referred to, is not particularly interesting, and, as most well-read school-boys have it by heart, it is hardly worth while to reproduce its text here.

The real, vivid, masterly description—the best extant—is found in a personal letter written by Captain Jones to Joseph Hewes, May 22, 1778, about

two weeks after his return to Brest. Mr. Hewes was not at that time a member of the Continental Congress, having been compelled by ill-health to retire from public life; to which Jones at the outset of his letter refers with characteristic feeling. He says:

. . . The public misfortune of your retirement from the Committee and from Congress in consequence of failing health, and the resulting fact that you, perhaps, do not now enjoy the readiness of access to official sources of information you formerly did, and the great individual obligation I owe you, make it more than ever my duty to keep you personally advised of my movements.

I need not assure you that this is a welcome duty, much as I deplore the cause of it, for the reason that I know there is no person living to whom news of my success can bring more satisfaction than to yourself. And you are surely entitled to such satisfaction, because you, more than any other person, have labored to place the instruments of success in my hands.

I assume you will have seen, before this can reach you, that on the late afternoon of April 24th past the Ranger, under my command, off Carrickfergus, took H. B. M. sloop-of-war the Drake, twenty guns, one hundred and fifty-seven officers and men, after a hard-fought battle of one hour, four minutes, pure and simple broadsiding at close range. In this connection I may say that at the time of going into action I had one hundred and twenty-six, all hands, at quarters, and eighteen guns. The Drake's battery is sixteen nine-pounders and four four-pounders; the Ranger's fourteen nine-pounders and four sixes.

The result of the action was due entirely to the superior gunnery of my crew. There was no maneuvring worth mention. As soon as the two ships got clear of the land, the Drake being astern and within hail, both standing to

the eastward, the wind southerly and light, sea fairly smooth, they hailed us: "What ship is that?" to which we replied: "The American Continental ship Ranger; come on; we are waiting for you." Both ships then wore almost together, laying their heads to the north, and going off nearly before the wind, which was no more than enough to make good steering way.

Our broadside was just an instant the first. The enemy's fire was spirited, but, for a King's ship, very ineffective. This I can attribute only to the distress and confusion caused on board of her by the remarkable effect of our fire. The range was close, hardly more than musket shot at any time. Her crew, as I can judge from the prisoners taken, was fully up to the British man-of-war standard. Yet in the hour of cannonading our loss was only two killed and six wounded—one mortally. The Ranger did not suffer in hull or spars or rigging enough to have prevented her from fighting again the next morning if necessary. But the Drake was almost wrecked, and she lost nineteen killed or died of wounds, including her captain and first lieutenant, and twenty-eight officers and men severely wounded, the only sea officer remaining to strike her flag being her second lieutenant.

The behavior of my men in this engagement more than justifies the representations I have so often made to you of what American sailors would do if given a chance at the enemy in his own waters. We have seen that they fight with courage on our own coast. But no one has ever seen them fight on our coast as they fought here, almost in hail of the enemy's shore. Every shot told, and they gave the Drake three broadsides for two right along, at that.*

* Captain Mahan ("John Paul Jones in the Revolution;" *Scribner's Magazine*, July, 1898) intimates that there was a mutiny in the Ranger, fomented by her first lieutenant, Simpson, just before engaging the Drake. Other accounts to that effect have been printed, and Captain Mahan doubtless accepted them. Simpson had been more or less insubordinate ever since the arrival of the Ranger in France. His manœu-

Of course I had lost no opportunity of training them in great-gun exercise, both at sea and in port. But my supply of ammunition would never admit of actual target practice, so the precision of their fire was simply natural aptitude.

I have never before seen men handle guns as they handled the Ranger's nine-pounders. . . .

As the two ships were going off the wind, which was light, they both rolled considerably and together ; that is, when the Ranger went down to port the Drake came up to starboard. Quite early in the action I noticed that my quarter gunners had caught the Drake's period of roll and were timing to fire as their muzzles went down and the enemy's side came up. By this practice they were hulling the Drake prodigiously below the water line, and everywhere below the plank-sheer, though damaging her but little aloft. Being near Quarter-Gunner Owen Starbuck, of Nantucket, at the moment, I asked him why they fired that way, and he replied : "To sink the English b——s, sir !"

I then told Starbuck and the others that it was not my policy to sink the Drake, but that I wished to take her alive instead of destroying her ; explaining that it would be much more to our advantage to carry her as a visible prize into a French port. The alert fellows instantly took this hint and began firing as their muzzles rose, by which practice they soon crippled the Drake's spars and rigging, and made her an unmanageable log on the water. I am persuaded

vring of the Drake as prize master during the return voyage to Brest indicated an intention to part company with the Ranger if he could. And he was rankly insubordinate after they reached Brest. But in the action itself he seems to have done his duty like a man. Jones makes no mention of mutiny off Carrickfergus ; either in his official report to the American Commissioners, dated Brest, May 27, 1778, or in his private letters to Joseph Hewes, Robert Morris, and Franklin. On the contrary, in a severe letter to Simpson himself, which will be found on a subsequent page, he expressly commends that officer's conduct in the action—and he does it by way of emphasizing criticism on his misconduct elsewhere. In all his papers Jones speaks of the conduct of his crew in the highest terms.

that if I had not advised them to this effect, my gunners would have sunk the Drake in an hour! As it was, we had to put spare sails over the side after she struck, to keep her afloat, and careen her as much as we could the next day to plug the holes they had already made between wind and water. While I am telling you about the behavior of my men, I must not forget to mention that at the moment when the Drake's fore and main topsail yards came down on the caps, and she fell off, giving us the chance to luff under her stern and rake her, I was in the forward division, in consequence of Lieutenant Wallingford being killed, and at once started to run aft to the wheel to order the helm down for the manœuvre. But before I got to the mainmast the fore and main topsails were already shivering, because Chief Quartermaster Nathan Sargent, of Portsmouth, N. H., who had the wheel, had already seen our chance and had taken upon himself the important responsibility of luffing ship without orders; thus anticipating my intention, and leaving me nothing to do but order the starboard tacks on board to keep her full and shift the broadside for raking, when, luckily, the enemy, realizing his helpless situation, called for quarter and spared further bloodshed. The unfortunate loss of Lieutenant Wallingford in the action enabled me to advance Mr. Sargent to the post of Acting Master. But I regret to say that since our return here he has found it to his advantage to leave me, being offered command of a large French privateer of twenty-six guns belonging to Monsieur de Chaumont and Monsieur Marcereau, now fitting out at St. Malo. As Mr. Sargent is master of the French language, this command will enable him to better his fortunes, and in view of the sorry hopes of recompense in the Continental service I could not withhold my consent to his going, or to his taking with him eight others of my New Hampshire men, whom he will make officers in his new ship, the Marseille. Our seamen who can speak French are in great request here for officers in privateers.

Doubtless the best idea I can give you of the gunnery of my men will be found in the report and estimate of my most efficient carpenter, Mr. William Hichburn, of Salem, a shipwright of much experience. I enclose with this a copy of that report * as handed by me to the Superintendent of the Dockyard here (Brest) when permission was got to repair the Drake here at the expense of the French. I also send a track chart of the cruise.

Continuing to Mr. Hewes, Jones says:

My loss, though small in number, was severe in quality. My third lieutenant, Mr. R. Wallingford, known to you personally, was killed. By his death the service has lost

* "REPORT AND ESTIMATE: RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED. . . . Having fully examined the hull, spars, and rigging of H. B. M.'s late ship the Drake, I estimate that the repairs necessary in order to refit the vessel for commission and sea service will cost about three thousand louis d'ors, French money, or say 2,700 guineas, English.

"She has in her hull below the plank sheer one hundred and seven shot holes, of which thirty-six are at or below the water line. Her upper works, boats, spare spars, and deck fittings generally are completely wrecked, wheel shot away, capstan split and jammed, and spanker boom nearly cut in two. Several butts in her counter and in the bends forward have been started by shot. Five of her nine gun carriages in broadside have been wrecked and the guns dismounted. The after breeching bolts in the starboard bridle port have been carried away, the same shot disabling also her port bow chaser. She has three bad wounds in her foremast, weakening it so much that she has not been able to carry a whole foretopsail since the action; notwithstanding that we fished it as well as we could at sea the day after. Her standing and running rigging is much damaged. She needs new slings, braces, stays, and halliards on the fore and main, a new capstan, a new spanker boom, a new wheel, and very considerable new wood work in cabin and quarters to replace that stove by shot. I estimate that she was struck in hull, spars, and rigging by nearly one hundred and eighty round shots besides many grapeshot. The close range at which the action was fought made these hits very destructive, many of the shot going through and through. The Drake is a new ship, less than three years off the stocks, and is well worth the extensive repairs made necessary by the mauling she got from our ship.

W. HICHBURN, Carpenter."

one of its most promising young officers. I held great expectations of Mr. Wallingford. Midshipman Powers and Gunner Falls, both most excellent officers, are severely wounded, Mr. Powers losing his left arm. Of the enlisted men, Quartermaster John Dougall and Nathaniel Wills are dead, and able seamen Mark Staples, David Sargent, and Matthew Starbuck are wounded severely, but now doing well.

After the action I returned round the west coast of Ireland in good time, with no noteworthy incident except taking a prize off Malin Head, Ireland. She was bound from the Baltic, northabout, with naval stores, and is a valuable prize. On the whole I was out of port twenty-eight days, took six merchant prizes, of which I destroyed three and the other three are safe in French ports; besides taking and bringing in a regular man-of-war of the enemy, slightly superior in force to my ship.

Trusting that this may find you improved in health and able to resume your important labor for our common cause, I am, etc.*

During the night and next day after this battle the sea remained smooth, with light airs from the

* The English papers made every effort to minimize the significance of this victory. The captain—Burden—of the Drake and the first lieutenant were killed. The next in rank, who surrendered the ship, was wounded and held prisoner more than a year, and he did not undergo the usual court-martial until nearly eighteen months afterward. His testimony was that the Drake's twenty guns were only four-pounders. If that was true, someone must have mounted a new battery on her before she was sold as a prize at Brest; because the voucher for her in the archives of the French Admiralty describes her battery as sixteen nine-pounders and four four-pounders. ("Seize pièces de neuf livres de balle et quatre pièces de quatre.") Professor Laughton, a distinguished and usually reliable English authority on such subjects, accepts the statement of the officer who was court-martialed and argues from it that the Drake was really outclassed by the Ranger in weight of metal. With this summary of the evidence we leave the issue between Professor Laughton and the archives of the French Admiralty.

southward, which made it possible to effect temporary repairs to the Drake sufficient to get her under way again. Jones now reluctantly gave up his projected cruise around Scotland and down the east coast. Of his original complement of one hundred and thirty-nine, all told, two officers and ten men had been put in prizes taken in St. George's Channel. One man had been left behind in the descent on Whitehaven. Eight had been killed or wounded in the action with the Drake. It had been necessary to put thirty-two officers and men on that prize partly in consequence of her crippled condition and partly to guard the large part of her crew left as prisoners on board of her. This left the Ranger with only eighty-six, all hands; and Jones, of course, saw that the cruise was ended. He therefore, as the twenty-four hours of drifting northwestward had carried the ships clear of the north coast of Ireland, shaped his course to the westward and southward until well clear of the mouth of the English Channel, and then bore up for Brest, where he anchored after dark in the outer roadstead, the 8th of May, with the Drake and the merchant prize taken after the battle.

Jones knew that by this time France and England must be at least on the eve of war, if not actually at it. He knew that the Treaty of Alliance between France and the United States, the moment it should be officially promulgated, would save the trouble of a declaration of war; because England, under the haughty and arrogant policy of Lord North, must take the alliance itself as the index of a state of war, without formal declaration. And he had reason to

believe that such official knowledge might, likely, have transpired during his cruise.

Just before Jones sailed from Brest, April 10th, the Count d'Orvilliers, evidently anticipating the outbreak of active hostilities between France and England before his return, had intrusted to him the private signal-book of the French Navy; and, not only that, but also the special codes of night signals to pass the forts and batteries of Brest, l'Orient, Rochefort, and la Rochelle—a confidence, by the way, never before reposed by a French commander-in-chief in the senior officer of any foreign naval power. It happened that Jones, with his prizes, approached the outer road of Brest some time after dark, May 8th. He at once saw by the moving lights of the guard-frigates standing off and on below Point St. Mathieu that the grand fleet was anchored in the roadstead ready for war, because the four frigates on guard were all under way patrolling the *cul de sac* between Ushant and the mainland, and as he came down inside of Ushant and brought Point St. Mathieu on his port bow, the frigate La Belle Poule showed her number and private night signal about gunshot off on his starboard bow.

Jones answered with the private night signal of a French cruiser making port, gave the special private number that d'Orvilliers had fixed for the Ranger, and then, when these signals had been properly answered, informed the Belle Poule by the ordinary code that he had under his lee two prizes, one of which was lately an enemy's ship-of-war of superior force. The Belle Poule repeated these signals to the Licorne, the guard-frigate next

astern of her, and then the two French frigates together bore down within hail.

To the formal night hail, "Who are you and what is your prize?" Jones answered over the Ranger's taffrail: "The American Continental ship Ranger, of eighteen guns, Captain Paul Jones, and the man-of-war prize is His Britannic Majesty's late ship the Drake, of twenty guns. The other prize a-lee is a merchant ship, not armed!"

The Belle Poule then escorted the Ranger and her prizes inside of Point St. Mathieu and ordered them to anchor under the lee of Roscanuel Point. Jones was delighted with the cautious formality of this reception, because he knew it meant a state of war between France and England, and also that it meant the preparedness of the French fleet for action, which had not been the case when he sailed a month before.

When the Belle Poule had escorted Jones and his prizes to their anchorage under Roscanuel, she resumed her station outside. It was now near midnight, and of course there was no further demonstration. But early in the morning Jones put off in his boat and boarded the Saint Esprit, flag-ship of the van division of the fleet, and asked permission to pass into the inner harbor. By that time the vicinity of the Ranger and her prizes was thronged with boats from all the French ships in sight. The French officers satisfied themselves by personal inspection from their boats that an American ship had actually taken and brought into port an English ship of superior force. The ships were small. But there they were, anchored close alongside; the conquering

American and the conquered Englishman; and the Englishman was the more powerful of the two.

Such an exhibit may have been the picture in Jones's brain when, in the heat of the battle, he told Owen Starbuck that it was not his policy to sink the Drake; that it would be much more to their advantage to take her alive and bring her as a visible prize into a French port.

If so he had realized his mind-picture. He had shown to the French and to all the rest of the world that an English ship could be compelled to surrender to a ship of equal, or even inferior, force. No one else had ever demonstrated that. No one would have believed it without seeing it in real flesh and blood, or in real wood and iron. That was what made Paul Jones immortal. The little ships were lost sight of in the colossal fact that England and Englishmen could be conquered on the sea; a new fact, before unknown.

The next day, as soon as the necessary formalities had been exchanged and free communication established, the decks of the Ranger and her prize, the Drake, were thronged with visiting French officers. Count d'Orvilliers sent his compliments and congratulations. The Duke de Chartres came on board in person and invited Jones to dine with him aboard his flag-ship, the Saint Esprit.

After lying two days at this anchorage, constantly receiving such attentions, the Ranger and her prizes got under way and tided up to the Dockyard Harbor of Brest. Here Jones's troubles began again. His triumph had lasted about forty-eight hours. His trials and his miseries were to last as many weeks.

As soon as he arrived at the inner harbor and moored his ship and prizes, several problems of quite a practical and wholly unsentimental nature confronted him. He had to cast about him for the wherewithal to clothe and feed his crew of over a hundred men, his prisoners, numbering nearly two hundred, and, besides all that, he had to pay his crew. Naturally, it would be supposed, the representatives of our Government then in France hastened to help him in such an emergency. He held a letter of credit from Congress authorizing him to draw on the commissioners for funds to meet the necessary expenses of his ship, which, of course, included the cost incident to the proper maintenance of any prisoners or prizes he might take. Being wholly out of supplies of every kind, he at once negotiated with a merchant at Brest, named Bersolle, to supply his crew and prisoners with food and such other indispensable things as they might need for the time being. He also tried to provide for repairs to the Ranger and for the overhaul and refit of his battered and almost dismantled prize, the Drake.

To cover these expenses he drew on the commissioners, by virtue of his letter of credit from Congress, for 24,000 livres, in favor of M. Bersolle, under date of May 16, 1778. On the 25th of May the commissioners wrote him a letter in which, after congratulating him on his victory, they informed him that they had no authority to honor his draft and returned it to M. Bersolle, protested. This letter was signed by Dr. Franklin, John Adams, and Arthur Lee. It is easy to imagine the willingness

of the two extremes of Massachusetts Puritan and Virginia Cavalier to sign such a letter as that; but the signature of Benjamin Franklin is not so easily understood. However, it was there.

The incident, whatever its effect on other men might have been, only put Paul Jones on his mettle. Instantly, on receipt of the letter of the commissioners, he replied under date of May 27, 1788, as follows:

> . . . I conceive that this might have been prevented. To make me completely wretched M. Bersolle (who was supplying my ship and prizes on credit) now stops his hand, not only of the necessary articles to refit the ships, but also of the daily provisions for my crew and prisoners. I know not where or how to provide food for to-morrow's dinner to feed the great number of mouths that depend on me for food (one hundred and eighteen of my own people, and one hundred and twenty-one prisoners of the Drake, besides nearly forty taken in merchant prizes).
>
> Are then the Continental ships of war to depend on sale of their prizes for the daily dinner of their men?
>
> Has it come to this, that I and my truly poor, brave men must not only fight without pay, but also compel our enemy to feed us?
>
> Is, then, our cause become so mendicant that men who so victoriously defend it must take not only the chances of death in battle, but also face the fate of beggary and even starvation after they have conquered?

Jones never did things by halves. He not only sent to the commissioners the English text of this fierce eloquence, but he also carefully translated it into French and gave the French version of it to the Duke de Chartres, who at once sent it to Maurepas,

Vergennes, and Calonne. Jones wanted to print it then and there in the *Journal de la Marine,* a weekly paper published at Brest; but the Duke and the Count d'Orvilliers dissuaded him from this purpose.

At that time our infant Government had at Brest what was termed a "fiscal agent." His name was Schweighauser. In their letter of May 25th, before referred to, the commissioners had said: "Your application should have been made to M. Schweighauser, who is the person regularly authorized to act as Continental Agent at Brest," etc.

In his reply Jones did not even mention their reference to Schweighauser or acknowledge the existence of any "fiscal agent." His draft having been protested by men sitting in safety at Passy, while he and his crew were fighting battles and taking prizes, he took affairs into his own hands. He at once called upon M. Bersolle and offered to arrange for the hypothecation of his Baltic prize and cargo for the supplies his crew and prisoners needed.

Bersolle, who understood maritime law and admiralty jurisprudence, reminded Jones that he could not make a good title to the ship and cargo without the approval of the American Commissioners. To this Jones replied:

> In strict point of the law of nations, you must consider me not in any way a servant of any master but Congress itself, so far as this purpose is concerned. You, as a subject of the King of France, have no legal knowledge that I am responsible to the Commissioners, because you can have no legal knowledge of any power on the part of the Commissioners in the international sense; as no edict recognizing their diplomatic authority has been promulgated.

You know them only as certain American persons residing in a quasi official capacity near the Court of Versailles. You have no warrant to know them in any capacity that can supersede me here, because I now show you my original commission from the Congress, and my orders to command the Ranger, all on the first parchment, with no reference whatever to Commissioners, fiscal agents, or anyone else. You may therefore, for present purposes, look upon me as the direct naval representative of Congress here. If you doubt my point of law, consult the chancellor of His Most Gracious Majesty's Dockyard here. If you find that my legal theory is right, then libel my merchant-prize at once by the usual process of your local marine court, irrespective of any other consideration than the debt due, and let me know when the process is to be served on board. I will then arrange in advance to have my prize-crew abandon the libelled ship, leaving her in possession of the bailiffs in admiralty. Then she can be adjudicated, condemned for violation of the port laws and sold, like any other merchant-ship, in default, in a foreign port.

Bersolle, after consulting the chancellor of the dockyard, libelled the prize and she was sold. Most of the cargo of naval stores was bid in by the general storekeeper of the dockyard, by order of Count d'Orvilliers. The ship herself was struck off to a French ship-broker who, as was afterward ascertained, represented Schweighauser; the latter standing in such personal fear of Jones that he did not dare to appear in the transaction. The sale of the prize and cargo realized much more than was necessary to satisfy the libellant, Bersolle. The remainder was held by the court subject to the order of the banker who, at the instance of d'Orvilliers, had financed the transaction, and was subsequently ap-

plied to the payment of Jones's drafts on account of subsistence and pay of his crew and the cost of repair and refit of the Ranger and the Drake. Schweighauser was not recognized as "American agent" or anything else at any stage of the transaction; neither was the authority of the commissioners invoked nor their advice asked. In describing the affair Jones curtly says: "I could not waste time discussing questions of authority when my crew and prisoners were starving."

Viewed in the light of our own time, this was a high-handed proceeding. But the exigency seems to have justified it. The commissioners certainly submitted to it, because neither they then, nor our Government ever afterward, made the slightest attempt to question, much less to subvert, Jones's action.

In a letter to Arthur Lee dated November 1, 1778, Jones says: " . . . I shall only add that the dishonor of my bill of exchange . . . occasioned the infamous necessity for attachment of the Ranger's prize for provisions and other supplies already furnished by M. Bersolle."

In October, 1778, Jones addressed a memorial to King Louis XVI. in the form of a summary of his operations up to that time. In this paper he refers to this affair as follows, after describing it and its causes:

> Your Majesty will perceive that this transaction was irregular, at least evasive of the strict letter of law and of my instructions. But your Majesty's perfect knowledge of affairs will enable you also to perceive that I was at that moment under the duress of conditions tantamount to dis-

tress at sea ; conditions which as all the authorities on maritime jurisprudence and admiralty law agree, may, in the discretion of a commander, be held to annul instructions and supersede regulations. I would also beg your Most Christian Majesty to deign to note the fact that the American Commissioners made no subsequent effort to subvert my arrangements, which was acquiescence amounting to tacit approval.

Having by this rather summary expedient provided for the subsistence and part pay of his crew and the refit of his ships, Jones next had to deal with his insubordinate first lieutenant, Simpson. In his dealings with this officer, Jones, for the first, last, and only time in his fierce career, exhibited vacillation or, at least, incertitude. The scope of this work does not admit of reproducing in full the text of the correspondence concerning the affair. In summary, let it suffice to say that soon after the Ranger returned to Brest, Jones put Simpson in close arrest. A short time afterward he released him on parole. Soon after that he wrote a letter to the commissioners in which he said (June 16, 1778) :

. . . I am now willing to release Lieutenant Simpson from his parole, which will entitle him to the command of the Ranger. I bear no malice ; and if I have done him injury, this will be making all the satisfaction at present in my power. If, on the contrary, he has injured me, I will trust to him for an acknowledgment.

Then, as the French Minister of Marine had promised to give him the Indien or an equivalent ship, Jones turned the command of the Ranger over to Simpson. Very soon after this reports reached

Jones that Simpson had said Jones was removed from command of the Ranger in disgrace, etc. Thereupon Jones revoked his prior action and renewed his demand for a court-martial of Simpson, which was ordered by the commissioners under date of August 22, 1778.

In connection with this action he wrote a letter to Simpson in which, after stating what he had done and his reasons for it, he said:

I have never regretted anything more than this necessity. I well know that you have been misled, and that you are really the victim of Arthur Lee's harpies, rather than my enemy by your own volition. Had I believed your conduct to be inspired by malice of your own, I would not trouble myself with pen and ink concerning you.

Even now, though my charges against you have been entertained and court-martial ordered, I do not hesitate to tell you that my main object is to compel the bringing out of facts in the trial that could be brought out in no other way; namely, the facts of your association with Thornton and Ford,* and their snakish influence over you; and also

* Among the facts Jones ascertained when investigating the charges against Dr. Bancroft was that the men appointed as "American agents" at the French fitting-out ports were all creatures of Arthur Lee, under the influence of the British spies whom Lee had for "private secretaries;" and not only treacherous, but dishonest as well; because they invariably conspired with French ship-brokers to bid in prizes far below their real value. Jones, in his review of the subject, says:

"They made snap sales and then divided with the ship-brokers the margin between the price paid for the prizes and their real value! Arthur Lee's signature to this letter (of May 25) was natural, because he or his creatures had instigated the dishonoring of my draft. John Adams's signature could be explained by his very recent arrival in France and his consequent lack of information as to the kind of people to be dealt with. But Dr. Franklin's signature to it I never could account for unless because his own honesty was so simple and pure that he could not comprehend or even imagine the existence of such villainy

the efforts that Arthur Lee's pet Jew at Brest [meaning Schweighauser] made to use you in underhand ways to cir-

as that of Lee's spies and bandits in guise of private secretaries and seaport agents. I confess that toward the last of my inquiry, when the evidence at my hand left no room for doubt of their guilt, and when also I had to admit the want of means to punish them legally, I could never see one of them without feeling the impulse of homicide come over me. Fortunately, I held my hand. But to this day I cannot understand, even if I can excuse myself for it, why I spared the reptile life of Hezekiah Ford in the courtyard of the post-inn at Brest, when he was at my mercy and I had every justification to kill him." (Jones's journal of 1782.)

This affair grew out of the attempt of Ford to incite mutiny among the Ranger's crew in 1778, after she returned to Brest. Ford first worked on the feeble mind of Lieutenant Simpson, until the latter ventured upon insubordination that caused Jones to place him under arrest in close confinement and to demand that he be court-martialed. Ford then drew up a petition to the commissioners, favoring Simpson and condemning Jones; and, by persuading the crew that it was the only means by which they could get their pay and return to America, he induced seventy-eight of them to sign it—among the signers, by their X-marks, being Jones's own former slave-boys, Cato and Scipio.

It happened that Jones learned of the existence of this document just as Ford was about to set out for Paris. He went at once to the post-inn, where he found Ford in the courtyard, ready to step into the diligence. Jones in this rencontre knocked Ford down and then, seizing the post-driver's whip, gave the wretch a savage horse-whipping. There is no doubt that Jones set out with the purpose of killing Ford; because he had three pistols in his belt at the time, though not wearing his sword. Be this as it may, the affair was hushed up. Ford seems to have offered no resistance. He was a man nearly six feet tall and weighed nearly two hundred pounds. Jones was five feet seven, and never weighed over one hundred and forty-five pounds. About six months after this affair Ford was denounced as a spy and a traitor by resolution of the Legislature of Virginia (January 6, 1779), the resolution was certified by the Governor of Virginia to Congress, and Congress by resolution ordered the dismissal of Ford from the service of the commissioners. But in spite or in contempt of even such proceedings, Arthur Lee still clung to Ford until the latter himself settled the affair shortly afterward by deserting to the British and going to London loaded with secret papers and private information concerning the diplomatic and financial operations of our commissioners.

cumvent me in transactions in which the Jew himself was too careful of his precious pelt to venture showing his own hand.

As I said in my letter of June 16, last, to Dr. Franklin, I bear you no malice. I could not bear malice toward a man who, under my own eye, has exhibited the splendid courage that you have shown in moments that try to the last test the stuff men are made of. So I say, and when you come to stand your trial, you may use this letter as you please; I am not seeking to punish or disgrace you, but I am making use of your offending to reach others far above you, whom I could get my hands on in no other way.

This may seem to you excessive candor, coming from your accuser in a court-martial; and so it is. But I am thus candid with you because, before any evidence is taken, I wish you to know that I know the whole case in advance.

The trouble with you, Mr. Simpson, is that you have the heart of a lion and the head of a sheep. In battle, there is none braver than you; ashore, in the hands of land-sharks, you are the easiest of victims. I shall not injure you in the coming prosecution. But I intend to hurt those whom you have foolishly believed to be your better friends than I am.

To this unique letter Simpson promptly replied at some length. He admitted, in the main, the truth of Jones's view as to the causes of their previous misunderstanding; he confessed that he had been deceived by Ford and Thornton; he thanked Jones for the cordial recognition of his (Simpson's) behavior in action; he reminded Jones of the original understanding when they sailed from Portsmouth, November 1, 1777, that the Ranger should be turned over to his (Simpson's) command on

arrival in France; and he concluded his letter as follows:

Now, sir, I will say that I do not pretend to be capable of expressing my thoughts as you can express yours. I confess once for all that I am not your equal in any kind of argument. But I trust you will always think of me as an honest man. If I have been misguided to your detriment, I hope you will attribute it to lack of being able to see through the designs of others and not to studied bad intention of my own. With these admissions and agreements I shall now, sir, request you to do two things for me.

First, that you shall withdraw the charges you have lodged against me and ask them [evidently meaning the commissioners] to revoke the order for my court-martial; and, second, that you shall use your power and influence with Dr. Franklin to have the Ranger ordered to America under my command as soon as possible.

My reason for asking this is that, as is well known, you do not yourself purpose to return in the Ranger to America, having larger prospects of your own on this side of the water. Also, as you know, the crew of the Ranger was shipped only for one year to date from October 1, 1777, when they were mustered on deck, and that year is nearly up.

While many of them are gone off in French privateers by your permission, there is yet about sixty of the originals on board, and they all want to go home by the end of their term, which is their right, and it would not be right to try to hold them longer.

In a letter to Joseph Hewes, dated the day before the Ranger sailed for home, and transmitted by the hands of Simpson, Jones says:

. . . Twenty-seven of the Ranger's old crew, thinking as I do that I will soon get another and more important command, have volunteered to stay with me; re-engag-

ing for another year. . . . Among those so volunteering is my little Narragansett Indian, Antony Jeremiah. I have seldom seen a person in whom I take such keen interest as in this boy. From our general idea of the nature of his race it seems strange that he should, so gladly as he does, take up with the restraints of man-of-war discipline. But he does, and, though not more than twenty-one or twenty-two years old, I haven't a better seaman. He is small in stature, but active and strong, and in the three cruises he has made with me—Providence, Alfred, and Ranger—his name has yet to appear on the sick-list.

Now, in distinction to this, my two negro boys, Cato and Scipio, have chosen to go back home in the Ranger. I made no attempt to persuade them. But the difference between the choice of my two black boys and of my one little red boy most forcibly impresses me with the difference there is in heart and stamina between the red American and the black African. Cato and Scipio are prime seamen and, in the battle with the Drake, they behaved as well as white men could. But they are evidently satisfied with that ; and they are also homesick.

Not so with my little red Indian. He is not homesick. Maybe he has no home to yearn after. But I prefer to explain his choice to stay with me on other grounds. Our battle with the Drake gave him a taste of victory, and he wants more of it. He tells me that "he likes to see the big gun shoot ;" that "he likes to hear the big noise of much battle ;" "and that "it delights him to walk on the deck of the enemy's big boat when we have taken it." And he tells me also that "he thinks, bimeby, we will take a much bigger boat than the Drake and kill heap more enemy" than we have done. There is surely a vast difference between the red man and the black man where fighting is concerned.

In response to Simpson's appeal, Jones, under date of September 6, 1778, formally withdrew the charges,

requested the order for court-martial to be revoked, and recommended that the Ranger be ordered home under command of Lieutenant Simpson as soon as possible. This was done. The subsequent career of Lieutenant—afterward Captain—Simpson in command of the Ranger was highly creditable. But the Ranger happened to be in Charleston Harbor when Sir Henry Clinton captured that place early in 1780; and in that unfortunate manner the gallant little ship and her brave commander fell into the hands of the British without the least chance of escape or defence.

Though Jones and Simpson had settled their differences as brave men always adjust such affairs when left to their own devices of candor and honesty, and though Simpson had gone to America rejoicing in the command to which he had so long and so ardently aspired, the British spies who formed the entourage of Arthur Lee diligently kept alive the report that Jones had been removed from the Ranger and could not obtain another command. These stories reached Jones from time to time, and, with his characteristic tendency to fight his way through everything, he set about tracing them to their source. This investigation led him, while at Nantes, in November, 1778, into collision with Stephen Sayre, one of Lee's numerous "secretaries." Sayre was an Englishman, and had been a deputy-sheriff in England under the patronage of John Wilkes before he entered the "official family" of Arthur Lee.

Jones traced these stories, or some of them, to Sayre, and at once called him to personal account.

Sayre had hitherto posed as a fighting man, and was even considered somewhat rash in personal affairs. Meeting Sayre in a public coffee-house in Nantes, Jones denounced him as a liar and a spy, and slapped his face. Sayre, who was a much larger and more powerful man than Jones, attempted to grapple with him, but Jones, who, fortunately, was wholly without weapons, wrested a heavy cane from the hands of a bystander, and fiercely attacked Sayre with it, when there was energetic interference by a squad of police.*

Jones yielded to the authority of these, but was not placed under arrest, being simply required to give his parole to refrain from further violence. This leniency was doubtless due to the fact that he wore the uniform of his rank, and the civil police of France in those days never attempted to arrest, bodily, military or naval officers in uniform.

* Jones, though a small man—five feet seven inches in stature and from one hundred and forty to one hundred and forty-five pounds in weight—possessed extraordinary physical strength, and with it agility or rapidity of movement the like of which has seldom been seen. Nathaniel Fanning, in a personal description of him, says: "Though of low stature and slender build, the Commodore's neck, arms, and shoulders were those of a heavy-set man. His neck was out of proportion to the rest of him. The strength of his arms and shoulders could hardly be believed; and he had equal use of both hands, even to writing with the left as well as with the right hand. He was past master of the art of boxing, and though there were many hard nuts to crack in the various crews he commanded, no one ever doubted that the Commodore was the best man aboard. To all this he added a quickness of motion that cannot be described except by saying that he was quicker than chain-lightning. When roused he would strike more blows and do more damage in a second than any other man I ever saw could do in a minute. Even when calm and unruffled, his gait and all his bodily motions were exactly like those of the panther—noiseless, sleek, and the perfection of grace, yet always giving one the idea that it would be well to keep out of reach of his paws and teeth."

Sayre quickly recovered, and, as soon as he was able to travel, left Nantes for Paris, going thence to Amsterdam, and thence to Copenhagen, where he remained until Jones left Paris the following spring to take command of the Bon Homme Richard. It is worth remarking that, during his period of refuge in Copenhagen, Sayre was still employed by Lee in the ostensible service of trying to fit out privateers to sail from that port under American letters-of-marque, and he continued in this quasi employment until Lee himself repudiated him in the spring of 1779—some time about the end of March or early in April.

However, as these stories interfered with Jones's efforts to obtain ships, he determined that they must be officially set at rest, and, in response to his request for such official notice, the following letter was written to him, with authority to exhibit it to anyone whom it might concern:

PASSY, February 10, 1779.

SIR: As your separation from the Ranger and the appointment of Lieutenant Simpson to the command of her will be liable to misinterpretations and misrepresentations by persons who are unacquainted with the real cause of those facts, we hereby certify that your leaving the Ranger was by our consent, at the express request of his Excellency, Monsieur de Sartine (the Minister of Marine), who informed us that he had occasion to employ you in some public service; that Lieutenant Simpson was appointed to command the Ranger with your consent, after having consented to release him from an arrest under which you had put him. That your leaving the Ranger ought not and cannot be any injury to your rank and character in the

service of the United States; and that your commission in their Navy continues in full force.

We have the honor to be, etc.,

B. FRANKLIN,
JOHN ADAMS.

It will be noted that Arthur Lee, who was still one of the commissioners, did not sign the foregoing letter. Jones, in his journal of 1782, states that "Lee was willing to sign it, but I did not wish him to, for reasons which I explained to Dr. Franklin, and which the Doctor communicated to Mr. Adams; the said reasons being obviously quite satisfactory to both those most eminent gentlemen."

CHAPTER VII

AN APPEAL TO KING LOUIS

The foregoing chapters cover the first three years of Paul Jones's service as an officer in the Continental Navy. The story they embody might be considered, as it stands, an enviable record for the average, or more than the average, naval commander. But brilliant as are many of the achievements recorded in the preceding chapters, they, after all, serve but little purpose beyond that of a somewhat elaborate introduction to the history of Paul Jones. They form little more than the chronological annals of his career up to the end of his third year of service, with no attempt at embellishment, and with only here and there an historical foot-note calculated to shed some side-light upon his wonderful personality.

It is, we believe, customary in dealing with the history of an individual to pause at some point for the purpose of analyzing his character and deploying in the abstract his traits. This usual and often pleasant ceremony will be omitted here, because no analysis, howsoever profound, and no survey, howsoever searching or subtle, could lend, in the way of portrayal of personality or picture of character, one syllable of fame to the simplest recital of the deeds

and the most faithful copy of the words of Paul Jones himself.

It may, however, be appropriate to offer one general observation: Jones was a student, a linguist, and an all-round man of affairs in statecraft and diplomacy, as well as master in his own profession. Socially, he was among the most *débonnaire* of gallants and the most resistless of courtiers. He never failed to win the esteem, the confidence, or the affection of the fair sex at will. Even so perfectly balanced and so unemotional a man as Dr. Franklin himself once said of him in a letter of introduction to an eminent woman: "No matter what the faults of Commodore Jones may be, . . . I must confess to your ladyship that when face to face with him neither man nor, so far as I can learn, woman can for a moment resist the strange magnetism of his presence, the indescribable charm of his manner; a commingling of the most compliant deference with the most perfect self-esteem that I have ever seen in a man; and, above all, the sweetness of his voice and the purity of his language. I offer these thoughts to the gracious consideration of your ladyship, no less as a warning than as a favorable introduction." *

Notwithstanding these traits, and despite the remarkable degree of their development in him, Paul Jones has passed into history almost solely in the character of a desperate and even phenomenal fighter; and it is too late now to attempt to modify or soften that impression. It is with regard to this

* Franklin's letter introducing Jones to the Countess d'Houdetot, June, 1780.

trait that we propose to offer our general observation. Most men approach or engage in combat with more or less evidence of feeling; more or less sign of excitement or enthusiasm. But it has been placed on record by four men, all of whom fought under his command—Richard Dale, Elijah Hall, Henry Gardner, and Nathaniel Fanning—that at no time was the manner of Paul Jones so easy, his bearing so genial, and his temper so placid, as in the most desperate moments of his bloodiest battles. And this trait was equally exhibited in his personal rencontres.

"He always fought," says Fanning, "as if that was what he was made for, and it was only when most perfectly at peace that he seemed ill at ease, or, at least, restless.

"He was never petulant toward those subordinate to him. Even in cases of failure to carry out his orders or meet his expectations, he would be lenient, patient, and forbearing so long as he did not detect or think he detected wilfulness or malice. But if he obtained such an impression, there could be no peace with him. He was not a quarrelsome man, in the sense of proneness to pick quarrels; but he was the easiest person I have ever seen for any fighting man to pick a quarrel with.

"In ordinary intercourse, either official or personal, it was a constant delight to be with him, at least for those who by their conduct had gained his esteem; and in his air and manner toward such there was a charm the like of which I have never seen or heard of in any other man."

Of this "personal magnetism" so quaintly de-

scribed by Fanning, an event chronologically belonging to the period now under consideration may be taken as the most remarkable evidence. Reference has previously been made to the existence of bad feeling between John Adams and Paul Jones during the earlier years of the Revolution. The first cause of it, as has been related, was the merest trifle, and it was Jones's fault, too ; because he had no right to ridicule, as he did in 1775, so great a man and so pure a patriot as John Adams was. The fact that he and Jones came very near representing the two extremes of human nature in tastes and temperament gave Jones no license to crack jokes at his expense for the amusement of girls with giddy brains and busy tongues, like Betty Faulkner and Josephine Mayrant. Jones should have borne in mind that Mr. Adams was much his senior in years, vastly his superior in official position, and, without doubt, of infinitely greater importance then, if not afterward, to the cause of American Independence than he.

However, in 1778 Mr. Adams came to France, as American Commissioner, in place of Silas Deane. Dr. Franklin, who knew all about the feeling that had hitherto prevailed between Mr. Adams and Jones, enjoined upon the latter that he must take the first opportunity to conciliate Mr. Adams and that he must not hesitate at any reasonable self-abnegation necessary to accomplish it.

Jones, with all his ferocity, used to obey Dr. Franklin in all things, small as well as great ; much as a trained tiger obeys his keeper, and this incident was no exception. Mr. Adams had not met Jones

socially since the summer of 1775, and then only in the most casual way. Some time after Jones returned to Brest from the cruise in which he took the Drake, Dr. Franklin ordered him to come to Passy for consultation. It was on this occasion that the Doctor commanded Jones to make his peace with Mr. Adams. Dr. Franklin gave one of his frugal dinners, at which, besides Mr. Adams and Paul Jones, several notable Frenchmen were present. It is of record that Jones kept this dinner-party up till near daylight the next morning with an apparently exhaustless fund of experience, observation, wit, and humor, and that Mr. Adams was perfectly charmed with him. In fact, Mr. Adams soon after facetiously cautioned Dr. Franklin to avoid subjecting him often to the loss of his night's rest, that seemed inseparable from a dinner with Paul Jones at table. However, from that time on the official relations between Mr. Adams and Jones were always marked by the utmost cordiality and confidence, and their personal friendship was as genial as any friendship with John Adams could be.

Mr. Adams deprecated—as did Dr. Franklin, too, for that matter—Jones's tendency to physical violence in dealing with his personal enemies; and they also reprehended his frequent efforts to provoke duels as the readiest means of settling not only personal but also official controversies. However, they both realized that they had in Jones the kind of a sea-fighter they needed, and they were not uncharitable with his tendency to be other kinds of a fighter which, though less desirable to the public service, perhaps, was inseparable from the general character

that made him so useful to the cause of the struggling Colonies.

Dr. Franklin used to lecture him on this subject, both orally and by letter, and Jones, while he took a rather sardonic view of the Doctor's theories that a man should always draw a wide distinction between the enemies of his country and his own personal adversaries, was more than once compelled by the Doctor's arguments to admit that appeal to physical violence in settlement of individual quarrels was quite as likely to result disadvantageously to the victor as to the vanquished.

The situation of Paul Jones in France after the Ranger had sailed, leaving him without a command and wholly dependent on the grace of the King for further opportunity, is graphically described in a letter to Joseph Hewes, October 1, 1778. He says:

Though my efforts to obtain a small squadron have not met with the success I had hoped for, I still hope and will, as always, persevere. Many obstacles beset me. The Commissioners have no resources. The war between France and England now being in full flame, all the resources of the French Ministry of Marine seem absorbed in fitting out commands for their own regular officers. The Duke and Duchess de Chartres were sure I was to have two frigates lately ready for sea at Brest, one of thirty-six guns to be my own command, and the other to be commanded by a French officer, Captain de Roberdeau, selected by the Duke, I to be the senior officer. To these frigates were to be added two sloops of twenty guns. But at the last moment the two frigates were needed to join the grand fleet of the Count d'Estaing, and their commands were given to regular French officers.

The fact is the French have little conception of expedi-

tions such as I propose ; projects to harry the coasts and destroy the commerce of the enemy. Their idea is to leave all that to privateers, of which I have already been offered a dozen commands. Some of the ships they fit out as privateers are really respectable frigates in size, and I have seen one, called the Monsieur, that mounts thirty-eight or forty guns. But I do not wish to engage in privateering. My object is not that of private gain, but to serve the public in a way that may reflect credit on our infant navy and give prestige to our country on the sea.

This cannot be done by privateers ; neither can much that is of moment be accomplished with small ships like the Ranger. The taking of the Drake was universally regarded here as an unequalled exploit and it opened the eyes of the French to a fact they had considered out of the question, namely, that an English man-of-war could be forced to strike to a ship of inferior force. But, after all, its effects were not lasting, because the force of the ships was so small that their battle could not be very impressive no matter how bravely fought or how well won. Such a battle as would make a lasting impression cannot be fought with a ship of less than frigate rate.

Another obstacle I meet every day is the jealousy of the French officers. By this I mean not the higher ranks, as d'Orvilliers and d'Estaing and de Grasse, whose fortunes are already made, but the younger officers in my own grade. You must know that the French Navy is not merely aristocratic like the English, but it is wholly a navy of the noblesse. You may think it incredible, but it is a fact that a Royal ordinance is in force, not long ago promulgated, requiring that candidates for promotion from lieutenant to captain must first of all produce proof of noble lineage for at least four generations back of their own, or must be members by heritage, of the Order of the Chevaliers of St. Louis !

This, as you must see, puts an end to the possibility of a future Jean Bart. . . . In fact it must, so long as it

stands, shut out talent and merit from all command rank in the French Navy, and, in the main, leave open the door of preferment to those only who can boast the favor of titled courtiers, or who, in default of aptitude for the naval service can offer nothing but pedigrees that in most cases argue decay rather than improvement of blood by age of family.

From these facts you may be able to gather some idea of the hindrances that beset me. Now, when to all this you add dissensions among our own Commissioners, the noted presence of English spies and emissaries in pay of Lord North, holding positions under the Commissioners—or one of them—where they have full knowledge of the most confidential proceedings, and free access to the most secret papers; and you must see that the path of anyone striving to honestly serve our cause here is thick with thorns.

Yet with all these sinister facts to contend with, do not for a moment imagine that I despair. I am sure I will succeed in the end, though not quite as quickly as I would like, or, perhaps, not on such a large scale. But I will succeed.

It does not seem practicable, even with all the resources of intervening history at command, to add anything to the foregoing review of the situation as Paul Jones saw and felt it at the time and on the spot. About the only comment that suggests itself is that if anything is more clearly exhibited in Jones's review than his own marvellous perception, it is his grim resolution to persevere in spite of all.

He had relinquished command of the Ranger July 16th. For two months before that—in fact ever since the return of the Ranger to Brest in May—he had made every possible effort to obtain a larger ship. His correspondence with the French Minis-

ter of Marine, with the Duke de Chartres, with Dr. Franklin, and with several French capitalists who made various propositions to fit him out for privateering expeditions, would fill a small volume. By the middle of October he came to the conclusion that he could expect nothing but promises from de Sartine, the Minister of Marine, who, as Jones said in a letter to Robert Morris, dated November 13, 1778, "cannot and dare not do what I think he really wishes, because of the high and dangerous cabals of the French officers, who urge that the rules of the service will not admit of giving me command of ships detached from the Royal Marine," etc.

He saw that Dr. Franklin had exhausted all his power in vain, and was disheartened. Of the other commissioners, Mr. Adams thus far took little or no interest in the matter, while Arthur Lee was openly hostile to any project Jones might attempt, and exerted all his influence to thwart him. Dr. Franklin's discouragement had become so acute that he privately suggested to Jones the idea of giving up the hope of a new command in France and of returning to the United States to see what Congress could do for him.

Then, as a last resort, Jones determined to appeal to the King in person.

At this stage of his career it is, we think, fair to consider Jones as standing alone in France, so far as American help or the possibility of it was concerned. He was, as has been said, without a command. His enemies had industriously circulated reports that this condition was his own fault. He had, indeed, availed himself of every opportunity to deny

such reports by the *ultima ratio regum ;* that is to say, by physical violence, summarily visited upon the authors of such reports wherever he could find them.

Whatever others may have done or may have tried to do for him, Paul Jones unquestionably owed the opportunity of his crowning success, and of the victory that made his name immortal, to the gentle and beautiful woman whom history knows as the wife of Philippe Égalité and the mother of Louis Philippe. But before describing her help to him in his supreme emergency it is interesting to note the estimate he himself made of his own situation in a letter to Robert Morris, from which a brief quotation, referring to the jealousy of the younger French officers, has been given on a previous page.

In that letter he says, speaking of de Sartine, Minister of Marine: "He has, however, authorized M. Le Ray de Chaumont to purchase a ship to my liking, if to be found in any private dock or yard in France."

The date of the foregoing was "Brest, November 13, 1778." But six days earlier, November 7th, he had written to Mr. Hewes, from Nantes, whither he had gone to survey a ship, as follows:

. . . It is now clear to me that they do not intend to give me a regular command. The Minister (de Sartine) shuffles all the time with one excuse or another. This makes me believe that it is the fixed intention of the cabal behind the Minister to force me into privateering. There is a strong moneyed and political association, well backed at court and including, I believe, not a few courtiers, anxious to fit me out with a squadron of privateers or letters-

of-marque. M. de Chaumont is at the head of this association. They will give me at least two ships of forty guns each and two or three more vessels of from eighteen to twenty-four guns, with French crews, besides such Americans as I can muster in Brest, Nantes, l'Orient, and Dunkirk, and with such a force I am to put to sea in quest of plunder and to enrich a few French bankers and merchants.

You need not be told, Mr. Hewes, that this prospect does not suit me. I am not in pursuit of private gain for myself or for others. I hold commission as captain in the regular navy of the United States, which, in my estimation, is not to be outranked by the same grade of commission of even date in any other navy in the world. My sole ambition is to have opportunity of fighting a battle in virtue of that commission and under our own new flag among nations, which that commission entitles me to fly; to fight under such auspices a battle that will teach to the world, and particularly to Englishmen and Frenchmen, that the American flag means something afloat and must be respected at sea.

To a man of your own perfect perceptions and your own infallible sense of what is proper, Mr. Hewes, it is not needful to say that no such thing as I have expressed can possibly be done in a private armed ship or under a letter-of-marque, flying no matter what flag. To have any effect in the way of prestige to our infant nation, such a battle must be fought under the commission that I have been honored with by the Congress and under the flag of our own country.

However, it wastes time, paper, and ink to argue this with you and, also, as the last reports I have from you indicate that you are yet in feeble health and out of public life, I shrink from the thought of tiring you either with the length of my letter or the troubles of my situation. . . . Of one thing, in spite of all, you may definitely assure yourself, and that is, I will not accept any command or enter upon any arrangement that can in the least bring

in question or put out of sight the regular rank I hold in the United States Navy; for which I now, as always, acknowledge my debt to you more than to any other person.

Nearly three weeks before the date of the foregoing letter, and before leaving Brest for Nantes, Jones had written three letters, all dated October 19, 1778. One of them was addressed to the King of France, one to the Duchess de Chartres, and one to Dr. Franklin. This was the outcome of a letter to the Duke de Chartres dated September 21, 1778, and the Duke's reply, dated September 29th.

This correspondence as a whole marks the turning point of Jones's career in France, and it also exhibits, by its own text, more forcibly than any description in the third person possibly could, his wonderful versatility and his astonishing capacity to take care of himself when tired of waiting upon the futile efforts of others. For that reason the text of the letters under consideration is reproduced here in full.

His letter to the Duke de Chartres dated September 21, 1778, was a clear and comprehensive review of the prospects that had been held out to him by the Minister of Marine since his return to Brest from the cruise in the Ranger, and of the repeated disappointments to which he had been subjected by the Minister's failures to make good his promises. He assured the Duke that, though disappointed, he was by no means disheartened; but, being now at the end of all ordinary or usual expedients, he asked the Duke's frank and candid advice as to whether, in his judgment, he (Jones) had better persevere in

France or make the best of his way back to the United States and take there any command Congress could give him. He intimated that he was in a mood to rest the decision on the Duke's advice, and concluded with ardent expressions of gratitude for the kindness he had already experienced at the hands of His Royal Highness.

To this the Duke replied, under date of September 29th, as follows :

. . . It seems to me that nothing is left for you to do but appeal to the King in person. This will of course be unusual and contrary to strict etiquette of court. But His Majesty is a man of generous sentiments, and I am persuaded that if the real facts of your situation could be laid before him, he would act in your favor. My advice, therefore, is that you write to him frankly, in your own fashion. My good consort, the Duchess, will undertake to hand your letter to His Majesty. Her Royal Highness will also interest her sister-in-law, the Princess Lamballe, in the affair, and by that means you may even have the acquiescence, if not the support, of Her Majesty the Queen.

Pursuant to this advice Jones wrote directly to the King. We give his letter in full and in its original French text, with his own English translation of it. There was no real necessity of writing it in the French language, because Louis XVI. understood English perfectly. But Jones knew that if the King should give him command of a squadron to be fitted out in France, he would have to enlist a good many French sailors in addition to such Americans as he could pick up in French ports, and he therefore considered it advisable to give His Majesty an object-lesson of the fact that he would be able to command

Frenchmen in their own tongue. It may not have been such a letter as a Frenchman or any other man bred to Court etiquette or traditions would address to a monarch. Fortunately, Louis XVI. was not like other kings, and, therefore, the simple, honest style of Paul Jones, instead of offending him or ruffling his royal dignity, pleased, interested, and, as the sequel proved, captivated the good King, and, in the end, made the fortune of the bold, blunt sailor for all time. This unique letter was as follows: *

BREST, le 19 Octobre, 1778.

Sa Majesté Très Chrétienne, Louis
Roi de France et Navarre.

SIRE: Après mon retour à Brest, de la Mer d'Irlande, dans le vaisseau de guerre américain, le Ranger, Son Excellence, le Dr. Franklin, m'a informé par lettre, datée du premier Juin, que M. de Sartine, ayant bonne opinion de ma conduite et bravoure, avait décidé, avec le consentement et l'approbation de Votre Majesté, de me donner le commandement du vaisseau de guerre, l'Indien, lequel fut construit à Amsterdam pour l'Amérique, mais après, pour des raisons de politique, devint la propriété de la France.

Je devais agir avec ordres illimités sous le brevet et drapeau américain. Et le Prince de Nassau proposait m'accompagner sur l'Océan.

* The English text of Jones's remarkable letter to the King, as he forwarded it to Dr. Franklin, was as follows:

BREST, October 19, 1778.

His Most Christian Majesty,
Louis, King of France and Navarre.

SIRE: After my return to Brest in the American ship-of-war the Ranger, from the Irish Channel, His Excellency Dr. Franklin informed me by letter dated June 1, that M. de Sartine, having a good opinion of my conduct and bravery, had determined with Your Majesty's consent and approbation to give me the command of the ship-of-war the

J'étais profondement pénétré par un sentiment de l'honneur qui m'était fait par cette proposition, aussi bien que de la faveur que Votre Majesté avait l'intention ainsi d'accorder à l'Amérique, et j'acceptai l'offre avec plus de plaisir parceque le Congrès m'avait envoyé en Europe dans le 'Ranger' dans le but de prendre commandement de l'Indien, avant que ce vaisseau eût changé de mains.

Le ministre désira me voir à Versailles afin de déterminer les plans d'opération pour le futur, et je le visitai dans ce but. On me dit que l'Indien était au Texel, complètement armé et prêt à faire voile ; mais le Prince de Nassau fut envoyé à grande vitesse en Hollande, et retourna avec un rapport bien différent—le vaisseau était à Amsterdam, et ne pouvait pas être mis à flot ou armé avant l'equinoxe du mois de Septembre. Les envois américains proposaient mon retour en Amérique ; et ayant été à plusieurs reprises nommé au commandement-en-chef d'une escadre américaine pour accomplir des projets secrets, sans doute le Congrès m'aurait montré une nouvelle preférence. Mais M. de Sartine jugea à propos d'empêcher mon départ, en écrivant aux envois (sans que je le savais), demandant qu'il me fut

Indien, which was built at Amsterdam for America, but afterward, for political reasons, made the property of France. I was to act with unlimited orders under the commission and flag of America. And the Prince de Nassau proposed to accompany me on the ocean.

I was deeply penetrated with a sense of the honor done me by this proposition, as well as of the favor which Your Majesty intended thereby to confer upon America, and I accepted the offer with the greater pleasure as the Congress had sent me to Europe in the Ranger to command the Indien before the ownership of that vessel was changed.

The Minister desired to see me at Versailles, to settle future plans of operations and I attended him for that purpose. I was told that the Indien was at the Texel completely armed and fitted for sea; but the Prince de Nassau was sent express to Holland and returned with a very different account—the ship was at Amsterdam and could not be got afloat or armed before the September equinox.

The American plenipotentiaries proposed that I should return to America, and as I had been appointed repeatedly to the chief command of an American squadron to execute secret enterprises, it was not doubted

permis de rester en Europe, et que le Ranger soit renvoyé en Amérique sous un autre commandeur, lui ayant des services spéciaux qu'il désirait que j'accomplisse. Cette prière ils accordèrent volontiers, et j'étais flatté par l'espoir que je serais mis en position de témoigner par mes services de ma reconnaissance envers votre Majesté, le premier prince qui ait si généreusement reconnu notre indépendance.

Il se passa un intervalle de plus de trois mois, avant que l'Indien pouvait être mis à flot. Afin d'employer ce temps utilement, quand il fut commandé à la flotte de Votre Majesté de faire voile de Brest, je proposai au ministre de m'embarquer en qualité de volontaire à la recherche de science maritime. Il s'opposa à ceci, mais en même temps approuva une quantité d'avis d'entreprises particulières, que j'avais rédigés pour sa considération.

Deux Messieurs furent nommés pour déterminer avec moi les plans qui devaient être adoptés lesquels m'assurèrent que trois des meilleures frégates en France avec deux transports, et une quantité de bateaux, seraient immédiatement mises sous mes ordres, pour poursuivre tels de mes

but that Congress would again show me a preference. M. de Sartine, however, thought proper to prevent my departure by writing to the plenipotentiaries (without my knowledge) requesting that I might be permitted to remain in Europe and that the Ranger be sent back to America under another commander, he having special services which he wished me to execute. This request they readily granted, and I was flattered by the prospect of being enabled to testify by my services my gratitude to your Majesty as the first prince who has so generously acknowledged our independence.

There was an interval of more than three months before the Indien could be got afloat. To employ that period usefully, when your Majesty's Fleet was ordered to sail from Brest, I proposed to the Minister to embark in it as a volunteer in pursuit of marine knowledge. He objected to this, but at the same time approved a variety of suggestions for private enterprises which I had drawn up for his consideration.

Two gentlemen were appointed to settle with me the plans that were to be adopted—who gave me assurance that three of the best frigates in France, with two tenders and a number of boats, should be immediately

projets que je jugerais à propos, mais tout ceci n'arriva à rien, quand je croyais qu'il n'y manquait que la signature de Votre Majesté.

On se proposait de mettre sous mes ordres un autre armament, composé de canots et de petits vaisseaux à L'Orient, pour éffrayer les côtés de l'Angleterre, et contenir les corsaires de Jersey, mais heureusement pour moi, ceci aussi s'écroula, et je fus sauvé de la ruine et du déshonneur; car comme je trouve maintenant, tous les vaisseaux voguaient lentement, et leur force réunie était très insignifiante.

Le ministre alors trouva propre que je retournasse à Brest pour prendre commandement du Lively, et me joindre à quelques frégates pour une expédition de St. Malo à la mer du Nord. Je retournai en hâte pour le faire, et trouva que le Lively avait été donné à Brest, avant que le ministre m'en fait mention de ce vaisseau à Versailles. C'était cependant un autre désappointment pas malheureux, car le Lively se montre comme voilier et en equipement, bien inférieur au Ranger, mais plus particulièrement si c'est vrai, comme je l'ai appris depuis, que le ministre avait l'intention de donner le commandement-en-chef de l'expé-

put under my command, and that I should pursue such of my own projects as I thought proper; but this fell to nothing when I believed that your Majesty's signature only was wanting.

Another armament, composed of cutters and small vessels at l'Orient, was proposed to be put under my command to alarm the coasts of England and check the Jersey privateers; but happily for me this also failed and I was saved from ruin and dishonor; for, as I now find, all the vessels sailed slow and their united force was very insignificant.

The Minister then thought fit that I should return to Brest to command the Lively and join some frigates in an expedition from St. Malo to the North Sea. I returned in haste for that purpose and found that the command of the Lively had been bestowed at Brest before the Minister had mentioned that ship to me at Versailles. This was, however, another fortunate disappointment, as the Lively proves both in sailing and equipment much inferior to the Ranger; but more especially, if it be true as I have since understood, that the Minister intended to give the chief command to a lieutenant, which would have occasioned a disagree-

dition à un lieutenant, ce qui aurait occasionné un malentendu bien désagréable ; car, étant officier de premier rang dans la marine américaine, qui a toujours été honoré de la faveur et de l'amitié du Congrès je ne peux recevoir les ordres de n'importe quel officier inférieur.

Mon dessein était la destruction de la flotte anglaise de la Baltique, de grande importance pour la marine de l'ennemi et protégée par une seule frégate !

Je me serais tenu responsable pour sa réussite, si j'avais commandé l'expédition.

M. de Sartine plus tard ordonna au comte d'Orvilliers de me recevoir à bord de la flotte, conformément à ma proposition d'auparavant, mais l'ordre n'arriva qu'après le départ de la flotte de Brest pour la dernière fois, ni m'avertit-on de la circonstance avant que la flotte eût retourné ici.

De cette manière ai-j'été enchainé dans une inactivité honteuse pendant presque cinq mois. J'ai perdu la meilleure saison de l'année et telles opportunités de servir ma patrie et acquérir de l'honneur, que je ne puis espérer de nouveau pendant cette guerre, et, à mon chagrin complet, n'ayant pas de commandement, je suis partout regardé comme un officier rejeté, et en disgrace pour des raisons secrètes.

able situation ; for as an officer of the first rank in the American marine, who has ever been honored with the favor and friendship of Congress, I could receive orders from no inferior officer whatever. My plan was to destroy the English Baltic fleet, of great consequence to the enemy's marine and then protected by only a single frigate. I would have held myself responsible for its success had I commanded the expedition.

M. de Sartine afterward sent orders to the Count d'Orvilliers to receive me on board the fleet agreeably to my former proposal, but the order did not arrive until after the departure of the fleet the last time from Brest, nor was I made acquainted with the circumstance until the fleet returned here.

Thus, Sire, have I been chained down to shameful inactivity for nearly five months. I have lost the best season of the year and such opportunities of serving my country and acquiring honor as I can hardly expect again in this war ; and to my infinite mortification, having no command,

J'ai écrit des lettres respectueuses au ministre, et il n'a pas daigné répondre à une seule. J'ai écrit au Prince de Nassau avec aussi peu d'effet, et je n'apprends pas qu'aucune excuse a été faite au grand et vénérable Dr. Franklin, dont le ministre s'est servi comme instrument pour me traîner dans des ennuis si peu merités.

Ayant écrit au Congrès de ne me réserver aucune commandement en Amérique ma sensibilité est d'autant plus affectée par cette situation indigne devant la flotte de Votre Majesté. Néanmoins je ne fais aucune observation sur le traitement que j'ai reçu.

Quoique je ne désire pas devenir mon propre panégyriste, je dois prier à Votre Majesté la permission d'observer que je ne suis pas un aventurier à la recherche des richesses, dont, grace à Dieu, j'en ai suffisamment.

Quand les drapeaux américains furent déployés pour la première fois, je tirai mon épée à l'appui de la dignité violée et des droits de la nature humaine ; et l'honneur ainsi que le devoir me poussent avec constance à continuer cette carrière et d'y sacrifier non seulement mes jouissances personelles, mais même la vie, s'il le faut.

I am considered everywhere an officer cast off and in disgrace for secret reasons.

I have written respectful letters to the Minister, none of which has he condescended to answer. I have written to the Prince of Nassau with as little effect and I do not learn that any apology has been made to the great and venerable Dr. Franklin, whom the Minister has made the instrument of bringing me into such unmerited trouble.

Having written to Congress to reserve no command for me in America, my sensibilities are the more affected by this unworthy situation in sight of your Majesty's fleet. I, however, make no comment on the treatment I have experienced.

Although I do not wish to be my own eulogist, I must beg your Majesty's permission to observe that I am not an adventurer in search of fortune, of which, thank God, I have sufficient for my needs.

When the American flag was first displayed I drew my sword in support of the violated dignity and rights of human nature ; and both honor and duty prompt me to steadfastly continue the righteous pursuit and to

Il me faut avouer que les généreuses louanges que j'ai reçues du Congrès et des autres surpassent les mérites de mes services passées—donc, je désire le plus ardemment des opportunités futures de témoigner ma reconnaissance par mon activité.

Comme Votre Majesté, en embrassant la cause de l'Amérique, est devenue "le protecteur des droits de la nature humaine" je suis persuadé qu'elle ne regardera pas avec indifférence ma position et ne souffrira pas que je reste plus longtemps dans cette disgrace insupportable.

Je suis, avec reconnaissance complète et profond respect, Sire,

Le plus obligé, le plus obéissant et le plus humble des serviteurs de Votre Majesté.

PAUL JONES.

Jones then enclosed the foregoing letter in one of the same date to the Duchess de Chartres, which we also give in the original text.*

sacrifice to it not only my private enjoyments but even life, if necessary. I must acknowledge that the generous praise I have received from Congress and others exceeds the merits of my past services, and therefore I the more ardently wish for future opportunity of testifying my gratitude by my activity.

As your Majesty, by espousing the cause of America, has become the "Protector of the Rights of Man," I am persuaded that you will not disregard my situation nor suffer me to longer writhe in this unsupportable disgrace!

(Signed etc.), PAUL JONES.

* With the English text of his letter to the King, Jones forwarded also to Dr. Franklin a translation of the letter he wrote to the Duchess de Chartres. This was as follows:

BREST, October 19, 1778.

To Her Royal Highness,
The Duchesse de Chartres.

MADAME: The affairs which brought me from Brest to Paris last summer, when I had the honor of offering my homage to Your Royal

Brest, le 19 Octobre, 1778.

À Madame la Duchesse de Chartres.

Madame : Les affaires qui m'ont fait venir de Brest à Paris l'été passé, quand j'ai eu le plaisir d'offrir mes hommages à Votre Altesse Royale, me fournirent un espoir bien raisonnable de pouvoir immédiatement faire au littoral de l'ennemi une visite beaucoup plus heureuse que celle dont j'étais à ce moment retourné. Je me suis presenté à Versailles sur le désire spécial de M. de Sartine, lequel, en conséquence de l'opinion élevé, qu'il se disait avoir, de ma conduite et bravoure, proposa volontairement (avec le consentement et l'approbation de Sa Majesté, comme je le comprenais) de m'accorder un commandement bien honorable ; ayant lui-même écrit une lettre à leurs Excellences, les Envois Américains demandant comme une grande faveur qu'il me serait permis de rester en Europe. Pourtant le Ministre n'a fait aucune excuse pour tout ceci ni à moi (qui ne cherchais pas le brevet) ni à son Excellence, le Dr. Franklin, par qui il fut accepté.

J'eus l'honneur de fournir le Ministre avec une quantité de plans pour des expeditions secrètes, qu'il approuva, mais les différents armements qu'on a proposé de mettre

Highness, afforded me a very fair prospect of being at once enabled to pay a much more successful visit to the enemy's coast than that from which I was then just returned. I appeared at Versailles by the particular desire of M. de Sartine, who, in consequence of the high opinion he professed to hold of my conduct and courage, voluntarily proposed (as I understood with the consent and approbation of His Majesty) to bestow on me a very honorable command, he (the Minister) having written a letter to their excellencies the American plenipotentiaries requesting as a favor that I might be permitted to remain in Europe. Yet the Minister has not made any explanation of all this, either to me (who did not solicit the commission) or to his Excellency Dr. Franklin, through whom it was accepted.

I had the honor to offer the Minister a number of plans, which he approved, for secret expeditions, but the various armaments which have been proposed to place under my command to pursue my projects have every one fallen to naught ; some of them at the moment when I was led

sous mes ordres pour poursuivre mes propres desseins, tous ne sont arrivés à rien ; quelques uns même au moment où l'on me menait à croire qu'il n'y manquait que la signature du roi. Ainsi on s'est amusé avec moi pendant presque cinq mois, la meilleure saison de l'année, et telles opportunités de servir ma patrie et acquérir des honneurs, que je n'attends plus durant la guerre, sont perdues.

J'ai écrit au Congrès de ne me réserver aucun commandement en Amérique, et à mon chagrin inexprimable, n'ayant pas de commandement ici, je suis partout regardé comme un officier en disgrâce. Je ne suis pas un aventurier à la poursuite de la fortune ; au contraire j'ai mis de côté mes jouissances de la vie privée, et j'ai tiré mon épée au commencement de cette guerre qu'à l'appui de la dignité et des droits violés de la nature humaine ; et étant honoré, comme je le suis, de la faveur et de l'amitié du Congrès, et l'honneur et le devoir me poussent avec constance à persévérer, jusqu'à ce que ces droits soient établis, ou perdre ma vie dans cette juste carrière.

Mais d'autant que je vois nul espoir d'être bientôt délivré de cette situation indigne, j'ai écrit la lettre ci-incluse

to believe that the King's signature alone was wanting. Thus I have been trifled with for nearly five months, the best season of the year, and such opportunities of serving my country and acquiring honor as I cannot again expect in the course of this war have been lost. I had written to Congress to reserve no command for me in American waters, and, to my inexpressible mortification, having no command here, I am looked upon everywhere as an officer in disgrace. I am not, as your Royal Highness graciously knows, an adventurer in search of fortune. On the contrary, I laid aside my enjoyments of private life at the commencement of this war and drew my sword in defence of the dignity and the violated rights of man. Honored as I have been and am with the favor and confidence of Congress, both ambition and sense of duty prompt me to steadfastly persevere until those rights are established or my own life yielded up in that righteous endeavor.

But, seeing no prospect of early relief from this galling situation, I have written the enclosed letter to His Majesty, which I must beseech your Royal Highness to present to him ; whereby you may add a sin-

à Sa Majesté ; et il me faut prier Votre Altesse Royale de la présenter. Elle ajoutera ainsi une obligation singulière à ce que je dois déja à vos attentions condescendantes d'auparavant.

Je serais extrêmement heureux de réussir par l'influence d'une princesse si bien aimée et d'une protectrice si puissante, que j'estime et respecte parfaitement, étant vraiment et toujours dans la sincerité naïve de mon coeur,

Madame,

Le très obéissant et très humble serviteur de Votre Altesse Royale,

PAUL JONES.

Then, still under date of October 19th, Jones wrote to Dr. Franklin, enclosing copies of his letters to the King and the Duchess de Chartres, and asking the Doctor's approval of his action. The material part of the letter he wrote to the Doctor was as follows:

I hope you will find the within letter to the King entirely free from asperity or ill-nature. . . . It cannot, I think, do harm, and unless you disapprove it, I beg that it may have its course. The Duchess de Chartres will, I am persuaded, deliver it into the King's hands. . . .

With the veneration and affection of a son who ardently wishes to render himself worthy your regard, I am, etc.,

PAUL JONES.

No papers are extant, within our research, to show that Dr. Franklin directly either approved or dis-

gular, a unique obligation to what I already owe to your former gracious kindness and condescending patronage. I should be most happy to succeed through the influence of a princess so well-beloved, who is so potent an advocate, whom I so perfectly esteem and so devoutly respect, being ever and faithfully in the artless sincerity of my heart,

Your Humblest Servitor,

PAUL JONES.

approved Jones's project of appealing to the King. Jones says nothing on that subject in any of his letters or journals, except in a letter to the King long afterward, in which, after acknowledging the honor of knighthood conferred upon him, he speaks of the latter event as "a most touching sequel to the singular condescension of your Most Gracious Majesty on a previous occasion, which had the result of enabling me to perform the services your Majesty has now deigned to approve by so eminent a mark of your royal pleasure."

The only other contemporaneous documentary reference to the affair that we have been able to find is a postscript to a letter written October 22, 1778, by William Franklin to Captain Jones. It is printed on page 142 of a book published in 1830, at New York, entitled "Life and Correspondence of Paul Jones; from Original Letters and Manuscripts in Possession of Miss Janette Taylor;" which was mainly a reprint of a book published in Scotland in 1826.

Miss Taylor was Captain Jones's niece, daughter of his sister Janette. A considerable part of the Jones papers fell into her hands, and they were edited, with some incapacity, by Dr. Robert Sands. It is, nevertheless, the most valuable of all the collections of Jones's papers in English, and the book is, we believe, now quite rare.

The quotation from young Franklin's letter (he was Dr. Franklin's grandson and private secretary) is as follows: ". . . It is my grandfather's opinion that there will be no occasion to send those letters; and I imagine they were written before you

heard of the Minister's final determination. If, however, you still think they ought to be sent, you have only to order it."

Dr. Franklin does not mention the affair except in an unofficial letter to Hartley soon afterward, when he says, as part of the gossip of the day: "Jones wrote a letter to the King, on which he asked my opinion, which I did not give, beyond, perhaps, suggesting that it was a most unusual proceeding. He has, I believe, since obtained audience."

The inference is that Dr. Franklin, though, of course, regarding Jones's action as contrary to established etiquette, did not choose to take the responsibility of controlling him one way or the other in this proceeding. He knew that Jones would obey him if he should disapprove the act. But he doubtless thought that no harm could come of it, even if it failed, while there was a chance that the eminent women who had interested themselves in his fortunes might succeed where statesmen and diplomatists had failed.

The Duchess de Chartres received the letters in due time, but it was the 3d of December before she found what she considered a suitable opportunity to hand Jones's letter or petition to the King. The immediate result was a summons of Jones to audience with the King, December 17, 1778. This audience, Jones says in his journal of 1782, "was of nearly an hour's duration," but he makes no attempt to state what was said, for the quite sufficient reason that royal audiences were always, by the most inflexible rules of Court etiquette, confidential.

That Jones impressed the King favorably is, how-

ever, amply proved by the fact that on the 8th of January, 1779, the King directed his Minister of Marine, de Sartine, to place at the disposal of Captain Jones a ship equal—or as nearly so as practicable—to the Indien, and to afford him such aid from the resources of the French dockyards as he might need; also to authorize him to recruit French volunteers to whatever extent might be necessary to fill up his crew. Pursuant to this order, M. de Sartine, under date of "Versailles, February 4, 1779," wrote to Jones as follows:

SIR: I announce to you that in consequence of the exposition which I have laid before the King of the distinguished manner in which you have served the United States, and of the entire confidence which your conduct has merited on the part of Congress, His Majesty has thought proper to place under your command the ship le Duras, of forty guns, now at l'Orient. I am about, in consequence, to issue the necessary orders for the complete armament of the said ship. . . . As you may find too much difficulty in enlisting a sufficient number of Americans, the King permits you to levy volunteers (French) until you obtain a sufficient number. . . .

When Jones received this letter he was the guest of Dr. Franklin at Passy, and at once responded in suitable terms, expressing his profound gratitude, and concluding as follows:

Your having permitted me to alter the name of the ship from "le Duras" to "le Bon Homme Richard" [Dr. Franklin's nom de plume] has given me a pleasing opportunity of paying a well-merited compliment to a great and good man, to whom I am under obligations and who honors me with his friendship.

In his journal of 1787 Jones thus describes what followed:

Armed at last with such authority, and with rays of hope once more lighting up the prospect, my first *devoir* was at the Palais Royal to thank the more than royal—the Divine —woman to whose grace I felt I owed all. She received me with her customary calmness. To my, perhaps, impassioned sentiments of gratitude she responded, with serene composure, that if she had been instrumental in bringing the affair to successful issue it was no more than her duty to a man who, as she believed, sought only opportunity to serve the common cause; now equally as dear to France as to America, and that she was sure I would make the best of the opportunity that had been brought about.

At the last she said there was a more serious concern that had to come to her knowledge; that she knew I was not at the moment suitably provided with private resources, and that in consequence she had directed her banker to place to my credit at the house of his correspondent in l'Orient, M. Gourlade, a certain sum, the notice of which I would find awaiting me on my arrival there; and she enjoined upon me to offer neither thanks nor protestations to her on account of it.

I tried to inform her that some provision had, I understood, been made by M. de Chaumont for my expenses; but she quite impatiently retorted that M. de Chaumont's arrangements were not her affair, and commanded me to be silent on the subject. Then she dismissed me with "bon voyage; ne m'oubliez pas," and a pleasant reminder that I had long ago promised, if fortune should smile upon me, to "lay an English frigate at her feet!" Whereupon I took my leave and at once set out for l'Orient.*

* Jones nowhere states or even intimates the amount of this benefice. But Louis Philippe long afterward told Gouverneur Morris that it was 10,000 louis (about $47,500; calculating the louis d'or at nineteen shillings, sterling), the purchasing power of which then was easily greater than that

Arriving at l'Orient, Jones found le Duras to be an old East Indiaman, recently purchased by the King from the French East India Company with the intention of using her as an armed transport to convey reinforcements to the garrisons of the Isles of France and of Bourbon, and to Pondicherry. She had been built at Nantes, or on the Loire, in 1766, during the general peace that followed the Old French War, for the commercial service of the East India Company of France. She was a large ship. Like all East Indiamen of her day, she was part merchantman, part passenger-ship, and part man-of-war. She had a roomy hold for cargo, large accommodations for passengers, and mounted a respectable battery.

Her principal dimensions were as follows:

Length on the main deck	152 feet
Length of keel for tonnage	128 "
Extreme breadth	40 "
Depth of hold	19 "
Burthen (French measurement)	998 tons.

Her armament, as Jones found her, was fourteen long twelve-pounders, fourteen long nines, and twelve six-pounders.

She had been originally very well built, but the numerous round voyages she had made to the East

of a hundred thousand dollars now; perhaps equal to that of $125,000. In 1786, Jones, having plenty of money at his command, asked the Duke—then Duke of Orleans—if it would be proper for him to offer payment of the sum which Mary Adelaide of Orleans had placed to his credit in 1779. "Not unless you wish her to dismiss you from her esteem and banish you from her salon!" replied the Duke, tersely. "She did not lend it to you; she gave it to the cause."

Indies in twelve years had pretty much worn her out, and the refit she had received for service as an armed transport was by no means sufficient to convert her into a regular man-of-war.

The only intelligible description of the Duras—or the Bon Homme Richard—extant is that of Jones himself, and he also preserved among his papers a very creditable "outboard profile" of her, a reproduction of which is printed opposite the following page, showing her hull and the arrangement of her battery after his alterations. He says:

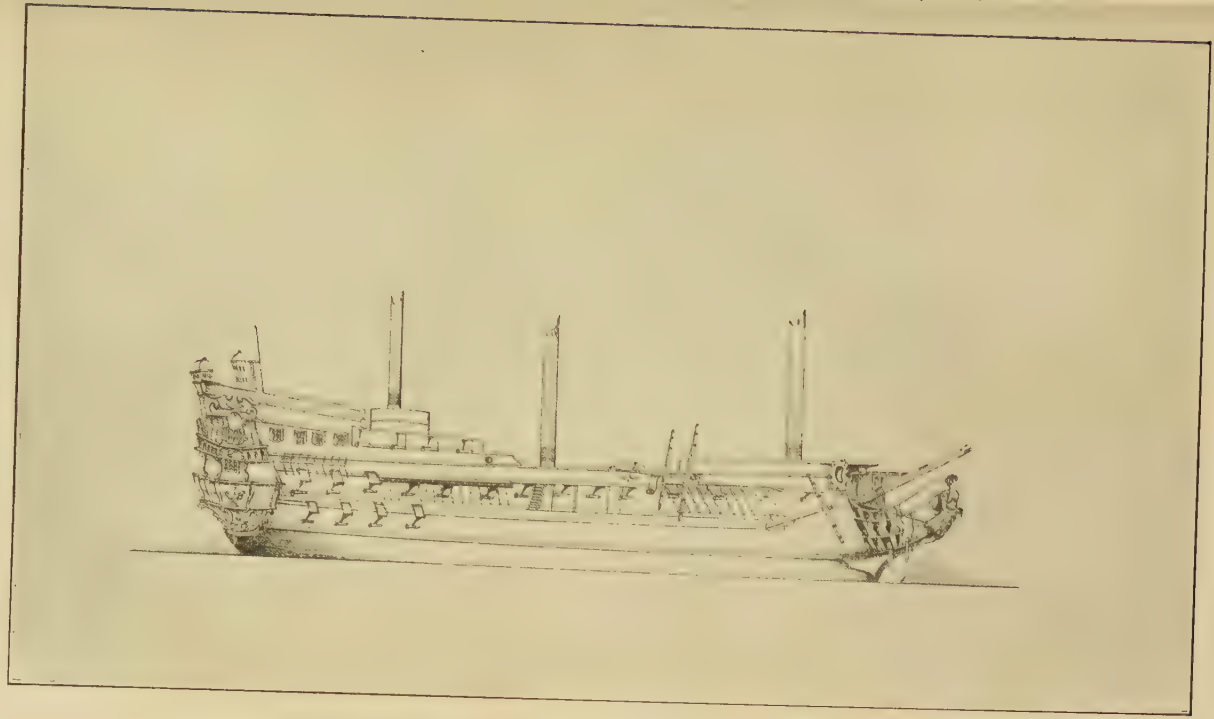
. . . She was higher out of water at the plank-sheer than usual with vessels of her length. Her main or gun-deck was roomy and of good height under beams. She had a long top-gallant forecastle breaking aft nearly half way from the fore to the main mast; a long quarter-deck breaking forward of the mizzen-mast about two-thirds the way to the main mast; and still above this a high, short poop-deck, terminating forward in a round-house, through which the mizzen-mast was stepped. Below the main deck, aft, was a large steerage, or, as it would be called in a man-of-war, a "gun-room," extending some distance forward of the step of the mizzen-mast. This deck had been used for passengers when the ship was an Indiaman; but as the port sills of it were a good four feet above water when the ship was at her deep trim, I determined to make a partial lower gun-deck of it, by cutting six ports on a side and mounting in them twelve eighteen-pounders. But, being able to obtain only eight eighteens, I cut only four ports on a side, and in fact put to sea with only six eighteen-pounders, two of the eight being unfit for service when turned over to me.

I then mounted twenty-eight long twelve-pounders on the gun-deck, put eight of the long nines on the quarter-

deck, and discarded the six-pounders of her old battery. This gave her a battery of forty-two guns, throwing two hundred and fifty-eight pounds of metal in single broadside, counting the eighteen-pounders, or two hundred and four pounds without them. This made her with the eighteen-pounders a fair equivalent of a thirty-six-gun frigate; or without them, the equal of a thirty-two as usually rated in the regular rate-lists of the English and French navies.

Her spar and sail plan was well adapted to the steady long-reaching of East India voyages in trade winds and for ease in lying-to in contrary weather; but not meant for smartness of handling or quickness of manœuvre in action. She sailed well going free or with the wind abaft the beam. But she became dull and slow the closer she was hauled, and, when close hauled, she pointed up badly, steered hard and unsteady, and made much lee-way. She would not hold her luff five minutes with the weather-leech shivering in the foretopsail, and had to be either eased off or broached to quickly or she would fall off aback, if not closely conned. I mention this because the ability of a ship to hold her luff, if necessary, right up into the teeth of the wind and even after that to hold steering-way enough to wear or tack, as occasion may require, is frequently of supreme importance in battle and, all other things being equal, has decided the fate of many ship-to-ship combats at sea. As, for example, a ship that can hold luff better than her adversary will often, when fighting on a wind, get a chance to luff athwart hawse of the enemy and rake him or lay him on board or even tack clear round his bows and gain the weather-gage of him on the other tack, raking him a-bow as he comes about.

The general condition of the ship when I took command may be known by the fact that the time from the end of February to the first of June was consumed in necessary refit and alterations, though I exhausted every endeavor to hurry them, and was fairly treated by the French dockyard authorities.



OUTBOARD PROFILE OF THE BON HOMME RICHARD.

From a print in Pierre Gerard's "Memoir du Combat."

By June 1 she was in as good condition as a ship of her age and extremely hard service could be put in, as to hull and fittings, while I had, to a large extent, newly sparred her and rove new rigging and newly-bent the more important sails.

During this time, under many difficulties, a crew of three hundred and seventy-five all told, had been enlisted. Not more than fifty, including officers, were Americans. A hundred and ninety-odd were aliens; partly recruited from British prisoners of war, partly Portuguese, and a few French sailors or fishermen. In addition to these two hundred and forty seamen, I shipped one hundred and twenty-two French soldiers who were allowed to volunteer from the garrison, few or none of whom had before served aboard ship, and the commandant of the dockyard loaned me twelve regular marines, whom I made non-commissioned officers. The regular marine guard for a ship of the Richard's size or rate would be about fifty to sixty of all ranks. My reason for shipping such a large number was that I meditated descents on the enemy's coasts, and also that I wished to be sure of force enough to keep my mixed and motley crew of seamen in order.

The other ships of the squadron were the Alliance, Pallas, and Vengeance, with a coast-guard cutter called the Cerf. The Alliance was a new frigate, built in Salisbury, Mass., and had just come to France with Lafayette on board. She would rate as a large thirty-two or medium thirty-six-gun frigate, carrying a gun-deck battery of twenty-six long twelve-pounders and ten long nines above. She was sixty or seventy men short of her regular complement.

The Pallas had been built as a twenty-eight-gun frigate about 1758, and on the peace of 1763 had been sold out of the navy to the (French) East India Company, who had used her to cruise in the Eastern seas in search of pirates. But now she had been bought back into the King's service, refitted quite thoroughly and carried a battery of twenty-

two long nine-pounders and ten long sixes, with a complement of about two hundred officers and men.

The Vengeance was a little twelve-gun brig, carrying six-pounders, and had formerly been used as dockyard tender. The Cerf, cutter, need not be described, as she did not make the cruise.

With such a squadron Jones sailed from l'Orient June 19, 1779, but the second day out the Alliance fouled the Richard, causing so much damage to both that the squadron was compelled to return to port for repairs, which, with other transactions, consumed six weeks. But, as the sequel proved, the accident was lucky and the delay it caused was, perhaps, providential.

CHAPTER VIII

ON THE BON HOMME RICHARD

The refit of the damaged ships lost valuable time, but it also was the means of gaining an invaluable reinforcement. The haughty refusal of Lord North's Ministry to an exchange of prisoners of war caused the crew of the Drake and other British seamen taken by Jones in the Ranger in April and May, 1778, to be confined on board a hulk called, appropriately, the Patience, in Brest Harbor, until early in June, 1779. At last a cartel was arranged. The British prisoners were sent to Plymouth, one hundred and nineteen in number, during the month of June, and in July an equal number of American prisoners were sent from English hulks and jails to Nantes. Jones at once went to Nantes—about a day and a half's journey from l'Orient by the conveyances of those days—and enlisted one hundred and fourteen of the one hundred and nineteen exchanged American sailors for his squadron. The only reason why he did not enlist the other five was because their sufferings in English prisons had crippled them beyond the possibility of further active service; and of the one hundred and fourteen whom he did enroll, many were barely able to travel.

Having no public means at his disposal, Jones paid for the transportation of these sailors from Nantes

to l'Orient out of his own pocket; and, by the way, with some of the funds given to him by the Duchess de Chartres, because, at that time, he had no other personal resources. About half of these men were the remnant of the crew of the Lexington, captured more than a year before. The rest were men taken in privateers, including the American part of Captain Conyngham's crew, or in recaptured prizes. Besides these, Jones found about twenty other American sailors adrift at Nantes, and they all joined him, so that the whole force he took with him back to l'Orient was one hundred and thirty-four or one hundred and thirty-five, all Americans.

This reinforcement, important as it was in number, was yet more desirable in quality. It included Richard Dale, John Louis White, Samuel Stacey, John Mayrant, Nathaniel Fanning, Henry Lunt, John Calvin Robinson, Henry Gardner, Thomas Potter, John West Linthwaite, Jonas Caswell, Robert Coram, William Clarke, Thomas Knight, and several others, all rated as commissioned, warrant, or chief petty officers upon the reorganization of the Richard's crew as soon as they arrived at l'Orient. In effecting this reorganization Jones discharged quite a number of the aliens in his original crew and transferred others of them to the Alliance, to which ship he also assigned thirty or thirty-five of the American sailors brought from Nantes. This reinforced the Alliance to the extent of about seventy-five men and brought her complement quite up to its proper strength. He retained one hundred of the American recruits in the Richard, and these, with the Americans in his original crew of June, before sail-

ing the first time, brought the genuine American strength of the flag-ship up to one hundred and forty-nine or one hundred and fifty officers and men. This force formed the fighting backbone of the Richard's final crew. What she did with them aboard is the plainest kind of history. What she might have done, or have failed to do, without them, it is neither useful nor pleasant to conjecture.

Finally, with refitted ships and reorganized crews, Paul Jones was ready to sail from the roadstead of Isle de Groaix in the early part of August, 1779, bound on a cruise around the British Islands. But even at this stage of his fortunes, when, after many months of effort and many moments that to any other man would have been moments of despair, he found himself in command of a fairly respectable squadron, he was by no means free of obstacles or released from difficulties. At the last moment before sailing, when there was no time for argument and no chance for protest, he, together with all the captains under his command, was practically compelled to sign a singular document called a "Concordat." The effect of this document was to destroy nearly, if not wholly, the disciplinary value of his nominal seniority; because it made him nothing more than the first signer of an agreement binding all alike and making "colleagues" of those who should have been his subordinates. The fact that success was achieved in spite of this unique and wholly unmilitary document cannot obscure the other fact that all the irregularities, delays, partial failures, and constant insubordination that marked the cruise may be attributed to its effect upon the minds of the junior captains, and particu-

larly upon the already half-crazed brain of Pierre Landais, captain of the Alliance.

No record can be found in the archives of either France or the United States to explain the reason why this "Concordat" should have been imposed upon Jones by Le Ray de Chaumont, or why Dr. Franklin required Jones to sign it, as he did, against his will. The text of this document need not be reproduced here. Suffice it to say that it has been printed elsewhere many times, and that its effect was, as the sequel proved, to deprive Jones of the real or substantial power that should always inure to the commander of a naval expedition, and to reduce him to the status of a mere chief adviser to his other captains; a status that must inevitably have wrecked the fortunes of any other commander except him; and it must be said that by no means the least merit of the unexampled and immortal success he achieved in spite of it, lies in the fact that his genius, sorely tried as it had been by other obstacles, finally rose superior to even Le Ray de Chaumont's "Concordat." It is safe to say that nothing remotely approximating this document has ever before or since been known or heard of in the annals of naval warfare. No description of it could possibly compare, either in simple truth or in savage satire, with that of Jones himself in a letter to Joseph Hewes dated the day after he signed it. In that letter, which enclosed a copy of the "Concordat," Jones says:

> . . . I am sure you will agree with me that the enclosed "Concordat" is the most amazing document that the putative commander of a naval force in time of war was ever forced to sign on the eve of weighing anchor.

I am tolerably familiar with the history of naval operations from the remotest time of classical antiquity to the present day ; but I have not heard or read of anything like this. I am sure that, when Themistocles took command of the Grecian fleet, he was not compelled to sign such a "concordat ;" nor can I find anything to exhibit that Lord Hawke in the French war or any English or French flag officer in this war has been subjected to such involuntary renouncement of his proper authority.

These being the two extremes of ancient and of modern naval history without a precedent, I think I am entitled to consider myself the subject of a complete innovation ; or, in other words, the victim of an entirely novel plan of naval regulation.

As you are well aware, it is my custom to live up to the terms of papers that I sign. I am, at this writing, unable to see that, by signing this paper, I have done less than surrender all military right of seniority, or that I have any real right to consider my flagship anything more than a convenient rendezvous where the captains of the other ships may assemble whenever it pleases them to do so, for the purpose of talking things over and agreeing—if they can agree—upon a course of sailing or a plan of operations from time to time.

Yet, strange and even absurd as all this may appear, I was constrained to sign this infernal paper by word from Dr. Franklin, which though veiled under the guise of "advice," came to me with all the force of an order.

You know that not only is the word of Dr. Franklin law to me, but also his expression or even intimation of a wish is received by me as a command to be obeyed instantly and without inquiry or debate. I am sure the Doctor himself knows this. Therefore, he could not have advised me as he has done to sign this paper unless he had reason to consider it indispensable that I should do so. The fact that he has omitted to acquaint me with his reasons for so thinking by no means alters my consideration for his mo-

tives, and certainly cannot affect my obedience to his commands.

I am so sure that the Doctor always does the best he can, that I never annoy him with inquiries. In this case as in all others, I have yielded without question. But I feel it is due to myself that some record of protest on my part should be made, and, not wishing to annoy Dr. Franklin with it, I hereby file my protest in this manner with you, and enclose a true copy which I request you to hand to Mr. Morris; and also, if I may so venture, I request you to lay this letter and the enclosed copy of the "Concordat" before General Washington; but, of course, not in the least sense officially.

Now, my friend, having worried you enough with my despairs, I will try to cheer you a little with my hopes. In spite of these drawbacks and difficulties I can at last see my way clear to some kind of a cruise. I hope to realize in it some of my ambitions toward promoting the reputation of the United States on the sea.

The taking of the Drake, small as the ships were, and unimportant as the result was to the general operations of the war, still produced a profound moral effect on the Continent of Europe and alarmed the English more than they have been alarmed in many years, if ever. It at least taught the English and proved to the rest of the world that a regular British man-of-war, fully manned, well handled and ably commanded, could be reduced in one hour, by a slightly inferior ship, to total wreck and helplessness and forced to surrender in order to save the lives of the remnant of her crew, in sight of their own coast; and all this, not by desperate boarding or by accident, but by simple, straightaway broadsiding at close range, the whole battle being fought on one tack and without manœuvre.

This was not only a new experience for the English, but it was also a new lesson for the French and other nations of the European Continent. Yet it was only a little fight between small ships and, like contests of feather-weights

in the prize-ring, settled no question of championship at large.

But now, with the force I have, ill-assorted as it is and hampered as it may be by the untoward conditions I have already confided to you, I can, if fortune favors me, fight a much more impressive battle.

With this in view, I should not deem it a misfortune if I fell in with a ship of the enemy superior enough in force to make the taking of her an event of more than ordinary note. Mindful of all I have said and written to you about the great moral benefit which would accrue to our cause from a striking or, maybe, startling naval success, demonstrating our ability to cope with the English on the element they have so long and so arrogantly ruled, I shall welcome the approach of such a ship.

By all this you will understand me to mean that I shall not only not shrink from engaging a superior ship of the enemy, in this cruise, but that I shall also not consider the getting alongside of such a ship otherwise than fortunate. You know me too well to need assurance that this is sincere ; that it is not vainglory or boasting in advance. All I hope for is the chance ; and if such opportunity shall come to me, rest assured that I will improve it in a manner not soon to be forgotten by the world and that neither our country nor the enemy can ever forget !

I might have a better ship, and my crew would be better if they were all Americans. But I am truly grateful for ship and crew as they are ; and, if I should fail and fall I wish this writing to witness that I take all blame upon myself.

This letter was the last that Mr. Hewes ever received from Paul Jones. The Commodore wrote to him one more letter after this one, dated "The Texel, October 10, 1779," giving an account of the cruise ; but it did not reach its destination until several days

after the death of Mr. Hewes, which occurred November 10, 1779. Nearly all of Jones's letters in the Hewes Collection are annotated by their recipient, either on the back of the sheets or by means of slips affixed to them. The comment of Mr. Hewes upon the foregoing letter was as follows:

> It is to be seen that he [Captain Jones] considers himself now at the end of resource, and that he must do or die with the weapons in his hands. I hope only that life may be spared me long enough to know the ending. I am sure from what he says at the end of his letter that he will either gain a memorable success or, if overmatched, go down with his flag flying and his guns firing. To me, who know him better than any one else does, his words "if I should fail and fall" mean that he intends both shall be if one is; that, if he must fail he is resolved to fall; that he will not survive defeat. Knowing him as I do, the desperate resolution foreshadowed in his words fills me in my present weak state with the gloomiest feelings.

"At daybreak on the 14th of August," says Jones in his official report to Dr. Franklin, "the little squadron under my orders sailed from the Road of Groaix."

This was the beginning of a cruise of only four ships, one of forty guns, one of thirty-six, one of twenty-eight, and one of twelve, that lasted only fifty days, and in length of voyage embraced only the circuit of the British Islands from west to east, north-about, and ending by anchorage in the Texel, October 3, 1779. In the history of naval warfare thousands of squadron cruises of equal or greater magnitude in the elements of force, length of time, and distance have been made. But no cruise

of any squadron in any period has impressed the pages of naval history with anything remotely approaching the romantic glory of this one. Other cruises have been marked at least by discipline, subordination, and zeal of commanders for the common cause. This one, from beginning to end, was distracted by insubordination that in any regular navy would have been condemned as mutiny and punished by shooting on deck or hanging at the yard-arm.

Next to the flag-ship, the most important ship of the squadron was the Alliance, and she was also the best and most effective frigate of her class in her day. She was but little inferior to the Bon Homme Richard in weight of battery or in complement of men; and this slight difference was, or in the hands of a loyal and skilful captain would have been, more than made up by her vastly superior sailing qualities and facility of handling. But, as misfortune would have it, the Alliance was commanded by Pierre Landais, whose conduct from first to last made him and his ship a burden instead of a help to the squadron. No page in the naval annals of the United States is so painful to write or so distressing to read as the one on which the truth must be told about Pierre Landais. And yet we are forced to the reflection that the fault was not wholly his. It must be shared by the short-sighted, inconsiderate men then in control of our naval administration, who, in a fit of mawkish sentimentality, gave to Landais an honorable commission and a most important command in our infant navy, apparently without the slightest survey of his

character or the least inquiry as to his antecedents.

He happened to come to the United States early in 1778 in command of one of Beaumarchais's ships laden with supplies for the Continental Army. It was at the time when the new alliance with France formed the ruling sensation. A new frigate, the best ever built in this country up to that time, had just been completed, and, though the original intention had been to name her the Independence, she was named the Alliance, in honor of the coalition.

Landais, like most depraved and dishonest men, was cunning. He seized the opportunity to foist himself upon the Marine Committee as an officer of the French Navy, on leave for the express purpose of commanding the vessel that had brought the supplies. He was taken at his word, commissioned as captain in the Continental Navy, and assigned to command the Alliance. Had even pretence of inquiry been made, it would have developed the fact —known only when too late—that he was really an ex-lieutenant of the French Navy, cashiered several years before for insubordination and refusal or failure to pay debts of honor. He had long been under complete social and professional ban in France, notwithstanding his connection with a noble family. He had been cut off and repudiated by his own relatives, and the reason why he came to America in command of a merchant ship was that he had no other means of livelihood. All these facts came out later; but not until after he had exhausted his power for mischief and had reflected upon our flag all the discredit he possibly could reflect upon it.

An English naval historian, writing long afterward with all the facts before him and with more than the average candor of English writers, says:

Paul Jones, with all his drawbacks and difficulties, succeeded in alarming and insulting our coasts with a contemptible little squadron, more than the whole navy of France had been able to do. He did this in spite of the treachery of his second in command, Landais. As it was, he did enough. What he might have done had the Alliance been in the hands of such a second in command to Paul Jones as Collingwood or Troubridge would have been to Nelson under like circumstances, it is quite unpleasant to imagine. Renegade though he was, it is yet a satisfaction to reflect that none but a British-born seaman could have done what he did; and it is also gratifying to reflect that his hands were partly tied and his energies half crippled by the incapacity or treachery or cowardice—or all three together—of an already disgraced Frenchman. Jones, himself, if he viewed the situation from the natural standpoint of a British-born seaman, must often have thought what many a loyal Briton has thought before and since, that Frenchmen are more desirable as enemies than as allies at sea!

The first forty days of the fifty-day cruise that began from Isle Groaix at daybreak, the 14th of August, 1779, were marked by but few events worth description in detail. The squadron shaped its course from Isle de Groaix west northwest to clear the French coast, and then northwest to cross the mouth of the English Channel, or a course to weather Cape Clear, Ireland, and fetch the west Irish coast close aboard. The prevailing winds were light and baffling, so that the squadron was nine days out before sighting Cape Clear.

In the meantime the Richard and a French privateer in company recaptured a large ship belonging to Holland, but bound from Barcelona to Dunkirk, France, which had been taken some days before by an English privateer off Cape Ortegal and ordered into Falmouth. England and Holland were still at peace at that time, but the English claimed the right to intercept and send into their own ports for examination all neutral vessels bound to French ports, as England and France were then at war. Commodore Jones took the English prize-crew out of the Dutch ship as prisoners of war and then ordered the ship into l'Orient in charge of her own crew, but placed one of his midshipmen on board with six men to represent possession until she could come under the protection of a French port.

During the afternoon of August 21st the Pallas brought to and captured the Mayflower, brigantine, bound from Limerick to London, laden with dairy products and salt meat and fish. This vessel, being British, was sent into l'Orient as an ordinary prize, with a prize-crew of two warrant officers and seven men.

In the forenoon of August 23d, Cape Clear bearing east northeast by east, in sight from the masthead and the weather dead calm, the Richard sent three boats and afterward a fourth to take a brig that was also becalmed in the northwest quarter out of gunshot. This brig proved to be the Fortune, of Bristol, bound from Newfoundland for her home-port with whale-oil, salt fish, and barrel-staves. She was manned by a prize-crew of two warrant officers and six men, and sent into Nantes.

The same day, while the boats above mentioned were absent from the Richard, Commodore Jones found it necessary to tow the head of the ship a quarter round to get her head to the tide, and as no wind sprung up, the tow had to be kept to prevent her from drifting on the Skallocks reef. The boat sent ahead to tow was the Commodore's barge, and it was manned principally by English sailors, the only Americans in her being Midshipman Watt, and one quartermaster as coxswain. About sundown the English crew overpowered the two Americans, cut the tow-line and pulled for the shore. As soon as their intention was discovered several nine-pound shots were fired at them from the quarter-deck guns, and Mr. Cutting Lunt, second lieutenant or master (navigating officer), lowered away one of the two remaining boats of the Richard, with six seamen and four marines, and gave chase. The deserters, however, escaped with the barge and got ashore, and Mr. Lunt, with his boat, pursued them so close in that he, too, was captured with his ten men.*

*Paul Jones was as original in his ideas of shipboard discipline as in his modes of fighting. In both alike he was, in his own conception, the "Prophet, Priest, and King." He had no fixed rules, either of discipline or of battle. He simply accepted every situation as it struck him, and depended on himself every time for the outcome. On this point Henry Gardner says:

"I sailed, in my time, with many captains; but with only one Paul Jones. He was the captain of captains. Any other commander I sailed with had some kind of method or fixed rule which he exerted towards all those under him alike. It suited some and others not; but it was the same rule all the time and to everybody. Not so Paul Jones. He always knew every officer or man in his crew as one friend knows another. Those big black eyes of his would look right through a new man at first sight and, maybe, see something behind him! At any rate, he knew every man and always dealt with each according to his notion. I have

This was a loss of two boats and twenty-three officers and men—twelve in the barge and eleven in Mr. Lunt's boat—and there was no better officer in the ship than Mr. Lunt. Jones, in his report of the cruise to Dr. Franklin, says that Mr. Lunt acted without orders, though he commends his zeal. Thus, during the first ten days of the cruise the complement of the Richard had been reduced by thirty-nine, of whom one was the third officer in the ship, whose loss could not easily be made good.

The calm continued until sundown of the 24th, when Commodore Jones, believing that it would thicken up and blow hard before morning, and therefore desiring to work farther off the coast, hauled to the northwest and stood out to sea. The

seen him one hour teaching the French language to his midshipmen and the next hour showing an apprentice how to knot a 'Turk's-head' or make a neat coil-down of a painter. He was in everybody's watch and everybody's mess all the time. In fact, I may say that any ship Paul Jones commanded was full of him, himself, all the time. The men used to get crazy about him when he was with them and talking to them. It was only when his back was turned that anyone could wean them away from him. If you heard peals of laughter from the forecastle, it was likely that he was there spinning funny yarns for Jack off watch. If you heard a roar of merriment at the cabin-table, it was likely that his never-failing wit had overwhelmed the officers' mess.

"He was very strict. I have seen him sternly reprove a young sailor, who approached him, for what he called 'a lubber's walk;' say to him, 'See here, this is the way to walk.' And then, after putting the novice through his paces two or three times, he would say to him: 'Ah, that's better! You'll be a blue-water sailor before you know it, my boy!' And then he would give the shipmate a guinea out of his own pocket.

"Above all things he hated the cat-o'-nine-tails. In two of his ships—the Providence and the Ranger—he threw it overboard the first day out. There was one in the Alfred that he never allowed to be used, and two in the Richard that were never used but twice. He consented to flog the lookout forward when the Richard fouled the Alliance the second

wind continued to freshen until the afternoon of August 26th, when it blew a gale from the southwest, and the squadron ran to the northeast by north under stormsails. In the morning of August 31st the west coast of the Hebrides was brought abeam. The gale then began to abate and the wind hauled to the west northwest, and on September 1st, about 10 A.M., Cape Wrath, the northwest promontory of Scotland, was sighted. At the same time two large ships hove in sight in the northwest quarter, and another large ship appeared to windward, evidently beating on a westerly course. Jones then bore up until he made out the first two ships to be the Alliance and a prize she had taken about daylight, a vessel bound for Jamaica from London, north-about.

day out from l'Orient; and also he allowed old Jack Robinson to persuade him that two foretop-men ought to be whipped for laying from aloft without orders when the squall struck us in the Richard off Leith. But when he consented to this he strictly enjoined upon old Jack that the men must be flogged with their shirts on, which, of course, made a farce of the whole proceeding. He said at this time: 'I have no use for the cat. Whenever a sailor of mine gets vicious beyond my persuasion or control the cheapest thing in the long run is to kill him right away. If you do that the others will understand it. But if you trice him up and flog him, all the other bad fellows in the ship will sympathize with him and hate you.'

"All the men under his command soon learned this trait in his character. One Sunday when we were off the west coast of Ireland, just after we had lost the barge and Mr. Lunt, he addressed the crew on the subject of discipline. He told them that, many years before, when he was a boy in the merchant-service, he had seen a man 'flogged round the fleet' at Port Royal, Jamaica. He said the man died under the lash; and he then made up his mind that Paul Jones and the cat-o'-nine-tails would part company. 'I tell you, my men,' he said, 'once for all, that when I become convinced that a sailor of mine must be killed, I will not leave it to be done by boatswain's mates under slow torture of the lash! But I will do it myself—and so G—— d—— quick that it will make your heads swim!'"

Having ascertained this, he hauled up with the Richard in chase of the ship beating to westward, and overhauled her about noon. She was armed and did not surrender until after exchange of several shots, when the Richard had weathered her sufficiently to show her a broadside, which occurred about noon, September 1st.

When hove-to and taken possession of, this prize proved to be the British letter-of-marque Union, mounting twenty-two six-pounders, bound northabout from London for Quebec, and laden with a cargo of naval and military stores for the British forces in Canada and their flotillas on the Lakes. The Union carried a valuable mail, including despatches from the British Government for Sir Guy Carleton in Canada, and also duplicate despatches for Sir William Howe at New York. "These public dispatches," says Jones in his report to Dr. Franklin, "were lost, as the Alliance imprudently showed American colors, though English colors were still flying on the Bon Homme Richard; the enemy thereby being induced to throw his papers of importance overboard before we could take possession of him."

These two prizes were manned from the Alliance and the prisoners taken in them were put aboard the Richard. Jones adopted this course for three reasons: first, because he wished to keep control of all prisoners taken; second, because his own crew had already been depleted to the extent of thirty-nine, and, third, because at that time and under those circumstances he was willing—or at least constrained himself—to yield almost anything to the pretensions

of Landais rather than precipitate an issue with him at sea in the middle of a cruise. He therefore allowed Landais to man the two prizes, directed him to keep them under his lee until after dark, and then ordered that they make the best of their way to l'Orient or Brest. As soon as night came on, however, Landais ordered the two prizes to run through Pentland Channel eastward and put into Bergen, in Norway, which they did.*

* Under ordinary circumstances Bergen would have been the best port to which to consign these prizes, because it was the most accessible and nearest neutral port, and the route to it was least liable to the risk of recapture. Jones would himself have ordered them there but for the fact, which he knew, whether Landais did or not, that they would be restored to the British as soon as they arrived there. Norway was then part of the Kingdom of Denmark, and the Danish King was wholly under the influence of England.

The moment they arrived at Bergen the British consul there demanded that they be given up to him. The United States had no representative at Bergen; but the French consul there, M. Duchezaulx, attempted to protect our interests and entered a protest against the surrender of the prizes. The question was then referred to the King of Denmark, who decided that they must be restored to Great Britain "because they had not been captured by the forces of a power recognized by Denmark as sovereign."

This decision reached Bergen on the 12th of October, and the two prizes, together with a third that had arrived two weeks later, were turned over to the British consul. M. Duchezaulx, in his official report of the affair, described the ships and their cargoes, and valued the three at £50,000.

Excepting the Mellish, taken by Jones in the Alfred, the Union was the most valuable prize captured by our navy during the Revolution. She was a new ship, and Jones's intention was, if she could reach a French port, to convert her into a sloop-of-war, for which she was well adapted. She had on board a crew of sixty-eight officers and men, among whom were four American sailors who had been released from prison in England on condition of shipping in this vessel. These were enrolled for service in the Richard. The other vessel was also a letter-of-marque, the Betsey, of London, with a cargo of flour, salt beef, and pork, and other provisions for the supply of the British Army in New York, and a

From the 3d to the 16th of September the squadron worked slowly down the east coast of Scotland, with no incident of note beyond the capture of five or six small prizes. On the morning of the 16th the squadron was off the Firth of Forth, and Jones determined to attack the port of Leith, which he had ascertained was defended only by a small guardship of twenty-two guns and an old fortification (old Leith Fort) garrisoned by a detachment of militia. In this enterprise he was seconded only by Captains Cottineau and Ricot, in the Pallas and Vengeance, Landais, with his usual contemptuous insubordination, having disregarded the signals of the flag-ship and stood out to sea.

The wind during the 16th and 17th of September was adverse, blowing off shore, with frequent heavy squalls, but about noon on the 17th the Richard and Pallas had beat up within gunshot of Leith Fort and were lowering away their boats to land when a heavy northwest gale sprung up, compelling them to hoist in their boats, and ultimately driving them out to sea during the afternoon. The gale lasted about twenty-four hours, but on the morning of the 19th the wind took a favorable turn, and Commodore

considerable quantity of merchandise consigned to Jamaica. She had on board a crew of forty-six all told, so that, with those taken in previous prizes, the Richard now had on board about one hundred and forty English prisoners of war. Although the despatches the Union carried had been thrown overboard, Jones learned from the gossip of the prisoners that the seven gun-boats building at Quebec, for which the Union was taking out equipment supplies, were intended for use on Lake Champlain in an expedition that Sir Guy Carleton had planned for the spring of 1780, on much the same lines as Burgoyne's invasion of 1777. It is probable that the delay in receiving these stores resulting from the capture had much to do with the abandonment of that expedition.

Jones proposed to renew the attack on Leith. The Alliance being still absent, he called Captain Cottineau, of the Pallas, on board the flag-ship to communicate the plan to him in person. Cottineau, while assuring the Commodore that he would support him, argued that the real opportunity was now lost; that the alarm had been given by the attempt of the 17th, and therefore they could not hope to find Leith unprepared after two days in which to get ready. Besides, they must assume that the news of their presence on the coast would have been transmitted by semaphore (the telegraph of those days) to London, and they might, therefore, expect the immediate despatch of a strong naval force from the Downs or from Yarmouth up the coast in search of them.

"Having already assured you that I will stand by you in any event, Commodore," said the gallant, though prudent, Cottineau, "I now feel at liberty to offer for your consideration my judgment that if we persist in this attempt and stay on this station three days longer, we shall have a squadron of heavy frigates, if not a ship or two of the line, to deal with. Convinced to this effect, I offer it as my judgment that we had better work along the coast to-day and to-morrow as far south as Spurn Head, and then, if we do not fall in with the Baltic merchant fleet, stand off the coast and make the best of our way to Dunkirk."

Commodore Jones had a warm personal regard for Captain Cottineau, and also a high opinion of his professional skill and judgment. After a few minutes' reflection he said: "You are probably

right, Cottineau, in your estimate of the situation. I only wish that another man like you were in command of the Alliance. However, we cannot help what is and must make the best of it. Go aboard your ship and make sail to the south southeast. Speak the Vengeance as you run down, and tell Ricot to rendezvous off Spurn Head. I will bring up the rear with this ship. We may fall in with the Baltic fleet between here and Scarboro', which is usually their first English port of destination at this time of year. Should you happen to sight the Alliance, inform Captain Landais of our destination, but do not communicate it to him as an order, because that would be likely to expose you only to insult."

The next three days were without event of note. On the 21st of September the Richard and the Pallas rendezvoused off Spurn Head, just in sight of land, and Captain Cottineau reported to the Commodore that he had exchanged signals with the Alliance the previous evening off the mouth of the Tyne, but that Landais had given him no intimation of what he intended to do, simply exchanging numbers and then standing out to sea. On the 22d, Jones, who was closer inshore than the Pallas, informed Cottineau that there was a considerable fleet of merchant vessels in convoy of a frigate anchored under the lee of Spurn Head, in the mouth of the Humber, and he believed they were colliers bound for London from Newcastle, and waiting for a shift of the wind which was then southerly and easterly, or dead ahead for the course they were bound upon. During that day, and before he could communicate with Cotti-

neau, Jones had taken and sunk one collier and chased another ashore.

Jones was meditating an attack at daylight the next morning on the coal fleet in the mouth of the Humber, when, just before dark on the 22d, the little Vengeance ran under his lee and informed him that the Baltic fleet had reached the English coast that forenoon, from the Cattegat, under convoy, and had put into Bridlington Bay to await a shift of the southerly wind, then prevailing, to the westward or northward to give them a fair slant for the Downs.

When Jones received this information he was directly off Spurn Head to the eastward about hull down from the land, the Pallas close aboard, the Alliance hull down to the southward and eastward. Perceiving instantly that the opportunity of his lifetime was now before him, he ordered Captain Ricot in the little Vengeance to stand out to sea and inform Landais in the Alliance that the next rendezvous of the squadron would be Flamboro' Head, and then laid the Richard's head north-northeast, signalling Cottineau in the Pallas to follow him on his starboard quarter, not getting out of sight from the main-top.

The distance from Spurn Head to Flamboro' is about forty miles as the bird flies ; but Jones did not wish to run straight up the coast, for fear of being discovered, and as the wind still held southerly he and the Pallas ran off before it northeast, away from the land, and out of sight of it, until the log showed that they had fairly northed the promontory of Flamboro'. They then hove-to before daylight and awaited developments.

It appears that Jones and Cottineau northed Flamboro' more than they intended during the night, because, when the fog scaled up about sunrise on the 23d of September, neither the land nor the Vengeance nor the Alliance was in sight. Meantime the wind, which was very light, had hauled to the southwest, which made it a dead beat for them to get in with the land again. They consumed the better part of the forenoon of the 23d beating up for Bridlington Bay, and in doing so they both made such leeway that they brought Flamboro' on the port beam with their last tack inshore, instead of on the starboard beam as they had intended. To correct this and get to windward of Flamboro' they wore off shore again about one o'clock in the afternoon. They had hardly got sea-room enough to haul up for the land on the starboard tack, when the whole Baltic fleet appeared running out of Bridlington Bay, steering north-northeast, before the wind, between them and the coast, and evidently making for Scarboro' or Tyne mouth for shelter and defence.

At this time the Richard and the Pallas were about ten or twelve miles off the land, the wind southwest and very light, hardly more than enough to make steering-way. The Baltic ships, however, had the strength of the land breeze and ran off free with it, making for Scarboro'. Their convoy brought up the rear, standing bold out to sea toward the Richard and the Pallas, with the evident intention of getting and keeping between the merchant ships and the strangers.

Jones now saw that unless the wind changed and got fresher he would have no chance whatever at the

merchant ships, which were sure to get shelter in Scarboro' or farther north before he could reach them. At the same time he saw that the convoy was a heavy ship-of-war, either a fifty-gun ship or a forty-four, with a large sloop-of-war in company. He also saw that the captain of the larger ship in convoy had cleverly manœuvred to protect his merchant ships, leaving him nothing to do but sheer off or fight.

Just before hauling in for the land Jones had decoyed a pilot-boat alongside and had taken possession of her, placing Lieutenant Henry Lunt with fourteen sailors and marines in charge of her, and had ordered them to bring to a collier in the south-east quarter. But as soon as he made out the force of the enemy he signalled Lunt to abandon the pilot-boat and return aboard the Richard. The wind was so light that Lunt could not at once comply with this order, being to leeward, and, as the wind was off the land, it became lighter with distance.* Commodore

* Captain Mahan, in his "John Paul Jones in the Revolution" (*Scribner's Magazine* for August, 1898), severely censures Henry Lunt for his failure to pull aboard the Richard at once after leaving the pilot-boat. With all due respect to the author as an authority on naval topics, we venture to suggest that Captain Mahan's verdict against Henry Lunt is too harsh. The deck-officer "sent away that morning had, to his discredit, failed to return," says Captain Mahan; clearly referring to Lunt. When Jones opened on Pearson with the Richard's broadside it was already dark. Lunt was in an open boat, to leeward, and had a knot-and-a-half to two knots set of tidal current against him. Pulling toward the scene of battle, he ran up to and spoke the little Vengeance. Captain Ricot, of that brig, says that he advised Lunt to pull for the Richard, regardless of the *mêlée*. Lunt says that Ricot advised him to keep out of it. Before Lunt reached hail of Ricot, Jones had signalled to the latter: "Lie to, as you are; you are not big enough to bear a hand in this."

By the time Lunt got near enough in his boat to see by the dim moon-

Jones then seeing that the enemy's large ship was holding aback for him, while the sloop-of-war was reaching to leeward to cover the flank of the convoy, requested Captain Cottineau to give his attention to the latter, and hauled up the Richard to get, if possible, between the land and the larger ship.

Owing to the lightness of the wind this was a

light what was doing, the Richard and the Serapis had locked teeth in their murderous rough-and-tumble fight. At his distance and in the night Lunt could not tell friend from foe; he could not see which ship to pull for. Paul Jones ought to be considered a fair witness on this point. He says (Page 165, Sherburne Collection), by way of comment on Lunt's testimony in the Landais case:

"This certificate of Lieutenant Lunt, who was a mere spectator, is of great weight and importance, it being only in the power of this gentleman or of Captain Ricot, who, in the Vengeance, was also a mere spectator, to give a true account of the respective positions and manœuvres of the ships engaged."

As it was, Lunt got close aboard in his boat quite a while before the Serapis struck. Reference to Richard Dale's narrative will show that Lunt boarded the Serapis on the off side from the Richard within five or six minutes after the firing ceased. It is by no means easy to board a ship from a boat at sea when the ship is hove-to and at peace. We have yet to read or hear of an instance where anyone has boarded a ship from a boat at sea when the ship was fighting; least of all, when fighting as the Richard fought then.

In the remark of Jones already quoted, there is no sign of displeasure; no tone of criticism. It may be safely assumed that, if Jones had ascribed Lunt's prudence to lack of courage, history would have heard from him on the subject; because the one crime indefensible and unforgiveable in his calendar was cowardice. Moreover, not a month later, as will appear farther on, he gave to Lunt charge of an affair in which he (Jones) was the challenged party. It is, we think, impossible to suppose that Paul Jones would select for his second in a probable duel a man whose previous conduct in battle had been "discreditable." When it became necessary to make a show of force to suppress an incipient mutiny in the Alliance, at the Texel, Jones used Lunt as commander of the repressive detachment from the Richard's old crew. Beyond this, the two men were bosom friends until death separated them.

slow manœuvre, requiring several tacks with little more than steering-way, and the whole afternoon was consumed in these evolutions. The enemy's ships, however, seemed more intent on protecting their convoy than on manœuvring for position, and so about sundown Jones succeeded in weathering the large ship and got between her and the land.

It was now about 7 P.M., the day being Thursday, September 23, 1779, but there was a full moon, and in the long twilight of that latitude the obscurity was not serious. As the ships neared each other on opposite tacks, Jones had no difficulty in making out the force and rate of his antagonist. He had in his possession a complete list of the British Navy, giving the rate, dimensions, rig, and armament of every ship, from sloops-of-war up. He saw that the approaching enemy was a small two-decker; but she was not yet near enough to make out whether she was a fifty-gun ship of the older type, called the Romney class, or one of the new forty-fours of the Rainbow class, several of which had recently been built. This uncertainty, however, was of little moment, as the older fifties were no more powerful than the new forty-fours; but he knew that either rate was superior in weight of metal to the Richard as three is to two, and he knew also that the crew of the enemy was at least equal to his own in number and vastly superior in discipline, training, and national homogeneity. However, he welcomed her approach and bent all his skill to the purpose of getting between her and the land, for the double purpose of gaining the weather-gage and preventing her from running

into Scarboro' Harbor and under the guns of the castle, which he at first feared she might attempt to do as soon as she saw that her convoy was safe. In the meantime the Pallas was running off to leeward in chase of the enemy's smaller man-of-war, and the Alliance, which had disregarded the signal to bear up and form line with the Richard, remained astern under her topsails, half hull down.

Turning now, for a moment, to the British ship, we find that she was the newest of the forty-fours before mentioned; only six months off the stocks, and on her first cruise as convoy to the Baltic fleet. This fleet consisted of forty or forty-one vessels inbound from the Baltic, and almost wholly laden with timber and other naval stores for the use of the British dockyards. Even at that early period the forests of England had ceased to furnish a sufficient supply of ship timber, and the deficiency had to be made up by large importations from Dantzic and Sweden. Destruction or serious damage to this fleet would directly affect the British Navy, and Jones had hoped for opportunity to attack it. But his plan had been frustrated, partly by the vigilance and skill of the commander of the men-of-war in convoy, and partly by the treachery and cowardice of the wretched Landais, who deliberately let pass the perfect opportunity offered him of getting among the fleeing merchantmen with the fast-sailing Alliance before they could reach the shelter of Scarboro', and while Jones in the Richard and Cottineau in the Pallas were occupying the attention of the two men-of-war in convoy.

The British ship was the Serapis, forty-four, Cap-

tain Richard Pearson. She carried twenty long eighteen-pounders in her lower tier, twenty-two long nine-pounders in her upper tier, and eight nine-pounders on her quarter-deck, throwing three hundred and fifteen pounds of metal in full broadside. Her dimensions were as follows:

Length on main gun-deck	148 feet
Length of keel for tonnage	123½ "
Extreme breadth	39¾ "
Depth of hold	17½ "
Burthen (B. O. M.)	986 tons

Her complement, all told, was three hundred and thirty-two officers, seamen, and marines, but of these, Captain Pearson stated in his testimony before the court-martial, seven were non-combatants and eight on the sick-list at the time of the action, leaving three hundred and seventeen effective men of all ranks.

Two interesting accounts are extant of the scenes on board the Serapis while the two ships were approaching for battle. One was written by the first lieutenant, John Brenton Wright, and published in a London magazine in 1781; the other by Dr. William Bannatyne, the ship's surgeon, and published in the *Navy Chronicle* twenty years afterward.

Lieutenant Brenton Wright says:

As the stranger approached, Captain Pearson showed some impatience at his inability to make out her rate. From her height out of water and the size of her spars he thought she might be a French fifty of the time of the last war, but she had not yet showed a lower tier, and it was

too dusk to make out clearly whether she had her lower ports closed, or if she had any at all. Finally, after ordering a hail which was not answered, Captain Pearson took the night glasses from his eyes and said, "It is probably Paul Jones. If so, there is work ahead!"

Dr. Bannatyne says:

Having prepared the cock-pit for the needs of action, I went on deck, where Captain Pearson stood near the break of the quarter-deck, with Mr. Brenton Wright by his side. The enemy had just wore his ship and backed his topsail, fetching his broadside to bear on our weather bow, distant one-half mile. "That was a clever manœuvre," said Captain Pearson. "It holds for him the weather-gage and makes it impossible for me to luff athwart his hawse without exposing my ship to be raked. He means to fight. I can't, however, make out his rate or force in this dusk. [It was then some time after sundown.] From his height out of water and the size and set of his spars and rigging I should say he might be an old French fifty of the time of the last war." [Meaning the Old French War, twenty years before.]

Then Captain Pearson tried his night-glass again, the two ships meantime slowly closing; the enemy edging down, the Serapis holding on. Finally, Captain Pearson took the glass from his eyes, turned to me and said: "Doctor, the stranger is probably Paul Jones. If so, there is work ahead!"

In his report to Dr. Franklin, Jones says: "Earnest as I was for the action, I could not reach the Commodore's ship till seven o'clock in the evening, being then within pistol-shot, when he hailed the Bon Homme Richard, and we answered him by our whole broadside."

The log of the Serapis, which was captured with the ship, says, in its last entry: "Ships now fairly abeam, a cable's length [six hundred feet apart] on the same tack, wind abeam, southwest, light but steady. Sea smooth, moon full, sky clear, time 7.15 P.M. We hail second time, enemy answers with broadside."

CHAPTER IX

THE BATTLE WITH THE SERAPIS

The battle that began with the Richard's broadside in reply to the last hail of the Serapis is a subject about which the world seems never to tire of reading. This fact is due to a variety of causes, among which are the extraordinary character of the conflict itself; the world-wide fame it gained at the time as marking an epoch in naval warfare—the first and the only instance in history of the surrender of a British man-of-war to a ship of not more than two-thirds her force; the unique fact that the ship which surrendered destroyed and sunk the ship that conquered her; the extraordinary and unheard-of desperation of both combatants, and the unexampled carnage suffered by both crews; and the romantic, almost weird, interest always inspired by the name of Paul Jones.

Concerning any sea-battle there are always three prime sources of information: first, the official reports of commanding officers; second, the testimony in the formal court-martial always—at least in England and the United States—held upon a captain who loses or surrenders his ship; and, third, the personal narratives of participants on either side.

In this case the official reports of both commanding officers were brief and general in their scope, af-

fording but little suggestion of detail. Jones's account of the battle is embraced in his general report of the cruise as a whole, made to Congress through Dr. Franklin. This document fills thirteen pages of ordinary print, of which only two and one-quarter pages are devoted to description of the combat itself. Pearson's report is equally sententious, filling only two and one-half pages of official admiralty print, and of that nearly half is taken up by casualties. There is, therefore, but little material for detailed description in them. The great bulk, however, of the historical accounts of this battle written in this century seem to be based upon these reports, the skeletons of which have been filled in or filled out, or elaborated or embellished to suit the fancies of the myriad writers, who, in the pages of books or magazines, or in the columns of newspapers, have perennially chosen this battle for a theme.

Arriving now at the second source of information indicated—that is to say, the testimony elicited by resulting courts-martial—we find that it is much more copious and satisfactory than the official reports in the sense of detail. But, unfortunately, these documents are not easily accessible to the general run of writers, because they are not published except in official or state papers, of which only a few copies are printed, and those for the information of Congress or Parliament, and not for popular circulation.

As for the third source of information indicated —that is to say, the personal narratives of participants—the history of this battle is exceptionally rich in literature of that kind ; but here again the misfortune is that these narratives were all printed

in pamphlets or newspapers published more than a century ago, most of which have long since disappeared, while the few copies still extant are buried in private collections of rare prints, or in the not easily accessible vaults of great public libraries. We have seen in one collection twenty-three pamphlets on the subject of this battle in the French language alone, all printed in Paris and other cities of France during the years 1780 and 1781. These were all written either by Frenchmen who belonged to the Richard's crew, or by friends who wrote their stories for them. Another collection contains almost an equal number of pamphlets printed in England and Scotland, besides bulky scrap-books filled with the newspaper accounts of the day, both in this country and in Great Britain.

As already remarked, at least one court-martial must always follow a naval battle—that of the defeated commander. In this case there are two. One was that of Captain Pearson, who was not only honorably acquitted of all blame for the loss of his ship, but was knighted for the courage and skill with which he defended her to the last. The other was that of Pierre Landais, Captain of the Alliance, for the treachery and cowardice he displayed during the battle, and also for his general and persistent misconduct during the cruise as a whole.*

The testimony in the Pearson court-martial, particularly the statement of Captain Pearson himself, is lucid and of great historical value, as is also

* Landais's court-martial did not get beyond the stage of formal charges, as will be hereafter explained, and accompanying statements of witnesses.

that of Dr. William Bannatyne, the surgeon of the Serapis. The testimony in the Landais case embraces the statements of twenty-three officers, of whom five were on board the Alliance herself during the action, and eighteen in the Richard, besides the observations of Captain Cottineau, of the Pallas, and Captain Ricot, of the Vengeance. But of all the historical evidence extant, the most interesting piece is a copy of the graphic diagram or plan of the battle sketched by Jones himself, showing the ships in twelve different positions, which he drew to illustrate his accusation against Landais, and his detailed explanation of the charges. This copy was preserved in the Gardner Collection, and is approved by Jones with the words "a true copy" and his signature. It was made from the original by Henry Gardner in 1782, when he was with Jones at Portsmouth, N. H., employed in fitting out the America, of seventy-four guns.

This diagram * is reproduced here, and our description of the battle, so far as manœuvre is concerned, will be based upon it. Reference to the diagram will show that in Position No. 1, which was due east from Flamboro' Head, distant about seven miles, time 7.15 P.M., the two ships were on the same tack, headed northwest, the wind southwest, light, and veering to the westward. The sea was smooth, the full moon was rising, and the sky clear—ideal conditions for a night battle. The ships had ap-

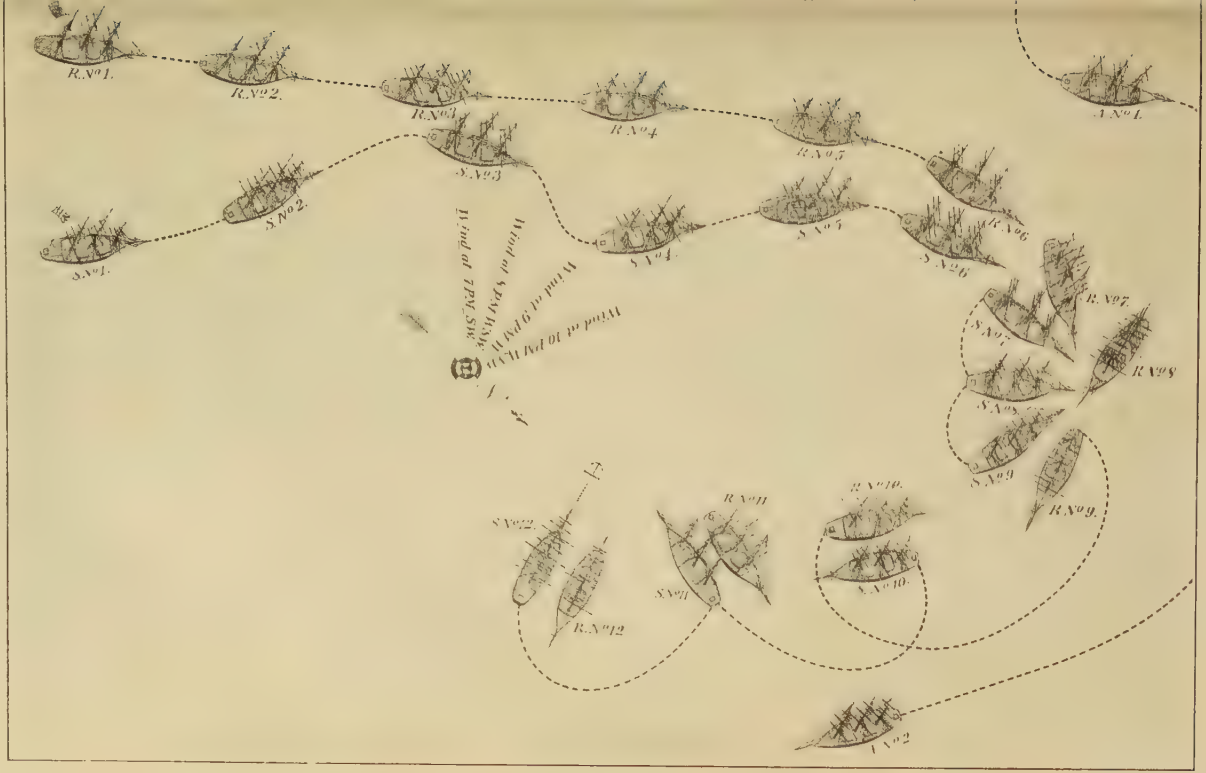
* A redraft from Gardner's copy, drawn by Mr. John Q. A. Moore, draughtsman in the Bureau of Construction, United States Navy. The Bon Homme Richard is marked "R," the Serapis "S," and the Alliance "A."

proached each other on opposite tacks, the Richard wearing around Flamboro' Head, the Serapis coming in from seaward, the former holding the weather-gage.

Both Jones and Pearson say in their reports, or in the logs of their ships, that the Richard answered the last hail of the Serapis with a broadside. Lieutenant Dale, in his narrative of the battle, written and published many years afterward, says: "At this moment [the moment of the last hail] I received orders from Commodore Jones to commence the action with a broadside, which, indeed, appeared to be simultaneous on board both ships."

They then worked northward from Position No. 1 at a rate of about three knots an hour, the wind being but little more than sufficient to give them steering-way with the tide. They maintained their relative positions on this course for about twenty minutes, broadsiding with all the fury they could muster, at a range of from a cable's length to a cable and a half (600 to 900 feet). In this part of the action, almost at the first fire, the Richard's improvised steerage, or gun-room, battery of eighteen-pounders was disabled and put out of action by two of them blowing up back of the trunnions, the explosion making havoc among their gun-crews, lifting the part of the main gun-deck immediately above them, and causing considerable demoralization in the after-part of the ship.

Senior Midshipman and Acting Lieutenant John Mayrant, who had command of this battery, was severely wounded in the head by a fragment of one of the exploded guns, and also scorched by the



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF THE BON HOMME RICHARD AND THE SERAPIS.

blast of flame, but he held his command and at once notified First Lieutenant Dale, commanding the main gun-deck battery, that the eighteen-pounders might as well be abandoned, because the men could not be induced to work the others any more. He also reminded Dale that they were all from the same lot condemned as of no further use in the French Navy, when they were mounted in the Richard at l'Orient. Dale then ordered Mayrant to abandon that deck and report with his remaining men to the main-deck battery. Jones says in his report: "As for the six old eighteen-pounders that formed the battery of the lower gun-deck, they did no service whatever, except firing eight shots in all. Two out of three of them burst at the first fire, killing almost all the men who were stationed to manage them."

This at once reduced the Richard's broadside to fourteen twelve-pounders on the main deck and four nine-pounders on the quarter-deck, throwing two hundred and four pounds of metal; as against the Serapis's broadside of ten eighteen-pounders and fifteen nine-pounders, throwing three hundred and fifteen pounds of metal; in other words, it reduced the Richard to the equivalent rate of a thirty-two-gun frigate, as against a two-decker forty-four.

During this early period of the action the gunnery of the Richard, according to the accounts of those present on both sides, was excellent. Though her battery was one-third lighter than that of the Serapis; though her gun-crews were composed partly of French volunteers who had never been at sea before

this cruise ; though the heavier battery of the Serapis was manned by perfectly trained, regular English man-of-war seamen ; yet in accuracy and rapidity of fire the Richard's gunnery did not suffer by comparison with that of her more powerful foe. But the eighteen-pounders of the Serapis's lower tier were served with skill remarkable even for trained English gunners, and it was not long before the superior weight and energy of their shot began to tell decisively against the twelve-pounders of the Richard, no matter how bravely or how skilfully the latter might be handled.

Under such conditions the ships reached Position No. 2 in about twenty minutes, or about 7.35 P.M., having sailed, or rather drifted, during that time, say, a mile and a half. In this position the Serapis was forereaching the Richard, and as the wind kept hauling to the westward and abeam or a little forward of it on the course then held, the Richard began to make lee-way, which, as the Serapis held on well, brought the two ships closer together. Pearson now thought he saw a chance to take advantage of the smarter sailing and quicker handling of his ship, and believed he had headway enough to luff athwart the Richard's hawse and rake her, and possibly to tack clear round her bows so as to gain the weather-gage on the other tack. During the ten minutes or so that this manœuvre was in progress the broadsiding continued with unremitting fury, and the superior weight of the enemy's metal was beginning to produce distress on the Richard's gun-deck, several of her twelve-pounders having been dismounted or otherwise crippled, and the efficiency of all the gun-

crews on that deck seriously impaired by the havoc of shot and splinters.

By this time, about 7.45 P.M., Position No. 3 had been reached. This position was produced by the failure of Pearson to luff athwart the Richard's hawse. When he began this manœuvre he must either have miscalculated his own distance or underestimated the way the Richard had, because, though the Serapis held her luff well, she lost way with it, and, the Richard continuing to forge up, it became apparent to Pearson that if he persisted in the attempt the Richard would foul him, bows on, about amidships. Doubtless the continued veering of the wind round into the west had much to do with this mistake of Pearson, because it kept hauling more and more ahead as he luffed, thereby doubly checking the way of his ship. Be this as it may, he did not want the Richard to foul and grapple him, because that would neutralize to a great extent his superiority of battery; and besides, as the ships came quite close in this manœuvre, he became sensible of the effect of the musketry from the Richard's tops, and quarter- and poop-decks, which was much more destructive than the musketry of his own comparatively small force of marines.

Pearson, therefore, in Position No. 3, box-hauled his ship, paid her bow off by flattening his forward sails and tried to let her fall off to leeward, clear of the Richard. In this effort, however, while the bow of the Serapis paid off, her stern swung to, and before she could gather way again the Richard ran her jibboom over the Serapis's larboard quarter and into her mizzen rigging. Jones then made his first at-

tempt to grapple with his adversary by throwing grapnels from his forecastle into the mizzen backstays of the Serapis; but, though the irons caught, the lines holding them soon parted as the Serapis fell off and the Richard forged ahead. During this period there were several minutes when the ships were almost in line ahead, and neither, owing to the limited arc of train of guns in ships of that day, could bring her broadside to bear.

This condition, however, soon ended, because the Richard's way was not materially stopped by the partial fouling in Position No. 3, while the Serapis fell off to leeward, and in a few minutes they were abeam again in Position No. 4, where the broadsiding was resumed. Perhaps a quarter of an hour had been consumed in the manœuvres included under the general head of Position No. 3, so that Position No. 4 may be assumed to have been reached within a few minutes, either way, of 8 P.M. At this stage of the action it had become perfectly evident, not only to Commodore Jones but to everyone else in the Richard, that there was no earthly chance of success in a contest of broadsides. The battle had lasted about three-quarters of an hour. Its result up to that time is better described than we have ever seen elsewhere, in the narrative of Henry Gardner, published in pamphlet form at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1782. Gardner was first quarter-gunner of the Richard at the beginning of the action, and at its end he was acting-gunner, in consequence of the disrating of his immediate senior, the gunner of the ship—Arthur Randall—in the midst of the battle, for misconduct, hereafter explained.

Writing of this stage of the action, Gardner says:

As soon as the ships could bring their guns to bear again after separating, the fire of both was renewed; the enemy's as heavy and destructive as before, but ours much weaker. In fact but little of our starboard broadside was left. Of the fourteen twelve-pounders in it at the beginning, nine were either dismounted by their carriages and tackle being smashed by the eighteen-pound shot of the enemy's lower tier, or else so jammed through wreckage of the port-openings from the same cause as to be unserviceable. Of the hundred and forty-odd officers and men stationed in the main gun-deck battery at the beginning, more than half—at least over eighty—were killed or wounded. The whole deck was slippery with blood and littered with fragments of heads, bodies, and limbs.

It was clear to everyone that, at this rate, the end could not be far off; and, besides, it was known that many of the enemy's eighteen-pound shot had pierced our hull between wind and water, and there was already at least three or four feet of water in the hold, and rapidly gaining. From the gun-deck itself, looking out-port, we could see that the port sills were much nearer the water's surface than at the beginning, showing that the ship had already sunk at least two feet from her natural trim. Yet, despite this wreck and carnage, I could not see that any of our remaining men were disposed to flinch, or that the five guns we had left were worked with any less will than at the start.

Just at this time the Commodore came down on the gun-deck and said to Mr. Dale, who was at the moment near me:

"Dick, his metal is too heavy for us at this business. He is hammering us all to pieces. We must close with him; we must get hold of him! Be prepared at any moment to abandon this deck and bring what men you have left on the spar-deck—and give them the small arms for boarding when you come up."

Having said this to Mr. Dale, the Commodore returned to the upper decks, and in a few minutes the cutlasses, pistols, and some pikes and muskets were served out to us and we went above, except a few left to guard the hatches under which the prisoners were confined. . . .

The worst carnage of all was on number two gun of the forward starboard division. From the first broadside till the gun-deck was abandoned, nineteen different men were on this gun, and at the end, but one of her original crew remained. That was our little Indian, Anthony Jeremiah; or, as his mess-mate nickname was, "Red Jerry"—generally pronounced by the crew "Red Cherry." He was "port-fire" throughout. ["Port-fire" in those days, before locks, primers, or lanyards were invented, meant the man who tended the slow-match and touched off the gun when laid.—Author.]

When the gun-deck was abandoned and we went above, Jerry joined Mayrant's boarding-party and was among the first over the enemy's hammock-netting in the final rush. Surely, I think, the natural blood-thirst of Jerry's savage race must have been glutted in that battle. He seemed to bear a charmed life; for he didn't get a scratch from first to last, except maybe a cut or two by splinters.

During this time the wind had steadily hauled until it was now very close to the west point, and was freshening a little as it veered. This helped the Richard sooner than it did the Serapis, by enabling her to gather way first, and it also aided Jones in his manœuvre of wearing off the wind to close with the enemy. Holding this course, Position No. 5 was quickly reached, and, a few minutes later, Position No. 6, where the ships were not more than one hundred feet apart, the Richard exactly between the wind and the Serapis, and completely

blanketing the latter, who quickly lost way as the wind was shut out from her sails by the Richard's blanket. Thus far the manœuvre had exactly met Jones's design. It only remained for him to get way enough on the Richard to shoot across the forefoot of the now almost stationary Serapis, when his hope of grappling her would be realized. In the meantime the broadsides of the Serapis were more terrific, if possible, than ever, while the gun-deck battery of the Richard was silent and abandoned, no cannon now being used on the Richard except the quarter-deck nine-pounders, and of these only three, in the starboard broadside, remained serviceable.

Position No. 6 was really the crisis of the battle, because there was determined the question whether or not the Richard could hold way enough to get her head across the forefoot of the Serapis, and then foul and grapple her before the latter could fall off as she had already done in Position No. 3. This was the last resort; the only remaining hope. If it failed, and if the Serapis could get one more breakaway, on either tack, clear of the Richard, out of reach of a grapple, and free to use her lower tier of eighteen-pounders again at any range, no fate would be left the Richard but to surrender or sink alongside.

Strangely enough, in the midst of this agony of Position No. 6, the Alliance appeared to windward, hove-to about two cables' length away on the Richard's port quarter, and opened fire, first with a broadside of solid shot, and afterward one of grape and bar-shot or "double-headers." Reference to the diagram and note of the position of the Alliance marked "A1" must exhibit beyond question that

she could not possibly have hit any ship but the Richard with these broadsides, because, as the Alliance stood at that moment, not one of her shot could have touched the Serapis without first passing through the hull or rigging of the Richard.

Of this episode of the battle Jones says in his report to Dr. Franklin: "At last the Alliance appeared, and I now thought the battle at an end; but to my utter astonishment he discharged a broadside full into the stern of the Bon Homme Richard." After firing these broadsides the Alliance ran off to the northward close hauled, and was gone for some time out of gunshot.

At this moment, with his main battery completely silenced, his ship beginning to sink, his consort firing into him, and nearly half his crew *hors de combat*, but one chance of victory remained for Paul Jones, and that was a slender one—the chance of fouling the enemy and laying him on board. Under these conditions, Position No. 6 in a few minutes developed into Position No. 7.

Here the blanketing by the Richard had quite stopped the headway of the Serapis. At the same time a fortunate puff of wind, as it veered toward west-northwest, had struck the Richard at the critical moment, enabling her to keep her steering-way sufficiently to both shoot ahead of the Serapis and also to broach to on the other tack across her forefoot. In single combats between sail-ships in those days, it frequently happened that a sudden haul or a quick puff of wind one way or the other decided the fate of battle. The lucky puff that struck and filled the sails of the crippled Bon

Homme Richard at the critical moment in Position No. 6, happening as it did when the blanketed Serapis could get no benefit from it, was without question a most important if not absolutely decisive element in the fortunes of an otherwise hopeless struggle. At all events, it quickly produced Position No. 7, in which the Richard, with considerable way, got athwart the hawse of the Serapis, standing still and practically unmanageable ; or at least not under control from total want of steering-way.

At the time of this manœuvre the Richard's wheel had been shot away, and an eighteen-pound shot through her counter had shattered the tiller and cracked the iron strap that held it to the rudder-head. But this mishap had been provided for. Jones, while overhauling the Richard at l'Orient before sailing, had fitted a spare tiller to the rudder-stem below the main tiller, or where it passed through the after part of the gun-room or steerage on the deck below, and to this he had rove give-and-take or relieving tackle to steer by hand in case the wheel, wheel-ropes, or main tiller should be disabled in action. This spare steering-gear, provided with such foresight, now came into use, and by means of it the Richard was enabled to take advantage of her last chance of victory.

We may now turn for a moment to the situation on board the Serapis at this turning-point in the battle. Dr. Bannatyne, in his paper previously noted, says :

It was now seen by Captain Pearson that the enemy's design of rounding our bows could not be frustrated. Our

ship's way was wholly stopped and she lay like a log on the water with sails flapping idly, the wind, of which there was but little, being wholly blanketed from us by the enemy's sails not a hundred feet away.

In this emergency Captain Pearson threw all his main and after sails aback, hoping as soon as the enemy's stern should swing a little more with the weather, the wind would again reach our after sails aback and give our ship stern-way so she might back clear. But this expedient proved vain because the enemy rounded very close and when the little wind there was struck our after sails its effect was only to swing our stern to leeward. By this means our bowsprit and jib-boom barely escaped running inboard the mizzen-shroud-stays of the enemy as she came round, and the jib-boom did run in over the enemy's poop-deck on his starboard quarter, where it was grappled by a turn of a small hawser and made fast to the enemy's mizzen mast.

But this was not the worst. Our ship was now beginning to gather a little stern-way ; but the enemy kept grazing along our side until the outboard fluke of our starboard anchor hooked in his mizzen-chains, where it was quickly lashed fast, and thus, at last, the enemy had effected the grapple that Captain Pearson so earnestly sought to avoid.

These untoward events completely altered the character of the conflict. No sooner had the American Commodore made the ships fast than he abandoned all attempt at great-gun fire, except with two or three small pieces on his quarter-deck, and gave all his energy to induce an overpowering fire of musketry from his upper decks and tops. In this situation our superior battery below cut no figure whatever, though, as soon as he ranged down on our starboard broadside our lower-tier gun-crews were shifted to that side, and as the ships were so close together that the port-lids could not be triced-up, our sailors blew them out with the first discharges of our starboard eighteen-pounders. But this did no good, because our shot now did noth-

ing but make a clean breach through a gun-deck already riddled, silenced, and abandoned. The real battle now was above decks ; and here, as we soon found to our fatal cost, our apparently unconquerable foe had the best of it.

As soon as Captain Pearson saw that our starboard anchor was fouled in the enemy's chains, he ordered that anchor to be let go by cutting away the ring-stopper and shank-painter. Unfortunately these fastenings were led from our forecastle and so were commanded by the enemy's marksmen with their muskets in his tops and on his high poop-deck, which overhung our forecastle. The American Commodore, realizing the vital need to him of guarding this grapple, personally directed the musketry-fire of his marines on the poop-deck against everyone who tried to cut the painter and stopper to let the anchor go. It was said by his own men in conversation afterward that the American Commodore was so determined in defence of this grapple that he, several times, when our men approached to cut the fastenings of the anchor, took muskets from the hands of his marines and shot down our men by his own aim.

Let this be so or not, it is certain that every one of our people who approached the fastenings of that anchor received from one to half a dozen musket-balls for his pains; naturally the attempt was not long persisted in, and finally our (acting) Third Lieutenant, Mr. Popplewell, was shot through the head in a last desperate attempt to cut the fastenings. After this, not only was no further attempt made, but that part of our deck was abandoned by officers and men alike, exposure there being simply an invitation of certain death.

The foregoing extract from Dr. Bannatyne's paper is the testimony of a fair-minded, judicial enemy—and a non-combatant officer at that—printed twenty years after the battle.

From the American point of view, the best description extant of this period of the battle is that of Nathaniel Fanning. He says:

Everything now depended on the musketry of our ship; of the sailors in the fore, main, and mizzen tops with muskets and hand grenades, and the French marines, who were mostly stationed on the quarter-deck, poop-deck, and top of the roundhouse; and but few of them were left. Our gun-deck battery was all silenced by this time, and the few men of those serving in it not killed or disabled had abandoned that deck. Most of our twelve-pounders were dismounted, or so cluttered with wreckage that we could not work them. The eighteen-pounders of the enemy's lower tier were driving in beams, knees, and planking of the deck under our feet, and his upper tier of nine-pounders were splintering everything overhead, in consequence of the height of our one gun-deck being a little more than that of his lower tier and less than that of his upper tier, until our gun-deck battery was wholly out of action, untenable fore and aft, and our only cannon still serviceable were three of our quarter-deck nine-pounders, and these were being worked with a will.

The lower tier of the Serapis was, of course, all decked over, so our musketry could not reach the English on that deck. But the upper tier of the Serapis was uncovered through the waist of that ship, which was rather long, both her quarter-deck and forecastle being short.

In face of these facts it became the Commodore's tactics to give his whole attention to clearing the exposed decks of the enemy, leaving her lower tier to do its worst, because he could not reach it any more with any disposable fire. He therefore assumed, and held for the rest of the action, direct command of his French marines in person. Their proper captain, de Chamillard, had suffered a distressing wound in the knee early in the action, and their lieuten-

ants, de Mezieres and de la Bernerie, had been both wounded, the latter mortally. They had also by this time lost heavily from their rank and file, and, on the whole, seemed a little discouraged at the moment when the Commodore took command of them in person, not more than twenty or twenty-five of them being left at this time fit for duty.

I myself was in the maintop at this time, fifty or sixty feet above the quarter-deck, but I could distinctly hear, amid the crashing of the musketry, the great voice of the Commodore, cheering the French marines in their own tongue, uttering such imprecations upon the enemy as I never before or since heard in French or any other language, exhorting them to take good aim, pointing out objects for their fire, and frequently giving them direct example by taking their loaded muskets from their hands into his and firing himself. In fact, toward the very last, he had about him a group of half a dozen marines who did nothing but load their firelocks and hand them to the Commodore, who fired them from his own shoulder, standing on the quarter-deck rail by the main topmast backstay.

Fighting of this kind could not long fail to tell. The part of the enemy's upper tier exposed in the waist was very soon abandoned. In fact most of the gun-crews in that part of the enemy's battery were shot down by musket balls from our quarter and poop decks and roundhouse. Neither could the enemy stand to his wheel nor could his sails be handled because, of course, all the running rigging, cleets, and leaders being aboveboard, it was instant death to any English sailor that tried to touch a brace, sheet, or halliard.

Their anchor-fluke being lashed foul in our mizzen-chains, they repeatedly tried to get their men with hatchets to cut the shank-painter and ring-stopper of that anchor to let it go, and in that way drift clear of us ; but the Commodore watched this fastening all the time and had men ready to shoot any English sailor that tried to cut the painter and stopper. In fact it was against the enemy's men that tried

this that his own fire with muskets taken from the hands of his French marines was mainly directed, he being determined that no one should be allowed to cast off that lashing. There must have been ten or twelve of the enemy's men shot in these attempts, and I firmly believe that the Commodore shot many of them himself with firelocks handed to him by the marines at his side. As he had turned these hitches with his own hands when the ships first fouled, he had an undoubted right to keep anybody from casting them loose.

Of course this was most natural, because not only the Commodore but also the smallest boy in the ship knew that our sole chance of victory lay in the holding of those lashings; because it was certain that, if the enemy ever once got clear, we could never more get way enough in our crippled condition to grapple him again, and he would then choose his distance and sink us at his pleasure with his lower tier that had not been much damaged.*

The foregoing quotations from descriptions by eye-witnesses on both sides have to some extent anticipated the main thread of our narrative. Returning now to the plan of battle, it will be observed that Positions Nos. 7, 8, and 9, though separately sketched by Jones for the most precise elucidation

* Most of the quotations from Fanning in this work refer to the new and enlarged edition of his narrative published in 1826, which is much more copious and better arranged than the original New London (Conn.) edition of 1806. Fanning was appointed a lieutenant in the navy upon its reorganization after the Revolution. He died, September 30, 1805, of yellow fever, at Charleston, S. C., while commandant of the naval station there. His brother, Captain Edmund Fanning, published some extracts from his journals in 1806, and a larger edition was printed in 1826. Jones says: "Fanning was a brave and sensible officer. In the action with the Serapis he was stationed in the maintop, where his behavior did him great credit, and materially influenced the result. He was always perfectly cool and of dauntless bravery. . . . After that cruise he commanded the French privateer, l'Eclipse of Dunkirk till the end of the war, with infinite honor to himself and the service, and vast damage to the enemy."

of his charges in the Landais case, represent a *mêlée* of manœuvre which it is impracticable to analyze distinctly in parts. Taken together, these three positions include the period of action from the moment when the Richard began to shoot across the forefoot of the Serapis, in Position No. 7, until the two ships had been locked together head and stern by the fouling of the anchor of the Serapis in the mizzen-chains of the Richard, in Position No. 9.

Not much time was consumed in this *mêlée;* perhaps a quarter of an hour. Among the descriptions of this particular episode of the battle, by far the most quaint and graphic is that of Pierre Gerard, a French volunteer in the Richard, who was one of the Commodore's orderlies of the day during the battle. Reference has already been made to the fact that, as nearly half of the crew were Frenchmen, the French as well as the English language had to be used in ordinary course of command. For this reason it was Commodore Jones's custom to have detailed for his personal attendance each day one French-speaking and one English-speaking orderly. As a rule he selected for his English-speaking orderly a sailor who could understand some French, and for his French orderly a sailor or marine who could speak a little English. On the day of the battle his American orderly was John Downes—a name easily recognizable in the naval history of our country—and his French orderly was Pierre Gerard—a name of honorable celebrity in the subsequent annals of the French Navy in the Revolution and under the Consulate and Empire. In 1781, about a year after the battle, a pamphlet was printed in Paris entitled

"Memoir du Combat; par Pierre Gerard;* Volontaire françois du Bon Homme Richard. Redaction par Mme. de Telison."

The following is a free translation of Gerard's narrative. He says:

"I have seen all this. I have been part of it. Being orderly of the day to the Commodore, I could not leave him. I must see all he did and hear all he said. I have seen Captain de Chamillard leave his post of commandant of the marines. He had suffered a contusion of the knee, but I do not know that it was enough to make a brave man quit his post. Many of the crew, both French and American, staid to the finish with much worse wounds. But it is

*Pierre Gerard was a young French sailor whose home was at l'Orient, where his mother (then Madame d'Arbergne by a second marriage) kept the inn where Jones was accustomed to take lodgings when in that city. Pierre's father had been a warrant officer in the French Navy and was killed in the battle of Quiberon Bay, November 20, 1759, between the fleets of Hawke and Conflans, when Pierre was about four years old. When Jones went to l'Orient, early in 1779, to fit out the Bon Homme Richard, Pierre had just returned from a voyage to the East Indies, and, though only about twenty-four years old, had passed ten years of his life at sea, and was a prime sailor. He was one of the first of the French volunteers whom Jones enlisted, and was soon rated quartermaster.

His "Memoir du Combat" is an exceedingly rare pamphlet. It was printed at l'Orient in 1780, and reprinted in enlarged form, with a few illustrations, at Paris in 1781. Its style is mainly in the quaint idiom of Bretagne, though evidently the Paris edition of 1781 was much altered from the Breton original by the "editing" of Madame de Telison. The peculiar value of Pierre's little book or pamphlet lies in the fact that its narrative of the battle is from the point of view of a sailor whose post of duty as orderly was by the side of the Commodore throughout, and also to the fact that, among its illustrations, it preserves an outboard profile of the Bon Homme Richard, showing arrangement of battery, deck plan, and general contour of the ship as sketched by Commodore Jones himself when she was ready to sail. This profile, which is printed facing page 170 of this volume, represents the ship at light draught, much higher out of water than she would be when stored and provisioned for a long cruise.

not for me to reflect on the behavior of my superior officer.

"When he [Chamillard] was gone Commodore Jones sprang among the shaking marines on the quarter deck like a tiger among calves.* They responded instantly to him. In an instant they were filled with courage! The indomitable spirit, the unconquerable courage [literally 'bravery without end'] of the Commodore penetrated every soul, and every one who saw his example or heard his voice became as much a hero as himself!

"At that moment the fate of the combat was decided. Every man whose wounds permitted him to stand up pressed forward to the front of danger, and the Commodore had but to look at a man to make him brave. Such was the power of one heart that knew no fear! Such the influence of one soul that knew the meaning of no other word than conquest!"

When the ships ranged alongside, close aboard, the Commodore watched until he saw that the fluke of the enemy's anchor would hook in our mizzen foot shrouds close to the channels. They soon engaged and before the way could be stopped the anchor-fluke of the enemy had ripped through two of the foot-stays and strained heavily at the third. But this one did not give way and then the Commodore, calling on me to follow and pass lashings, leaped through the quarter-deck port into the channels and quickly made the fluke of the anchor fast to our stays, passing the line clear round the latter and doubling it again over the fluke so that when the ships tended they would not drift clear.

The way of both ships being now stopped, they tended, the lashings took the strain and held on and they then settled together again, when the lashings and foot-stays showed by their slack that they would hold. When the Commodore saw this he hove the slack of the lashings inboard through

* Literally, in Pierre Gerard's French text, "S'elançant parmi des soldats de marine s'effrayants, en tigre parmi des veaux."

the quarter-deck port and exclaimed : "Ah, Pierre, mon brave, tout va bien ! Enfin je le tiens—cet enfant de garce anglois ! Sacr-r-r-é nom de Dieu, il ne peut pas m'échapper encore ! "

These words I thought remarkable, because the Commodore was not given to the use of rude phrases. But it was a moment of much excitement.

We had hardly arrived once more on the quarter-deck when great confusion was visible. One of the under-officers of the ship, the gunner, Arthur Randall, had called for quarter and said the ship was about to sink. Our flag had also been shot away with the ensign-gaff and trailed in the water astern, held only by the halliards. Hearing the cry for quarter and no longer beholding our flag, the English captain hailed to know if we had yielded.

At this point Pierre's original French version is interesting :

En ce moment, crie le capitaine anglais. "Avez vous amené votre pavillon ? " Auquel, férocement, et lachant un gros juron, a repondu le Commodore Jones—"Non ! je vais à l'instant commencer le combat ! "

Of this incident Jones himself, in his report to Dr. Franklin, says : "The English Commodore now asked me if I demanded quarter, and I *having answered him in the most determined negative*, they renewed the battle with double fury."

Captain Pearson in his report says : "At 10 o'clock P.M. they called for quarter from the ship alongside ; hearing this I called upon the captain to know if he had struck, or if he asked for quarter ; but hearing no answer," etc. The official report of Captain Pearson in which the foregoing appears was dated

"On Board the Pallas, French Frigate in Congress Service, Texel, October 6, 1779."

In his statement to the court-martial on his conduct in the action, which occurred several months afterward, when he had been exchanged, Captain Pearson said:

Hearing, or thinking that I heard, a call for quarter from the enemy, I hailed to ask if he had struck his colors. I did not myself clearly hear the reply; but one of my midshipmen, Mr. Hood, did hear it and soon reported it to me. It was to the effect that he was just beginning to fight. This I at first thought to be mere bravado on his part. But I soon perceived that it was the defiance of a man desperate enough, if he could not conquer, to sink with his ship alongside. *

* That Paul Jones was not the only man in the Bon Homme Richard "desperate enough to sink alongside" is attested on no less authority than that of Richard Dale. In 1801 Commodore Dale was commanding our first expedition against Tripoli, with the old President, forty-four, as his flag-ship. Putting in at Gibraltar he met Captain Richard Harrison Pearson of the British Navy. This officer—a nephew, we believe, of Sir Richard Pearson—had been a very young midshipman in the Serapis, and was severely wounded in the battle off Flamboro' Head. Shortly before meeting Commodore Dale at Gibraltar, Captain R. H. Pearson had captured a French ship, and had found on board a copy of Benoit-Andre's Memoir of Paul Jones, published at Paris in 1798, and containing the report which Jones made to King Louis XVI. In that report Jones says: "At a certain stage of the action I was advised to yield by officers of whose courage I had and still have a high opinion. *But, having other objects in view*, I declined the advice." (Jones's French original of the words in italics is: "*Mais, me proposant les autres buts*," etc.)

Captain Richard Harrison Pearson showed this to Commodore Dale, who, by the way, had never before seen the report of Jones to the King. Dale said that it was true; only, so far as he personally knew, but one officer had counselled surrender at that moment. That one, he said, was de Chamillard, captain of the French marines; himself badly wounded.

"But I am positive," pursued Commodore Dale, "that no American or Irish officer had any more notion of quitting than Jones himself had.

Returning to the narrative of Pierre Gerard:

At this moment there was much confusion. The master-at-arms, John Burbank, believing that the ship was about to sink, opened the orlop-hatch and let loose more than two hundred English prisoners who were confined below decks. The Commodore snapped his pistol in the face of John Burbank, but it missed fire, and he then felled the master-at-arms to the deck by striking him on the head with the pistol. Fortunately not more than fifty of the prisoners had yet gained the upper deck, and the rest were held in check at the hatch by Midshipman Potter and a few men with cutlasses.

The Commodore exclaimed to those who had reached the deck that the ship alongside was sinking; to which one prisoner, the master of a merchant ship taken off Leith, retorted, "It is this ship that sinks!" The Commodore then ordered all the prisoners on deck to man the pumps of the Bon Homme Richard. Some of them obeyed, but the one who had already spoken again cried out to his comrades, "Do not touch the pumps! Let the d—d Yankee pirate sink!"

I presented my pistol at his head and said to him in English, "Obey the Commodore!" Instead of heeding my words he grasped at my pistol, whereupon I fired and he fell to the deck lifeless. There was no more resistance on the part of the prisoners, and Mr. Dale, the first lieutenant, without difficulty mustered them at the pumps.*

Their view of the case was aptly put by our old boatswain, John Calvin Robinson, of Philadelphia. Just as Jones had retorted to Pearson that he 'hadn't begun to fight,' he noticed old Jack Robinson right at his elbow and, in the way of jolly banter he always had in battle, sang out to him: 'Hey! Jack! old trump! What say you to quitting?' To which old Jack quickly answered in his low growl: 'There's a shot left in the locker, sir!'"

* Some time after the battle the English papers accused Jones of murdering his prisoners. When these reports reached France, Jones (in March, 1780) requested M. de Sartine, French Minister of Marine, to in-

Pending these events the ships had passed from Position No. 7, through Positions No. 8 and No. 9, and had begun to swing round into Position No. 10. It was now about half-past nine o'clock and the battle had been raging two hours and a quarter. By

vestigate them; which was done by court of inquiry at l'Orient. Among the witnesses in this inquiry was Pierre Gerard. The following is the text of his testimony; at least the salient part of it:

". . . I was Orderly of the deck to the Commodore. The master-at-arms released the English prisoners below and they swarmed up on the main deck. The Commodore ordered them to man the pumps. Some of them refused, and one tried to pass over into the enemy's ship alongside—the two ships being then lashed together. I presented my pistol at his head and demanded that he obey the Commodore. He then cried out in a loud voice, to be heard by his comrades, 'Don't touch the pumps! Let the d—d Yankee pirate sink!'

"When I had heard these words, which I knew English enough to comprehend, I placed my pistol close to his head and fired. He was at once dead. This overawed the others, and they went to the pumps and worked with a will."

Question, by the Procurateur:—"Did anyone order you to kill the prisoner?"

Answer:—"No, sir; I had no orders from anyone."

Question:—"Was the Commodore near you?"

Answer:—"Yes, sir; about three steps away."

Question:—"Why, then, did you assume the responsibility of killing a prisoner without orders, and in the immediate presence of your commanding officer?"

Answer:—"Pour éviter les désagréments, Monsieur; aussi, pour décourager les autres prisonniers; ainsi pour subvenir au Commodore les besoins d'un devoir assez penible!" ["To avoid trouble; also to admonish the other prisoners, and thus to relieve the Commodore of the necessity of performing a painful duty."]

On the reorganization of the French Navy, at the beginning of the Revolution, Pierre Gerard was made a lieutenant and afterward capitaine de frégate. He was a lieutenant in the Généreux, one of the two French ships that escaped at the Battle of the Nile. He was second in command of the Neptune at Trafalgar. His subsequent career was uneventful, and he died in 1834, at the age of eighty years, on the retired or pension list of the French Navy, with the rank of capitaine de vaisseau.

this time the enemy had abandoned all effort to stand his upper or exposed decks. His upper tier of nine-pounders had been silenced by the superior musketry from the Richard's decks and tops. But his lower tier, which the Richard's musketry could not reach, maintained its fire. The ships' sides being in contact, the flash of the Serapis's eighteen-pounders, and their burning wads came into the deserted gun-deck of the Richard and soon set on fire the mass of wreckage and splinters. In fact, fire was kindled on that deck by the burning splinters of the port-lids of the Serapis when they were blown off at the first discharge of her starboard broadside. The flames gained considerable headway, notwithstanding the efforts of Lieutenant Dale and a small force of the Richard's crew, assisted by some of the prisoners, to keep them in check, and they were not completely subdued until after the close of the action. However, if we may judge from the meagre mention of this element of the struggle in the accounts of participants, the fire on board the Richard was not considered by them the chief source of peril. At its worst it found way through the ceiling to the deck below and reached to within a few feet of the magazine bulkhead. But there were already five feet of water in the hold, and the Richard's men passed it up through the orlop-scuttle in buckets—actually using the water that was sinking the ship to quench flames that threatened to devour her.

Meantime the men in the Richard's tops had been busy, and about ten o'clock they accomplished a feat which unquestionably decided the battle. This

affair is graphically described by Henry Gardner in his narrative. He says:

As soon as the prisoners were subdued I went to the quarter-deck, where the Commodore informed me that he had broken the gunner, Mr. Randall, for misconduct, and that I was now acting-gunner of the ship. I succeeded in getting one of the port nine-pounders over to the starboard side of the quarter-deck, and after firing two or three shots from it the Commodore directed me to lay aloft to the main-top and suggested to Lieutenant Edward Stack the idea of trying to drop hand-grenades down through the enemy's main hatch into his lower tier, from our main yard-arm, which now overhung that hatch.

In obedience to this I had a couple of buckets of grenades whipt up into the top, and, with Midshipman Fanning and two seamen—Jerry Evans, of Nantucket, and Peter Nolte, a Swede, brave as all Northmen are—lay out on the yard-arm, Fanning outboard, I next with a slowmatch, and the two seamen carrying each a bucket of grenades.

Fanning lay out to the earring. The hatch was not entirely open, the cover only having been slewed round, probably by one of our shot earlier in the action, leaving a triangular opening about two feet at the widest part. As the ships were rocking slightly in the swell, it took a pretty good aim to throw a grenade through so small an opening. Still, Fanning did it at the third trial, when a terrible explosion occurred in the enemy's lower tier, by which the whole of the hatch was blown open and so much noise, flame, and smoke made that we at first thought it was the magazine.

We soon afterward learned that the explosion was caused by the powder-monkeys of the enemy bringing up cartridges faster than they could be used, and leaving them strung along the deck in the wake of the guns, some of the cartridges being broken open and loose powder falling out of

them. Nathaniel Fanning's hand-grenade had exploded in the midst of these cartridges, firing the whole train. Most of the effect was from the main hatch aft. Not less than fifty of the enemy's crew were killed or crippled by the explosion, and all the after part of the enemy's starboard lower tier was effectually silenced, and the men in the forward division were driven from their guns to which they were rallied again with much difficulty.

After the battle the prisoners said without exception that they had no more stomach for fighting after the explosion and were induced to return to their guns and resume firing only by their strict discipline and the example of their first lieutenant, who told them that if they would hold out a few minutes longer the Richard would surely sink.

The ships had meantime kept swinging, as indicated in Commodore Jones's diagram, until, about ten o'clock, they assumed Position No. 11. Here the Alliance made her second appearance. She had made a reach to the northward close-hauled, and then bore down on the other tack, hauling up at about musket-shot distance athwart the Richard's bows and the stern of the Serapis, where she raked both ships indiscriminately with round, grape, and bar shot.

This manœuvre is described in Specification No. 16 of the charges preferred by Jones against Landais as follows:

16. The Alliance then passed at a very considerable distance along the larboard or off side of the Bon Homme Richard, and, having tacked and gained the wind, ran down again to leeward, and in crossing the Richard's bow Captain Landais raked her with a third broadside, after being

constantly called to from the Richard not to fire but to lay the enemy alongside.

Midshipman John West Linthwaite, in his testimony against Landais, said: ". . . Some of the men in the forecastle cried out, 'The Alliance is raking us and has wounded Mr. Caswell, the master's mate, with several men.' This report was confirmed by Mr. Caswell (whose wound was mortal), and who declared with his dying breath that he received his wound from the Alliance."

Having delivered this broadside the Alliance ran off to leeward, and took no further part in the action.

Finally, in Position No. 11, as a last resort, Pearson let go his larboard anchor, in the hope that when his ship brought up with her cable, the Richard might drift clear. But this was a vain hope, because it was nearly calm, the sea smooth, and as the anchor took and the two ships swung to it into Position No. 12, the lashings still held. During this period Jones had maintained his command of the enemy's upper decks with his musketry fire and he had also nearly cut in two the mainmast of the Serapis about ten feet above deck, by the fire of his three nine-pounders still serviceable on the quarter-deck. Some impression of the havoc wrought by the Richard's musketry may be gained from the statement of Dr. Bannatyne in his paper previously referred to. "During the action," he says, "no less than eleven men were shot at our wheel, seven of whom were killed outright, and all, without exception, were struck by musket-balls; not one being hit by round-shot, grape, or splinters."

The closing scenes of the battle are graphically described as follows by Henry Gardner:

But while the Commodore was paying such particular attention to the musketry of his French marines and the fire of his nine-pounders, he was none the less planning an outcome by having John Mayrant muster a boarding-party of twenty-five or thirty sailors who had come up under the quarter-deck from the abandoned gun-deck. As the ships were foul head and stern, this party boarding from under the break of our quarter-deck over the hammock-nettings would land in the forepart of the enemy's waist, at the break of his topgallant forecastle, which, as I have said, was short.

There was a previously understood signal between the Commodore and John Mayrant, when the rush of the boarders should be made. Most of Mayrant's men, like himself, were lately exchanged prisoners of war and had no notion of serving another term. So, their feelings as they waited for the order to board the enemy, may be imagined. Each of them had a cutlass and two ship's-pistols; a few had hatchets; but none of them had pikes or muskets.

At last the signal was given and they went over the rail, John Mayrant leading. A few of the enemy were mustered under the break of his forecastle to repel boarders, and almost the moment Mayrant's feet struck the enemy's deck an English sailor thrust a sharp boarding-pike through the fleshy part of his right thigh. Mayrant, who, as he told me soon afterward, had a cocked pistol in his hand as he went over the nettings, shot this poor sailor in the throat at the very instant the point of the pike pierced his own thigh, the ball breaking the sailor's neck and killing him instantly. This, I believe, was the last casualty of the battle.

I humbly trust that such of my readers as may happen to know the warmth of friendship between John Mayrant

and me will pardon me if I mention that this pike-thrust was by no means his first wound in the action. At the very beginning he had commanded the gun-room battery of eighteen-pounders and, by the blowing up of two of them at the first or second fire, he had been badly burnt about the neck and face. Then, when that battery was abandoned he took command of the fore-division of the gun-deck. Here he was soon hit by a grape-shot over the right portion of the forehead that crushed the flesh and even cracked the skull so badly that he had to be trepanned after the battle. But he paid no attention to any of these wounds till all was over ; and even after the English Captain Pearson surrendered to Mr. Dale, our First Lieutenant, on his own quarter-deck, Mr. Dale, not noticing how badly Mayrant was hurt, requested him to escort Captain Pearson on board the Richard, which he did ; and even after that, he remained on duty for a considerable time, returning on board the Serapis and aiding Mr. Dale to handle the ship and secure the prisoners, Mr. Dale himself being so badly wounded in one leg and faint from loss of blood as to be no longer able to keep on his feet. I am sure I hazard nothing in saying that John Mayrant was bravest of the brave.*

* Continuing about Mayrant in his narrative, Gardner relates as follows: "During the voyage from the scene of battle to the Texel, the Commodore made out his Report. On the 1st of October, two days before we reached port, he summoned his junior officers and said he desired to mention them by name with some reference to their particular conduct ; but that all had behaved so well he was at loss to find words for individual mention, and asked if they would be satisfied with general praise, not singling anyone out. The unanimous reply was that we would prefer to have it so, but I ventured to suggest that as Mr. Mayrant had led the boarders and also as he had stood up to the end under wounds to which almost anyone of less desperate resolution must have succumbed, all his colleagues in the junior grades would be glad to see his name particularly honored in the report. To this all assented except Mr. Mayrant, who declared with some humor that he saw no reason for particular eminence in his being more unlucky than his comrades with

Many years later, in 1826, Gardner wrote a more particular account * of the close of the battle, as follows:

Before it was over, the Commodore had every Frenchman who was not killed stark crazy. At first it was all he could do to get them to stand. Toward the last he had trouble to keep them from boarding the enemy before he was ready. It took them several days to cool off!

Yet, no matter how violent his language or how vehement his example to the French marines, the Commodore was jolly enough with us, in English. Whilst lashing the ships together he lost his cocked hat overboard, and regained the quarter-deck bareheaded. Midshipman John West Linthwaite, his aide-of-the-day, promptly fetched another hat from the cabin, and offered it to Commodore Jones.

"Never mind the hat, West," he said, laughing, "Put it back in the cabin. I'll fight this out in my scalp! I've a mind to peel my coat too! And if I could, I'd fight in the buff,† like the gun-deck hearties!"

regard to receiving wounds, and as that was the only distinction he had gained over them, he did not wish it to be mentioned.

"This pleased the Commodore and he said: 'John, I am sorry you take that view of it, because I would like to adopt the expressed wish of your comrades and mention your conduct particularly.'

"At this Mayrant said: 'Commodore, may it please you, sir, if you would do a real nice turn for me you might at your leisure write a letter privately to my sister Josephine, whom you know, saying in it such things concerning me as you may think deserved. Then my sister will communicate the contents of the letter to another young lady of South Carolina, whose good opinion I very much wish to enjoy.'

"The young lady of whom Mr. Mayrant spoke was Miss Florence Huger. Commodore Jones wrote a letter to Miss Josephine Mayrant shortly after our arrival in port, and to the best of my belief it reached its destination."

* In the *New England Magazine.*

† In man-of-war lingo, with the shirt off, or stripped to the waist.

Some little time after answering Pearson's hail, Commodore Jones ordered Acting Lieutenant Mayrant to muster a boarding party of American sailors, with cutlasses and pistols, under the break of the quarter-deck, and be ready. Mayrant, with savage forethought, picked out men who had suffered in English dungeons. Observing now that the enemy were beginning to flinch from the forward part of their decks, he shouted to Mayrant, "Now is your time, John. Go in!"

With his fierce Huguenot blood boiling, and a hoarse yell, "Remember Portsea jail!" the dauntless South Carolinian led his band of Yankee sailors over the hammock-netting and down into the waist of the Serapis, encountering little resistance, though he was himself run through the fleshy part of the thigh by a pike in the hands of an English sailor. Mayrant instantly killed this sailor with a pistol shot, which was the last casualty of the action.

At the same moment Captain Pearson, seeing the Americans in full possession of the forepart of his ship and sweeping all before them aft toward the quarter-deck, seized the ensign halyards of the Serapis and struck his flag himself. There was, however, so much smoke from the fires raging on both ships and such confusion aboard both that the situation was not perceived in either ship, and the English gunners on the Serapis's lower gun-deck kept up their cannonade, while the French marines on the Richard's poop-deck and the American sailors in the tops of the latter continued their musketry, until Mayrant, seeing Dale standing on the Richard's rail holding on to the maintopmast backstay, called out to him, "He has struck; stop the firing. Come on board and take possession."

Quickly accepting this welcome invitation, Dale swung himself on to the rail of the Serapis, made his way to the quarter-deck, stopping only to grasp the hand of gallant young Mayrant and congratulate him on being the first officer of the Richard to perceive and announce the surren-

der of the enemy, and then presented himself to Captain Pearson, saying :

"I have the honor, sir, to be the first lieutenant of the ship alongside, which is the American Continental ship Bon Homme Richard, under command of Commodore Paul Jones.* What ship is this ? "

"His Britannic Majesty's late ship the Serapis, sir," was the sad response, "and I am Captain Richard Pearson."

"Pardon me, sir," said the American officer ; "in the haste of the moment I forgot to inform you that my name is Richard Dale, and I must request you to pass on board the ship alongside."

The First Lieutenant of the Serapis now came up from below, and, noticing Dale's uniform, he asked Captain Pearson : "Has the enemy struck, sir ? "

"No, sir ; I have struck," was the laconic reply.

"Then I will go below and order our men to cease firing," said the English Lieutenant.

"Pardon me, sir," said Dale ; "I will attend to that ; for yourself, please accompany Captain Pearson on board the ship alongside."

Pearson and his Lieutenant then went on board the Richard, where Commodore Jones received them with characteristic courtesy.†

* Captain Pearson did not need the information Dale gave him. He knew from the first whom he had to deal with, as indicated on pages 199 and 200, foregoing. The day before the battle, as soon as the Baltic convoy was sighted steering for Bridlington Bay, Midshipman Arthur Hood, of the British Navy, had boarded the Serapis from shore with official despatches informing Captain Pearson that Jones was on the coast. Young Hood was a boy of sixteen, nephew of Admiral Lord Hood, and, thinking there might be a fight in sight, he volunteered to stay aboard—as was to be expected of his breed. At this stage of our narrative it seems safe to assume that the gallant little fellow had not been disappointed ; that he had had fight enough for even one of the English Hoods—for one day, anyhow.

† While the main battle between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis raged, Captain Cottineau in the Pallas, chasing to leeward, over-

The act of formal surrender Jones describes in his journal as follows :

Captain Pearson now confronted me, the image of chagrin and despair. He offered me his sword with a slight bow, but was silent. His first lieutenant followed suit. I was sorry for both of them, for they had fought their ship better and braver than any English ship was ever fought before, and this fortune of war came hard to them. I wanted to speak, but they were so sad and dignified in their silence, I hardly knew what to say. Finally I mustered courage and said as I took the swords and handed them to Midshipman Potter at my elbow : "Captain Pearson, you have fought heroically. You have worn this sword to your own credit and to the honor of your service. I hope your sovereign will suitably reward you." He bowed again, but made no reply ; whereupon I requested him and his lieutenant to accompany Mr. Potter to my cabin.

hauled and brought to action the British sloop-of-war. The action began at five minutes past eight and was maintained until nine minutes past nine P.M. The British sloop-of-war, finding she could not escape from the Pallas before the wind, hauled up to the northward and westward, with the evident purpose of making the shelter of port. But her rate of sailing was not enough superior to that of the Pallas to get out of gunshot, and after a running fight of one hour and four minutes she struck her colors ; proving to be H. B. M. sloop-of-war the Countess of Scarboro', mounting twenty six-pounders and six four-pounders. She had been a letter-of-marque, but was at this time commanded by a regular British officer, Captain William Piercey, and manned by a regular crew ; having been hired by the Admiralty the previous spring for convoy service.

In weight of metal and number of men she was of a little less than two-thirds the force of the Pallas, and her defence for over an hour was creditable to her commander and crew. Her loss in the action was considerable, but no detailed account of it is extant. The loss of the Pallas was three killed and fourteen wounded. Neither vessel was much damaged in hull or rigging.

Several of Jones's biographers, including even the usually accurate Commodore Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, put into Pearson's mouth, as he was in the act of delivering his sword, the words, "Sir, it is with reluctance that I hand this sword to a man who fights with a halter round his neck." *

A layman or a landsman, unfamiliar with naval etiquette, might, perhaps, be forgiven for even so intrinsically incredible a story; but it is difficult to comprehend that it should have been viewed with credence by a naval officer of the rank and experience of Commodore Mackenzie. The story became current soon after the battle, being first published in the London papers and from them copied in the American journals. While Jones was in New York, in September, 1787, the *Courant* printed this story as a clipping from another paper. Jones wrote a letter to the editor which was published and preserved in a scrap-book of the Gardner Collection. Its text is as follows:

NEW YORK, September 7, 1787.

SIR: I have read in your esteemed journal, with much regret, a statement copied from a paper printed elsewhere to the effect that Captain Richard Pearson, when tendering his sword to me about eleven o'clock P.M. September 23, 1779, observed: "It is with reluctance that I yield this sword to a man who fights with a halter round his neck!"

Permit me to assure you, sir, upon my honor, that nothing of the kind occurred. It could not, in the nature of things, have occurred. The statement ascribes to Captain Pearson language most grossly unofficerlike and most painfully ungentlemanlike at a moment and on an occa-

* Mackenzie's Life of Paul Jones, page 195.

sion rigorously demanding the most delicate courtesy of intercourse.

Whatever may have been the adversity of fate to Captain Pearson in the fortunes of war, he was and is an officer of the first grade in personal courage and professional skill, and a gentleman without reproach. Therefore, the relation I at one time held with him makes it my duty to defend his reputation as an officer and gentleman when assailed in his absence.

The truth is this : When Captain Pearson tendered his sword to me he simply bowed and did not speak. Deeming it the part of politeness to say something that might assuage the bitterness of his feelings, I said : "Sir, you have defended your ship with credit to yourself and honor to your service. Allow me, sir, to express the hope that your sovereign may suitably reward you."

When I had said this Captain Pearson bowed profoundly, but spoke no word. I then requested Mr. Thomas Potter, of Baltimore, one of my midshipmen, to escort Captain Pearson and one of his lieutenants who was with him, to my cabin. During the whole ceremony Captain Pearson was mute. He did not utter one word or audible sound.

Now, permit me, sir, to explain the possible origin of the story : When Captain Pearson was exchanged and returned to England he underwent the formal court-martial usual in such cases. I obtained a copy of the record of his court-martial as printed in the *Official Chronicle.* In his statement to the court, Captain Pearson said : "The extraordinary and unheard-of desperate stubbornness of my adversary had so depressed the spirits of my people that, when more than two hundred had been slain or disabled out of three hundred and seventeen all told, I could not urge the remnant to further resistance."

Then the judge advocate asked : "To what, Captain Pearson, do you attribute this extraordinary and unheard-of desperate stubbornness ?"

Captain Pearson's reply was : "I do not know, sir, un-

less it was because our government, in its inscrutable wisdom, had allowed, if it did not cause, the impression to be spread abroad that Captain Jones and his crew would be held pirates, or at least, not entitled to the usages of civilized war."

To that the judge advocate rejoined: "In other words, Captain Pearson, you mean they fought like men fighting with ropes round their necks."

"That might be a way to state what I mean," said Captain Pearson.*

There was no impropriety in this language when and where it was uttered. On the contrary, Captain Pearson unquestionably intended to convey, in a diplomatic manner, his disapproval of the policy of his Government to which

*There was a good deal more of interesting matter in the record of the Pearson court-martial. Following right on from the point where Jones stops quoting, the examination proceeded:

Question by a member: "It has been stated, Captain Pearson, that a large proportion of the Bon Homme Richard's crew were Frenchmen. Is that true?"

Answer: "Yes, sir. From my observations while in captivity, I conclude that more than half were French—or, at any rate, not Americans. But the officers were all Americans except two, the commandant and the lieutenant of marines."

Question: "In your experience, Captain, has it been customary for French seamen to exhibit the extraordinary and unheard-of desperate stubbornness in action of which you have spoken?"

Answer: "No, sir. But to be perfectly clear in this case I must inform the Honorable Court that, long before the close of the action, it became clearly apparent that the American ship was dominated by a commanding will of the most unalterable resolution, and there could be no doubt that the intention of her commander was, if he could not conquer, to sink alongside. And this desperate resolve of the American Captain was fully shared and fiercely seconded by every one of his ship's company without respect of nationality. And, if the Honorable Court may be pleased to entertain an expression of opinion, I will venture to say that if French seamen can ever be induced by their own officers to fight in their own ships as Captain Jones appears to have induced them to fight in his American ship, the future burdens of His Majesty's Navy will be heavier than they have heretofore been."

he had reference. In that view it was creditable to him. The record of the court-martial soon found its way into the English newspapers, gossip of coffee-houses and the like, and ultimately became distorted into the absurd shape now being considered.

Trusting you will enable me to have the satisfaction of seeing the above true statement in the print of your esteemed columns, and also to have the pleasure of forwarding a copy of it to Captain Pearson,

I remain,

Very Respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

PAUL JONES,

Commodore U. S. Navy.

Another anecdote was to the effect that when Jones had formally received Pearson's sword in token of surrender, he handed it back, with a complimentary remark. This story was inaccurate, though based upon fact. Jones took the sword that Pearson surrendered to him and kept it. The day after the battle, finding it impossible to keep the Richard afloat, Jones took possession of Pearson's cabin in the Serapis. This cabin had a spare stateroom which Jones requested Pearson to occupy. But the latter politely declined, saying he would prefer to mess with the other officers of his ship, who were confined in the gun-room. Jones then requested Pearson to make a list of his private property in the cabin as distinguished from official or public property, so that, when he should be exchanged or paroled, it might be returned to him.

Captain Pearson made out a list, and when handing it to Commodore Jones he said that he omitted

one leather case and one box, containing respectively a jewelled sword and a case of gold-mounted pistols that had been presented to him by the Corporation of the city of Bristol. "As they are weapons, sir," he said, "you have a right to regard them as a forfeit to the fortunes of war, and I have therefore omitted them from the list of my private property."

"Add them to the list, sir," replied Commodore Jones; "I have no concern with any side-arms except those you wore in action as insignia of your rank. Those you have handed to me in due form and I will retain them officially. But the other weapons you mention represent to you a recognition of your merit as an officer and gentleman by your fellow countrymen, and could, therefore, be of no value to any other officer and gentleman." * Captain Pearson then added them to his list.

It would, we think, be impossible to improve upon Nathaniel Fanning's description of the situation immediately after the battle. He says:

> The battle was over, but by no means the trouble ended. The time was nearly midnight, but the full moon overhead in a cloudless sky made it almost as light as day. Captain Jones instantly began to survey his ship as soon as she drifted clear from the Serapis. He found that she had seven feet of water in her hold and was beginning to choke some of the pumps, though he had them double-manned by his English prisoners. She had already sunk so much that many shot-holes were below the water-line and could not be plugged.
>
> Meantime Dale and Mayrant occupied themselves on

* Dr. Bannatyne's paper.

board the Serapis with silencing her lower-deck battery, from which at least two or three eighteen-pound shots were fired into, or rather through, the Richard's gun-deck after Captain Pearson and his lieutenant had reached her upper deck as prisoners. As soon as all firing was silenced and victory was complete, Jones ordered his men to cut the lashings that held the fluke of the Serapis's anchor in the Richard's mizzen chains, and the ships at once drifted clear. The light wind that had prevailed during the battle died out and it fell dead calm.

The condition of the Richard at this moment can hardly be imagined, much less described. Nearly sixty of her crew were stretched dead about her decks. More than a hundred and twenty others lay writhing and gasping with desperate wounds, to which the good old surgeon, Dr. Laurens Brooke, unassisted as he was, could give but scant attention. About forty of her surviving or uninjured crew had followed Lieutenant Mayrant into the Serapis, and were in charge of the prize. Not more than one hundred unwounded men of her own crew remained to manage the Richard and to hold in check the two hundred or more prisoners on board. Nearly every twelve-pounder gun in the starboard broadside was dismounted or disabled. The starboard side of the ship, that had been in the wake of the Serapis's lower tier of eighteen-pounders, was simply driven in ; so that, but for a few frames, futtocks and stanchions that still remained intact, the whole gun-deck would have fallen through. And even what the shot had spared, the flames were at this moment devouring.

Such was the condition of the Richard when, sinking and on fire, she was still the conqueror and could by signal command the ship that had destroyed her ! Nothing like this has ever been known in the annals of naval warfare. . . .

The removal of the Richard's wounded to the Serapis consumed much time ; nearly all day, in fact, because the poor fellows had to be handled tenderly, and but three boats remained available. Fortunately it had now fallen

dead calm and the sea was without a ripple. Had there been any wind or seaway the Richard must have foundered immediately and the scene become one of unheard-of horror. However, the wounded were all transferred during the day, except two, who died in the boats.

The unwounded prisoners were his next care. Captain Cottineau took some of them into the Pallas ; a few were put into the Countess of Scarboro', Cottineau's prize ; the rest went over to the Serapis. Jones now told his crew to get on board the Serapis, retaining only a few of the Pallas's men in the Richard, and busied himself in saving the ship's papers. For his own part Jones saved only a few souvenirs from his feminine friends in Paris, his Journal, and a bag of linen.

In his journal Jones says with terse eloquence :

No one was now left aboard the Richard but our dead. To them I gave the good old ship for their coffin, and in her they found a sublime sepulchre. She rolled heavily in the long swell, her gun-deck awash to the port-sills, settled slowly by the head, and sank peacefully in about forty fathoms.

The ensign-gaff, shot away in the action, had been fished and put in place soon after firing ceased, and our torn and tattered flag was left flying when we abandoned her. As she plunged down by the head at the last, her taffrail momentarily rose in the air ; so the very last vestige mortal eyes ever saw of the Bon Homme Richard was the defiant waving of her unconquered and unstricken flag as she went down.* And, as I had given them the good old ship for

* The "unconquered and unstricken flag" that went down with the Bon Homme Richard was the same one which the girls of Portsmouth made from slices of their best silk gowns, and presented to Jones to hoist on the Ranger, July 4, 1777, and he considered it his personal property—or, perhaps, the property of the girls who made it—intrusted to his keeping. On relinquishing command of the Ranger in 1778, he kept this flag with

their sepulchre, I now bequeathed to my immortal dead the flag they had so desperately defended for their winding sheet!

him, and used it at l'Orient when he "broke his pennant" to commission the old Richard. It was made by a "quilting party," according to specifications which Jones furnished. The thirteen white stars in the "New Constellation" were cut from the bridal-dress in which Helen Seavey had been wedded in May, 1777, to a young officer of the New Hampshire Line. Of the "quilting party" who made that flag we can find but five names—Mary Langdon, Caroline Chandler, Helen Seavey, Augusta Peirce, and Dorothy Hall (niece of Elijah Hall, second lieutenant of the Ranger).

This was the "first edition" of the Stars and Stripes that Europe ever saw; the first to be saluted by the guns of a European naval power; but, far beyond that, and beyond anything, it was the first and the last flag that ever went down or ever will go down flying on the ship that conquered and captured the ship that sunk her.

When Jones returned to this country in the Ariel, February, 1781, he found Miss Langdon a guest of the Ross family, whose house was always his home when in Philadelphia. By way of apology he explained to Miss Langdon that his most ardent desire had been to bring that flag home to America, with all its glories, and give it back untarnished into the fair hands that had given it to him nearly four years before. "But, Miss Mary," he said, "I couldn't bear to strip it from the poor old ship in her last agony, nor could I deny to my dead on her decks, who had given their lives to keep it flying, the glory of taking it with them."

"You did exactly right, Commodore!" exclaimed Miss Langdon. "That flag is just where we all wish it to be—flying at the bottom of the sea over the only ship that ever sunk in victory. If you had taken it from her and brought it back to us, we would hate you!"

CHAPTER X

A DIPLOMATIC DUEL

The situation of Commodore Jones after the Richard had sunk almost baffles description. The Alliance, obedient to the whim of the now infuriated Landais, had deserted him altogether; not even assisting to remove the wounded from her sinking consort or offering to take on board any part of the prisoners. Dastardly as had been the conduct of the wretched Landais during the battle, his behavior after Jones had won the victory was even more criminal. At this distance and in view of modern naval knowledge and *esprit de corps*, the most amazing feature of the whole affair is the fact that officers like James Arthur Degge, first lieutenant; John Buckley, master; James Lynde, third lieutenant, and Morris Park, captain of marines in the Alliance, could have obeyed the orders of such an obvious traitor or coward as Landais was, or that they did not at once overpower or put him in irons or shoot him at all hazards on the first unmistakable development of his intention.

Be this as it may, the desertion of Landais in the Alliance left Jones with only the Serapis, the Pallas, the Scarboro', which the latter had captured, and the little brig Vengeance; all close to a hostile coast, and two of the four ships seriously disabled; the

Serapis having no mainmast, and the Scarboro' considerably crippled.

When the action began the Richard had on board two hundred and twelve English prisoners previously taken. Of these one had been killed by Pierre Gerard, as already related, leaving two hundred and eleven to be taken care of. Of the Richard's crew of three hundred and twenty-three, all hands in action, sixty-seven had been killed, and these sank with the ship, leaving two hundred and fifty-six to be taken care of; and of these one hundred and six were badly wounded. Of the Serapis's crew of three hundred and seventeen combatants (exclusive of eight, described by Captain Pearson as "non-combatant," and seven "on the sick-list"), eighty-seven had been killed outright, and were buried overboard in the sea, leaving two hundred and forty-five to be cared for, and of these one hundred and thirty-four were wounded, thirteen of them mortally, who died between the end of the battle and the arrival of the squadron in the Texel.

It therefore appears that, after the Richard had gone down, the remnant of her crew that manned the Serapis could muster only one hundred and fifty still fit for duty, many of whom had suffered slight wounds. Upon these one hundred and fifty officers and men devolved the duty of handling a ship crippled by the loss of her mainmast, of guarding the two hundred and eleven English prisoners that had been in the Richard before the action began, together with one hundred and eleven who remained unhurt of the Serapis's surrendered crew; and the duty of caring for one hundred and six of their own wounded

and one hundred and thirty-four of the wounded enemy. When the Richard sank, and after the enemy's eighty-seven dead had been thrown overboard, there were on board the Serapis seven hundred and twelve souls, as follows:

Remaining crew of the Richard for duty	150
Wounded of the Richard's crew	106
Remaining crew of the Serapis, unwounded	111
Wounded of the Serapis	134
Prisoners previously taken by the Richard	211
	712*

Early in the morning of the 25th of September Captain Cottineau of the Pallas took on board his ship one hundred of the Richard's prisoners who were not wounded; which was all he could make room for in his small ship, having already on board sixty prisoners taken from merchant prizes and one hundred and nine survivors of the Countess of Scarboro's crew.

Among the prisoners transferred from the Serapis to the Pallas in the morning of September 25th was Captain Pearson. The cause of this transfer is most delicately and graphically told by Dr. Bannatyne in his paper already referred to. The Doctor says:

> While the transfer of prisoners to the Pallas was being made, in order to relieve the almost suffocating condition on board the Serapis, Commodore Jones called me to one side and said: "Doctor, I can see, as I presume you can, that Captain Pearson is ill at ease and gloomy on board this ship. We can understand that. With a view to re-

* See Appendix for complete roster of the Bon Homme Richard and also for partial roster of the Serapis.

lieving his feelings as much as is in my power to do, I have requested Captain Cottineau to invite him to be his guest on board the Pallas until we can reach port. As you know, I have already asked him to be my own guest and he has declined, saying that he would rather mess with his subordinate officers, whom I have quartered in the gun-room of this ship. But that does not seem to me to be proper. I therefore ask you to use your influence with Captain Pearson to induce him to accept Captain Cottineau's invitation to share his cabin in the Pallas. You can understand, as I do, that such an arrangement would relieve both Captain Pearson and me of much embarrassment."

I at once communicated to Captain Pearson what Commodore Jones had said to me, with the result that Captain Pearson assented to the proposition and went with Captain Cottineau in his gig on board the Pallas, requesting me to pay his most feeling compliments to Commodore Jones, with the assurance that his delicate sense in the matter was fully appreciated.

As all of our wounded remained on board the Serapis, it was of course necessary that I and my assistant, Dr. Edgerly, should stay with them, and we, being non-combatants, shared with Dr. Brooke, of the late Bon Homme Richard, the mess of Commodore Jones. In fact, I should say that all the commissioned officers messed with the Commodore, there being no wardroom mess. At least but one officer's mess was kept up after the battle till we gained port.

From the end of the battle, about 11 P.M., September 23d, till the early morning of September 25th, when the Richard sank, the wind, which was very light, blew from the west and steadily drifted the crippled ships off shore. There was also considerable fog at intervals during this period; all of which was fortunate, as the lightness of the wind detained the Edgar, of seventy-four guns, all day the

24th off the mouth of the Humber, and prevented her from finding Commodore Jones, for whom she was in search ; as were half a dozen other large men-of-war along the east coast. Jones's meridian observation of September 25th showed that the squadron was in lat. 54° 05′ N., long. 1° 47′ E. ; which meant that the ships had drifted in the thirty-six hours about seventy miles nearly due eastward from Flamboro' Head.

Nathaniel Fanning's description of the forlorn voyage that now ensued is much better than any pen of our time could produce, because it was written by an able man who saw what he chronicled. He says :

The wind came on to blow from south-southwest in the forenoon of the 25th—thirty-six hours after the battle ended. As the port which Jones desired to make was Dunkirk, France, almost exactly south from where he then was, this was a head wind, against which the Serapis, crippled as her spars were, could not beat at all. The only fortunate thing about it was that the southwester blew him off the English coast into the North Sea, and to that extent gave him a chance of escape from pursuing squadrons.

So he let his battered ships go off northeast, nearly before the wind, during the 25th and 26th, meantime exhausting the powers of the feeble remnant of his crew to rig jury-spars and get things shipshape. On the 27th it came on to blow hard from the southwest, which drove him over toward the coast of Denmark. This gale continued until evening of the 29th, when the wind shifted to northwest, and he made an effort to shape a course for Dunkirk again. During this time the scenes on board beggared description. There were but few cots and not even enough hammocks for the wounded, so that many of them had to lie on the

hard decks, where they died in numbers night and day. The British officers, with watches of their men, took almost the whole charge of the wounded, and so left us free to work the ship. Our surgeon, Dr. Brooke, and Drs. Bannatyne and Edgerly, the English surgeons, performed prodigious work, and by their skill and ceaseless care saved many lives. In the common danger enmity was forgotten and everyone who could walk worked with a will to save the ship and their own lives. Finally, on the fifth day, the wind abated and hauled to the northwest, when we ran down to the coast of Holland, and made the entrance of the Helder, through which we made our way into the Texel, where we anchored about 3 P.M., October 3, finding there the Alliance and Vengeance, which came in the day before. During these few days, including those not wounded who died from sheer exhaustion, we buried not less than forty of the two crews. Neither the Commodore nor the brave British officers ever slept more than two or three hours at a time, and were sometimes up for two days at a time. As the Pallas, being not much hurt, and her prize (the Countess of Scarboro') could work to windward, the Commodore had often signalled them to bear up for port and leave him to take care of himself; to which the good Captain Cottineau always replied that he preferred to stand by.

The arrival of Commodore Jones in the Texel with his battered and storm-beaten ships and his mangled crew did little else than plunge him in new troubles. He had, first, to suppress the mutiny of Landais, and, second, to ward off the diplomatic hostility of the British Minister, Sir Joseph Yorke, who, within ten days from the date of his anchorage, demanded in the name of King George that the States-General of Holland should give Paul Jones and his crew up to the officers of the King as "rebels and

pirates," and, with them, surrender the ships they had captured.

Jones met both difficulties, with characteristic energy, somewhat more than half way. Considering that his first duty was to restore discipline in his squadron, he, under date of October 3d, theday of anchorage, forwarded his official report to Dr. Franklin, and with it a preliminary draft of his charges and specifications against Landais. He then, or within a day or two, issued a formal order suspending Landais from command of the Alliance and directing the first lieutenant of that ship, James Arthur Degge, to take command.

Landais at first affected to treat this order with contempt. Jones then made it peremptory and accompanied it with a message, which Captain Cottineau of the Pallas undertook to deliver in person, saying that unless the order should be at once obeyed, he (Jones) would be under the painful necessity of boarding the Alliance and carrying it into effect by means of force, within twenty-four hours.

Landais made no response to this, so far as Jones was concerned; but he peremptorily challenged Captain Cottineau for what he termed the affront of bearing such a message to him. Landais sent this challenge after Cottineau had left the Alliance to go on board his own ship, the Pallas; and early the next morning, considerably before the hour when he might expect Jones himself on board the Alliance to enforce his order in person, Landais left the ship and went on shore at the Helder, taking with him much of his personal baggage. It was evident from this action that Landais had no desire

to confront Jones on board his ship under the conditions the latter had laid down. Promptly at the expiration of the twenty-four hours Jones went on board the Alliance, when he found that Landais had left some hours earlier, and he also learned that Landais had challenged Cottineau the day before.

Several of the biographers of Paul Jones, including Mackenzie, Simms, and the anonymous author of what is known as "the Edinburgh Life," published in 1826, say that the Commodore "attempted to stop this duel by sending officers to the Helder to arrest Landais," etc. This statement is, of course, intrinsically incredible; because Jones had no right to "arrest Landais at the Helder" or anywhere else on the soil of Holland, and could not under any circumstances exercise any kind of authority over him anywhere except on board his ship. The statement, however, seems worth controverting if for no other purpose than to exhibit the careless, not to say slovenly, manner in which much that passes for the history of Paul Jones has been conceived and written.

The truth is that Jones made no attempt of any kind to interfere in the personal quarrel between Landais and Cottineau. What he actually did was to muster the crew of the Alliance, proclaim to them that Landais had been removed from command, and then, in their presence, formally to confer the command upon the first lieutenant, James Arthur Degge. He then instructed Degge, in case Landais should return to the ship, to place him in close arrest and signal at once to the flag-ship for further instructions. Degge then informed the Commodore that there was a considerable faction in the crew of the

Alliance, including several of the junior officers, who were strong partisans of Landais, and expressed apprehensions that he might not be able to control them if Landais should return on board.

Jones then directed Degge to make out an accurate list of these persons and send it to him at once on board the Serapis. Returning to the latter ship, the Commodore detailed Lieutenants Henry Lunt and Eugene Macarty, Acting Lieutenant Fanning, and sixty-five or seventy men of the Richard's old crew to go on board the Alliance, and removed about a hundred of the latter's crew, indicated in Degge's list as disaffected persons, on board the Serapis. Having by this summary course guaranteed discipline on board the Alliance, and being amply able with the rest of the Richard's old crew in the Serapis to keep the transferred partisans of Landais on their good behavior, Jones considered that he had at least terminated any immediate possibility of mischief on the part of his mutinous subordinate.

Cottineau in the meantime had accepted Landais's challenge, and they met on the Island of the Texel, with rapiers. In this duel Captain Cottineau received a painful though not dangerous wound, the point of Landais's rapier piercing Cottineau's right side, just back of the shoulder-line, but, being deflected by the ribs, did not enter the cavity of the body, though it made an ugly gash several inches in length, Cottineau at the same time counter-thrusting and inflicting a slight scratch on Landais's neck; when the affair was terminated by the seconds.

Landais, being apprised of Jones's proceedings,

made no attempt to return on board the Alliance after his duel with Cottineau, but, obtaining the rest of his personal baggage from the ship, went from the Helder to Amsterdam, where he took lodgings. Here he attempted to open communication with Neufville & Co., agents of the United States in the Netherlands, from whom he ordered supplies for the Alliance on an extravagant scale. But Neufville had instructions from Dr. Franklin to furnish no supplies for any ship in the squadron except on vouchers approved by Commodore Jones, and therefore refused to honor the requisitions of Landais.

Finding his last resource of annoyance thus cut off, Landais resorted to the expedient of writing abusive letters to Jones. To these Jones paid no attention. Finally, in an apparent fit of desperation, Landais sent Jones a peremptory challenge to single combat. This document the Commodore does not seem to have ignored as he did the abusive letters. He had indeed two valid reasons for ignoring it: One was the fact that it reached him through the regular post between Amsterdam and the Helder, whereas the commonest rule of code etiquette was that such communications must always be delivered by the hand of a friend of the challenging party. The other reason was that Landais was already under charges for conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman, and could not be entitled to reparation until such charges had been withdrawn, or until he had been acquitted of them by due process of court-martial.

Commodore Jones did not avail himself of either excuse, but promptly entertained Landais's chal-

lenge, irregular as it was. The Commodore's quick action in this affair, and his total disregard of the two vital points of irregularity under the code, above pointed out, indicate that this was the kind of message he wished to receive from Landais—and the only kind. At all events, he at once placed his end of the affair in the hands of Henry Lunt and John Mayrant (who had now sufficiently recovered from his wounds to be on deck again). We will let Nathaniel Fanning relate the sequel:

. . . Pursuant to the request of the Commodore, Lieutenants Henry Lunt and John Mayrant now proceeded forthwith to Amsterdam, where they waited on Landais and proposed a meeting with pistols at ten paces. As soon as this was communicated to Landais he violently protested that the pistol was not recognized as a weapon of honor under the French code, and exclaimed that the proposition was barbarous.

To this Lunt responded that the code prevailing in America did recognize the pistol, and that the Commodore, being an American, was entitled to proceed according to the code of his own country.

Finding that he could not bully Jones into accepting his (Landais's) favorite weapon, the rapier, and thereby in all probability sharing Cottineau's fate, and having no stomach for Jones's pistol (in the use of which he knew the latter to be extremely expert), Landais left Amsterdam at daylight the next morning and fled by postchaise to Paris.

Henry Lunt gives an interesting account of the reason why Jones selected him as his "friend" in this affair, instead of Richard Dale. He says:

Unfortunately, Dick's own relations with Landais at that moment were of a nature which made him ineligible

under the code for the duties of a second in an affair in which he (Landais) was principal. Soon after the arrival of our squadron in the Texel, Dale and Landais had met while ashore at a coffee-house in the town of the Helder.

Dick, though still limping and much crippled by his wound in the leg, received a few days before in the action with the Serapis, could not restrain himself, but with his usual impetuosity sought to force a public quarrel on Landais, denouncing his behavior in the Alliance; and in order that there might be no mistake in Landais's mind about his meaning, he expressed himself in Landais's own tongue, saying to him, among other things:

"On ne fait rien de votre conduite à cette occasion, autre que cela d'un poltron ou d'un traître, ou des deux ensemble! Moi, cela ne fait aucun doute que vous avez merité bien le gibet!" ["One can make nothing out of your conduct on that occasion but that of a coward or a traitor, or both! To me there is not the slightest doubt but that you richly deserve the gallows!"]

This fierce altercation was only prevented by energetic interference of bystanders from ending in blows, which, as both men were well armed, must have produced a bloody affray then and there. Dale fully expected a challenge from Landais; but it seems that the latter, upon reflection, concluded to stand on their difference in rank, and pursued the matter no further. Necessarily, however, it made Dick quite ineligible for the office of second in any affair requiring personal communication with Landais on behalf of another.

Commodore Jones, while fully appreciating Dick's indignation, mildly took him to task, I believe, or at least expressed regret at his precipitancy on this occasion, saying it might not only complicate the case which he intended to make the subject of a court-martial, but that it might also be construed by ill-natured persons as an indication that he, Jones, was willing that one of his subordinates should take off his hands a quarrel entirely his own. The

opinion of all who knew of the affair was that Landais displayed sound prudence in not pressing this quarrel with Dale, because Dick was not only adept with the pistol, but he was also a past-master in skill with Landais's own favorite weapon, the rapier ; and all who knew him knew well that the first crossing of blades would make his lame leg—for the time at least—as well as it ever was.

Dick believed that Master's Mate Caswell and several men of the Richard's crew had been killed by the Alliance's fire, and he ardently desired to kill Landais in retaliation.

Jones, with characteristic chivalry, left in his own writings no express record of this affair. His nearest approach to it is a laconic letter to Lieutenant Lunt, which has been preserved, and is as follows: "I have received your written report of the Landais affair, and thank you more than I can express in words for your loyal and capable management in my behalf."

Some of Jones's biographers have criticised this action on the part of their hero as being, under the circumstances, uncalled for, or at least lacking the lofty dignity which they think should have characterized his conduct. At least two of them—Simms, writing in 1845, and John S. C. Abbott, writing about 1870—inferentially deny that he proposed to fight Landais at all, and Abbott says that he sent Lieutenant Lunt with other officers "to Amsterdam with orders to arrest Landais."

These amiable historians apparently forget two facts of prime historical importance, either of which alone would disprove their statement. One fact was that Jones had no shadow of authority to order the

arrest of Landais in Amsterdam; and that, therefore, the giving of such an order must have stamped him as a fool. The other fact was that in 1779 no gentleman of combatant age and able-bodied was supposed to be at liberty to decline a challenge. If he did so, it was likely to cost him his social position; and this rule applied with double force to officers of the army and the navy. Jones had, indeed, as has been pointed out, technical grounds on which he might have based a declination of Landais's challenge; but it is doubtful whether, in view of the fierce spirit of that epoch, such grounds would have been generally accepted as sufficient or even tenable. Moreover, Jones knew perfectly well that Landais was boastful and vainglorious, and that, had his challenge been declined on any grounds whatsoever, he would, likely, have been thereby emboldened to post Jones publicly in Holland, France, and America as a coward, who had wronged him and then had shrunk from affording him satisfaction. Such a situation would have given Landais the opportunity he evidently hoped for to parade, as he never failed to do, the fact that he himself was a scion of the oldest and proudest noblesse of France, and that it was hardly the province of the son of a Scotch gardener to rule him out of the pale of gentility by refusing, on merely technical grounds, to fight him. The exact historical truth is that Paul Jones at that moment desired nothing so much as a minute or so of the society of Pierre Landais, under such conditions of propinquity.

Dr. Franklin refers to this affair in his official correspondence as follows: "Jones and Landais have

had a fierce quarrel, of a nature calculated to prohibit any future co-operation between them, and, believing Landais to be wholly in the wrong, I have used my authority to detach him permanently from the squadron and to order him to proceed to America, unless a competent tribunal can be convened here before which he may answer for his conduct."

The foregoing is an extract from a letter written in November, 1779, in which Dr. Franklin announces the arrival of Landais in Paris for conference with him relative to the charges preferred by Commodore Jones. Dr. Franklin conducted this preliminary inquiry himself at the instance of the French Minister of Marine, M. de Sartine. Jones, not being able to leave the squadron at the Texel, was represented in this inquiry by Dr. Edward Bancroft. On March 15, 1780, Dr. Franklin made a report to the Marine Committee of Congress, in which he says: "The inquiry, though imperfect, and the length of it have had one good effect in preventing hitherto a duel between the parties which I now believe will not take place, as both expect justice from a court-martial in America."

In a report to M. de Sartine dated March 20, 1780, Dr. Franklin, after expressing regret at his inability to act on the evidence before him, says: "The inquiry, imperfect as it is, has, however, had the good effect of preventing a duel in Holland between those two officers [Jones and Landais] which might have proved fatal to one or both of them." *

* See Wharton's "Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution," Vol. 3.

It may be observed here that Fanning's statement to the effect that "Landais left Amsterdam at daylight the next morning, and fled by postchaise to Paris," though in the general sense true, involves a slight inaccuracy. Landais did "leave Amsterdam at daylight the next morning," as Fanning says; but he did not go direct to Paris. He went first to The Hague, where he endeavored to enlist the sympathy and support of the French Ambassador, the Duke de la Vauguyon. But the Ambassador refused to grant him an interview. Landais then prevailed upon the Chevalier de Livoncourt, navy agent of France in Holland, to lay before the Duke a written statement. The Duke declined to receive even this; but directed de Livoncourt to inform Landais that he had recently received a despatch from the French Minister of Marine, de Sartine, informing him that, under date of October 15th, Dr. Franklin had notified Landais of the charges preferred against him and had ordered him to "render himself forthwith into Dr. Franklin's presence to answer them, and to bring with him all papers he might judge needful for his defence." The Duke de la Vauguyon also directed de Livoncourt to inform Landais that he himself must have received Dr. Franklin's order of October 15th, as de Sartine had enclosed to him (the Duke) a certified copy of it which had been in his hands for three days

This final rebuff left no door in Holland open to Landais, and he at last concluded to obey Dr. Franklin's order. His arrival in Paris, or at Passy, is reported by Dr. Franklin in an official letter dated November 9th, though it appears that he left Amsterdam, as related by Fanning, the 23d of October.

We now turn to a more important as well as more interesting theme.

When the squadron under Commodore Jones arrived in the Texel the 3d of October, there were on board the Serapis and the Pallas five hundred and four British prisoners of war, of whom two hundred and eleven had been taken in merchant vessels, and two hundred and ninety-three were survivors of the crews of the Serapis and Countess of Scarboro'. Of these latter, two hundred and two had belonged to the Serapis, and ninety-one to the Scarboro'. One hundred and twenty-one of those belonging to the Serapis, and twenty-nine of those belonging to the Scarboro', were wounded, most of them badly. In addition to these one hundred and fifty wounded prisoners, the Serapis had on board one hundred and six wounded of the Richards crew, and the Pallas had on board about thirteen of her own crew wounded in the action with the Countess of Scarboro'.

This situation, of course, made charnel-houses of the two ships, and the only possible relief from such a state of horror was that of putting the wounded prisoners on shore. The Dutch authorities at first refused permission to land anyone from the squadron; but after Sir Joseph Yorke, the British Ambassador at The Hague, had seconded the request of Commodore Jones for such permission, it was granted; and all the wounded prisoners were put on shore in the barracks of the Texel Fort, and Jones was also permitted to land a small force of French marines, under Lieutenant de Mezieres, to guard and take care of them, hospital supplies and medical

attendance being furnished from the ships of the squadron.*

Meantime, under date of October 9th, Sir Joseph Yorke addressed to the States-General the following letter:

High and Mighty Lords:

The undersigned, ambassador extraordinary and pleni potentiary of the King of Great Britain, has the honor to communicate to Your High Mightinesses that two of His Majesty's ships, the Serapis and the Countess of Scarborough arrived, some days ago in the Texel, having been attacked and taken by force by a certain Paul Jones, a subject of the King, who, according to treaties and the laws of war, can only be considered as a rebel and a pirate.

The undersigned is therefore in duty bound to recur to Your High Mightinesses and demand your immediate orders that those ships with their officers and crews may be stopped; and he especially recommends to your humanity to permit

* Paul Jones had a retentive memory. Many years before our Revolutionary War, while commanding a merchant ship in the West India trade, he got into some trouble at the Island of Grenada, which involved his arrest, under circumstances, however, not at all discreditable to him. Lack of space forbids detail here. Captain, afterward Admiral, Lord Hood happened to be in that port with his ship, being then senior officer on the station; and, learning the real facts in the case, he energetically interfered in Jones's (or rather, at that date, Captain John Paul's) behalf, causing his instant release, and giving security on the honor of a British officer for the young merchant captain's appearance to answer the charge if called upon. Now, in 1779 Jones found young Midshipman Hood among his prisoners, severely wounded, but still on his feet and plucky as ever. Almost his first act on his arrival at the Texel was to turn the boy over to Sir Joseph Yorke, British Ambassador at The Hague, without parole; asking him, however, to convey to his distinguished kinsman the profound compliments of Paul Jones, and to say that he found pleasure in the opportunity to reciprocate an ancient kindness. This courtesy was not lost on the chivalric Hoods, as will appear farther on.

the wounded to be brought on shore that proper attention may be paid to them at the expense of the King, his master.

(Signed) YORKE.

The States-General took immediate notice of Sir Joseph's letter. Permission to land the wounded was at once given; but in terms that left the prisoners under the control and at the expense of the American Commodore, and not, as Sir Joseph had asked, under his control and "at the expense of the King, his master." Then on the 25th of October the States-General answered the demand of the English Ambassador by a resolution in which, after calling attention to the precedents and practice of Holland in such cases, they informed the Ambassador that they "did not consider themselves authorized to examine into the legality of the prizes or pass judgment upon them or upon the person of Paul Jones."

Four days after the date of this resolution, Sir Joseph, under date of The Hague, October 29, 1779, submitted a formal memorial to the States-General, of which the following are the salient points:

. . . In thanking Your High Mightinesses for the orders your humanity has dictated in relation to the wounded who were on board two vessels of the King, the Serapis and Countess of Scarborough, I only discharge the orders of His Majesty in renewing the most strong and urgent demand for the seizure and restitution of said vessels as well as for the enlargement of their crews, who have been seized by the pirate, Paul Jones, a Scotchman, a rebellious subject and state criminal. . . .

I shall confine myself to the remark that the placard of

Your High Mightinesses, in prescribing to captains of foreign ships of war to show their letters of marque or commissions, authorizes you, according to the general custom of admiralties, to treat as pirates those whose letters are found illegal for not being issued by a sovereign power. . . .

(Signed) JOSEPH YORKE.

Copies of all these papers were currently transmitted to Commodore Jones. There is nothing extant to show that he took any notice of Sir Joseph Yorke's preliminary letter of October 9th to the States-General But he did reply to the Ambassador's formal memorial of October 29th.

In order to understand clearly the tenor of Jones's reply to Sir Joseph's memorial, it is necessary to keep in mind that, as he afterward explains with much detail in his journal of 1787, the whole idea and purpose of the Commodore while in the Texel was to use the opportunities afforded by his situation to widen the breach already open between England and Holland, and at the same time to avoid the semblance of offence to Holland on the part of the United States. And there was still a third factor to be taken into his calculations, namely, the necessity of avoiding any course or attitude calculated to touch the susceptibilities of France.

Cunningham, in his "Life and Letters of Horace Walpole" (vol. viii., p. 286), quotes a letter from Walpole to the Countess of Ossory, dated October 1, 1782, as follows: "Have you seen in the papers the excellent letter of Paul Jones to Sir Joseph Yorke? *Elle nous dit bien des verités.* I doubt Sir Joseph can answer them. Dr. Franklin himself, I should think, was

the author. It is certainly written by a first-rate pen." . . .

We have not been able to find, in any collection of papers extant, any letter, or copy of one, addressed directly by Paul Jones to Sir Joseph Yorke. But in the French Collection of 1799, and also in a Parliamentary paper or Foreign Office Blue Book printed in 1782, embodying the correspondence of Sir Joseph Yorke with the States-General of Holland immediately preceding the outbreak of war between England and the Netherlands, appears a letter addressed by Commodore Jones to the States-General, reviewing the letter or memorial of Sir Joseph to that body above quoted. It is probable that this is the letter referred to by Horace Walpole, as the Blue Book mentioned was printed shortly before the date of his letter to the Countess of Ossory. Its text is as follows:

HIGH AND MIGHTY LORDS:

Begging your gracious and condescending consideration, I, Paul Jones, Captain of the United States Navy, represent and humbly relate that before me has been laid copy of a letter addressed to your High Mightinesses, under date of the 9th of the month of October, by His Excellency Sir Joseph Yorke, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of His Majesty the King of Great Britain. That in the said letter the said Sir Joseph Yorke states that "two of His Majesty's ships, the Serapis and the Countess of Scarboro', arrived some days ago in the Texel, having been attacked and taken by force, by a certain Paul Jones, a subject of the King, who, according to treaties and the laws of war, can only be considered as a rebel and a pirate."

And on this ground His Excellency Sir Joseph Yorke demands that the ships and crews be given up.

Also has been laid before me copy of memorial of the said Sir Joseph Yorke, under date of the 29th of October, just past, renewing the said demand "most strong and urgent for the seizure and restitution of the said vessels as well as for the enlargement of their crews, who have been seized by the pirate Paul Jones, a Scotchman, a rebellious subject and a state criminal." Also conjuring Your High Mightinesses to "treat as pirates those whose letters [commissions] are found to be illegal for not being issued by a sovereign power."

May it please Your High Mightinesses, I conceive from the foregoing that the only question in dispute between His Excellency Sir Joseph Yorke and myself is the question whether my commission has been "issued by a sovereign power." If my commission has been issued by a sovereign power, then Sir Joseph Yorke's contention that I am a "pirate," etc., must fall.

The commission I hold, of which I transmit herewith a true copy and hold the original subject to examination by Your High Mightinesses or your authorized envoy for that purpose, and which original I have already exhibited to His Excellency Commodore Riemersma, commanding the fleet of Your High Mightinesses, now at anchor in these Roads, is issued by the Congress of the United States of America in due form, signed by the President thereof and attested with the seal.

Such being true, the only question left to decide is the question whether the United States of America is a sovereign power.

On this question, I take it for granted that Your High Mightinesses will agree with me that neither Sir Joseph Yorke nor his master, the King of Great Britain, can be considered competent sole judge of last resort. If they could be so considered, then all questions of every description would be subject to *ex parte* decision by the arbitrary will of one party, in any contest—a doctrine which must, in the estimation of every judicial mind, be too preposterous to contemplate without levity.

Your High Mightinesses cannot fail to be aware that the question of the sovereignty of the United States of America has been passed upon by qualified and competent judges. That sovereignty has been recognized by His Most Christian Majesty the King of France and Navarre, in the form of a solemn treaty of amity and alliance done at Versailles nearly a year ago and now a *casus belli* in the estimation of His Majesty the King of Great Britain. The independence of the United States, and with it their rightful sovereignty, has been recognized by His Most Catholic Majesty the King of Spain and the Indies. The belligerent rights of the United States have been acknowledged by His Majesty Frederick II., King of Prussia, and by Her Imperial Majesty Catharine II., Empress of all the Russias.

It does not become me, who am only a naval officer of command rank, to enter upon discussion of the motives of statecraft which may have induced such attitudes or such action on the part of the august potentates mentioned; but Your High Mightinesses will, I do not doubt, agree that it is within my province, humble as it may be, to invite attention to existing facts of common notoriety and concealed from no one. In the face of so much evidence, there is before us, by way of rebuttal, nothing but the *ex parte* declaration of His Excellency Sir Joseph Yorke, in behalf of his master the King of Great Britain, a party principal in the case to be adjudicated.

And now, if I may for one moment further beg the patient indulgence of Your High Mightinesses, I recur to the language of His Excellency Sir Joseph Yorke, wherein, to fortify, apparently, his contention that I am "a rebellious subject and state criminal," he declares that I am not only "the pirate Paul Jones," but also that I am "a Scotchman."

Candor compels me, may it please Your High Mightinesses, to admit that this last, alone of all Sir Joseph's allegations, is true and indisputable. But while admitting

the truth of Sir Joseph's assertion of my Scottish birth, I deny the validity of his inference made plain by his context. That, under the circumstances now being considered, the fact of Scottish birth should be held to constitute the character of a "rebellious subject and state criminal," more than birth elsewhere within the dominions of the King of Great Britain, I do not conceive to be a tenable theory. It cannot have escaped the attention of Your High Mightinesses that every man now giving fealty to the cause of American Independence was born a British subject. I do not comprehend, nor can I conceive, a difference in this respect between birth as a British subject in Scotland and birth as a British subject in Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, New England, or elsewhere on British soil, there being in the eyes of British law no difference between the soil of the parent realm and the soil of colonies in respect to the relations or the rights of the subject.

If the reasoning of Sir Joseph Yorke be sound, then General Washington, Dr. Franklin, and all other patriots of birth on the soil of America when a British colony, must be, equally with me, "state criminals." No formal proclamation has been made to that effect, within my knowledge, by due authority of the King and his Ministers. Whatever may be the impression of exigency, it is clear that the Government of His Britannic Majesty has not yet undertaken to proclaim wholesale outlawry against nearly three millions of people in America now in arms for the cause of Independence. Such proclamation seems to have been reserved for my especial honor, in a port of a neutral state, and on the *ipse dixit* of an ambassador without express authority from Crown, Ministers, or Commons. It is inconceivable that so unauthorized a proceeding can have weight or that so unexampled an exception can prevail with the reason of so judicial a body as the Assembly of Your High Mightinesses.

With these humble representations I confidently repose

trust in the traditional candor and in the infallible justice of the High and Mighty Lords of the States General of the Netherlands.

(Signed) PAUL JONES,
Captain U. S. Navy.

On Board the U. S. Ship Serapis,
November 4, 1779.

If the foregoing is the document referred to by Horace Walpole in his letter to the Countess of Ossory—and, so far as our researches enable us to judge, there is no other—it is physically impossible that Dr. Franklin could have been the author of it, as Walpole suggests. It quotes from Sir Joseph Yorke's letter dated October 29th, only six days previous. At least two or three days must have elapsed between the writing of Sir Joseph's letter and Jones's receipt of a copy of it. By the most rapid conveyances of those days it would have been impossible for any communication to reach Dr. Franklin at Passy from Jones at the Texel and be returned with comment inside of ten days. But Jones's reply, through the States-General, to Sir Joseph Yorke's letter of October 29th, reaching him through the same channel, was dated November 4th, only six days in all, including whatever time may have been consumed in transmission. Therefore, if the foregoing is the letter Walpole refers to, his surmise that its real author was Dr. Franklin becomes manifestly untenable.

The fact is that Jones was in this emergency conducting a "diplomacy of his own," as Dr. Francis Wharton says, with fixed objects of his own in view,

and with clear conceptions of method for their attainment. And for the sake of complete historical accuracy, as will appear more in detail in later pages, it must be said that this diplomacy was conducted, in some respects, contrary to the advice of so eminent an international lawyer as Charles Frederick Dumas, and that of so eminent a diplomat as the French Ambassador at The Hague, de Vauguyon himself. Both these authorities on such affairs subsequently, without reserve, admitted that the sequel fully justified Jones's disregard of their advice. Viewed in the light of results, Jones's diplomatic operations in the Texel lose no lustre by comparison with his victories at sea.

He was, indeed, in a high degree and with master hand, exemplifying his own possession of a quality which, as recorded earlier in these pages, he had declared to be one of the prime qualifications of a naval officer: "He should also be conversant with the usages of diplomacy, and capable, if called upon, of maintaining a dignified and judicious diplomatic correspondence, . . . involving the portentous issue of peace or war between great powers." *

Fortunately, Paul Jones did not leave the future student of history to speculate without guide as to the conceptions, impressions, and motives that actuated his conduct in this crisis of his career. In his last journal—that of 1791—when he could review all that happened in 1779 with the calm retrospection of twelve years, over an epoch that made history more rapidly and more radically than any other

* Letter to Marine Committee, September 14, 1775.

twelve years in the existence of the human race, he says :

From that day to this I have not been able to comprehend the thoughts that must have or that could have actuated the Duke (de Vauguyon) and Dumas at that time. No one could doubt either their fealty to France or their singleness of fidelity to the cause of America. Yet both were cautious where I thought boldness alone could win ; both were full of expedients to temporize where dash and pluck seemed to me the first and only essentials of success, and both—though each somewhat in different directions—counseled the appearance of yielding where it seemed clear to me that nothing but the utmost exhibition of unbending fortitude could carry the point.

Holland was almost rent asunder by two parties. There was the American party, led by the Grand Pensionary, Van Berckel ; and there was the English party, led by the Prince of Orange, who after all was nothing but a puppet in Sir Joseph Yorke's hands ; between these two Holland was distracted.

My sole purpose was to provoke the English party just enough to induce them to acts calculated to excite the resentment of the American party, and at the same time to avoid going far enough in my resistance to any demands, howsoever unjust or iniquitous, to alarm my friends and the friends of our cause.

To accomplish this I wished to try the patience of the English party to the last bit of strain it would bear by keeping my anchorage in Dutch waters on plea of distress, and at the same time I wished to be ready for instant departure the moment I saw that the plea of distress could no longer be plausibly held. To decide just when such moment should arrive was really the only factor in the case that I felt to be a challenge to my faculties of perception.

As it turned out, I decided that such moment had ar-

rived on December 26, 1779. But, as a matter of fact, there had been a dozen days prior to that date, and after the States General passed their resolution of November 19th, when I could have sailed just as well or nearly as well as when I did sail.

With this opportune key, from Jones's own pen, to the otherwise mysterious cipher of what may be termed the "diplomatic duel in the Texel" between Sir Joseph Yorke and Paul Jones, we may resume the chronological thread of history:

Paul Jones's rejoinder to Sir Joseph Yorke's memorial of October 29th was dated Tuesday, November 4, 1779. On Wednesday, November 12th, the whole subject was taken up by the States-General for debate and determination. This debate, with only such interruptions as might be necessary to attend to routine business, lasted a week. On Wednesday, November 19, 1779, the States-General passed a resolution the full text of which may be found on pages 420 and 421 of Dr. Wharton's "Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution," Vol. III.

The substance of this resolution is as follows:

1st. The States-General "decline to consider any question affecting the legality of Paul Jones's commission or his status as a person."

2d. The States-General declare that it is "not their intention to do anything from which it might lawfully be inferred that they recognize the independence of the American colonies."

3d. "That . . . it shall be signified to Paul Jones, that, having only put in to place his injured vessels in shelter from the dangers of the sea . . .

he shall make sail as soon as possible when the wind and weather shall be favorable, and withdraw from this country. . . ."

The rest of this resolution was in the form of an order to His Serene Highness the Prince of Orange, "to effect, with all possible discretion, that the aforesaid Paul Jones depart with his prizes as soon as wind and weather will permit," etc.

At this point, honors in the game of diplomacy between Commodore Jones and Sir Joseph Yorke might seem to have been very nearly, if not quite, easy. Jones had shattered Sir Joseph's original contention that he was "a pirate," and Sir Joseph, with the Prince of Orange for his principal tool, had secured an order for Jones to leave the shelter of a Dutch port. But the order to Jones to leave was so qualified by conditions, and so neutralized by contingencies beyond human control, as to be really no order at all, but merely an admonition to act at discretion.*

* Under date of "The Texel, December 5, 1779," Jones wrote a letter to Robert Morris, in the course of which he said that he was glad his connection with a court was now about ended, and that he would have the satisfaction, when he should return to the United States, of reflecting that his cruise in European waters had been at his own expense, and "without fee or reward of a court." Lest this remark might seem inconsistent with the known benefactions of the Duke and the Duchess de Chartres, d'Orvilliers, Lafayette, and King Louis himself, it should be said that Jones did not consider these helps as personal to himself, but had accepted and used them as public resources for the benefit of the cause alone. However, it may be added that when he did come to the United States, fourteen months after the date of his letter to Robert Morris, he brought with him a most palpable "reward of a court" in the shape of an order of knighthood conferred by the King of France, with the gold-mounted and jewelled sword of honor which was the usual insignia of that distinction. At the worst, however, we can view his little exhibition of temper under date of December 5, 1779, as being, if not unprovoked, at least only a little premature.

It is interesting at this point to note the divergence of the view which Jones on the one hand, and de Vauguyon, Dumas, and even Franklin on the other, took as to the significance of this resolution. The three professional diplomats viewed it as a substantial victory for Sir Joseph Yorke, because of three points which it settled, he had gained two and Jones only one. Sir Joseph's two points were: first, the express disclaimer by the Dutch Legislature of intention to recognize the independence of the United States, and, second, the order, conditional and indefinite as it was, limiting the duration of asylum in Dutch waters for Jones and his squadron. Jones's one point was the overthrow of Sir Joseph's contention that he was "a pirate," and the accompanying refusal of the States-General to interfere with his prizes or his prisoners of war.

Besides, and far more important than any of these points in the long run, as Jones argued, was the fact that the controversy brought on by his presence in the Texel had for the first time forced a distinct expression of official public opinion in Holland on the issues raised by the American Revolution. On this point Jones said:

> We had at least separated the sheep from the goats. We knew now what we did not know before, who our friends were and how strong our cause was in the estimation of the Dutch people. In the final vote on the resolution of November 19th the majority against us in the Assembly was only six, and even at that more than enough deputies to reverse the vote stated in answering to the division that they withheld for further consideration certain points in the placard of November, 1756, defining the limits of

asylum for crippled ships of war belonging to belligerents between whom Holland might be neutral.

This knowledge was as much in possession of the Duke (de la Vauguyon), Mr. Dumas, and Dr. Franklin as in mine, because the proceedings were public. The only really sinister thing done at this time was the relief from command of the Dutch fleet in the Texel of Commodore Riemersma and assignment to it of Vice-Admiral de Reynst. Riemersma was of the American party, and he had also been extremely polite to me personally ; so much so that Sir Joseph Yorke felt called upon to mention it among his grievances. On the other hand, de Reynst was a tool in the hands of His Serene Highness the Prince Stadtholder (Prince of Orange), who, in turn, was a tool in the hands of Sir Joseph.

The Duke (Vauguyon), Mr. Dumas, and Dr. Franklin now apprehended that de Reynst would take it upon himself to use force at any time he might select to compel me to quit the Roadstead with my squadron. I was sure he would do nothing worse than threaten at any time ; but they could not be persuaded of it. By this time an English squadron of seven sail, three fifties, three heavy frigates and a sloop-of-war were blockading the entrance of the Helder, and I could not get out except by running their gantlet. The diplomats were sure that I would fall into the hands of these as soon as I might get in the offing. They found a way to save me.

Finding that the flag of the King of France would be more respected by the Dutch than that of the United States, they procured, through M. de Sartine, a provisional commission as capitain de vaisseau in the French Navy, and this document was personally tendered to me December 3d by the Chevalier de Livoncourt, on behalf of M. de Sartine, and again offered to and finally refused by me on the 13th.*

* See letter of Paul Jones to the Duke de la Vauguyon, December 13, 1779, pages 425, 426, Vol. III, Wharton's Diplomatic Correspondence.

I despaired of inducing my distinguished superiors and advisers to even perceive, much less approve, my attitude or my motives. In vain I expostulated with them that by accepting the shelter of the French flag I should do exactly of all things what Sir Joseph Yorke wished me to do, namely, withdraw all pretensions of the United States as a party to the situation, and thereby confess that the United States claimed no status as a sovereign power in a neutral port.

They all knew what I had written to the States General on November 4th, in rejoinder to Sir Joseph's demand that I be treated as "a pirate," and they had approved it. I now contended that to seek shelter under the French flag or behind a French commission would stultify the position I then took ; but none of them would so view it. On the contrary, they all, but more particularly the Duke, endeavored to mystify me with a mass of abstrusities in diplomatic usage and international law which had no bearing on the case that I could see.

Finally, finding that we could not get together, I said I would turn over the prisoners to the French ambassador under an agreement that their exchange, when effected, should release an equal number of American prisoners then held in England ; leave Captain Cottineau to hoist the French flag on the Pallas, the Vengeance, and Cottineau's prize, the Countess of Scarboro' ; and then make the best of my way to sea with the Serapis and Alliance under the American flag.

Then they made difficulty about the Serapis. They said that the new mainmast I had succeeded in getting for her was too short and she could not sail with it well enough to stand chance of escaping the ships of the enemy on blockade. I modestly suggested that I, being somewhat of a seaman, ought to be left to judge of that ; but they, none of whom could tell a main-brace from a marline-spike, knew better, and it was decided that I could take out only the Alliance.

When I had finally refused the French commission, all reserve was thrown off. M. de Sartine, in the name of the King of France, served on me through Dr. Franklin a request, amounting of course to an order, that I should turn over all the prisoners and all the ships, except the Alliance, to Captain Cottineau, and then do what I pleased or what I could with the Alliance. I afterward found out that this order had been procured at the same time as my French commission, but held up only to serve on me as a last resort if I proved contumacious.

This deprivation of the Serapis was the sorest of all my wounds. I had long ago given up hope of commanding the Indien. The Serapis had been taken by an American ship under the American flag and commanded by virtue of an American commission. I could not conceive by what shadow of right M. de Sartine could claim her as a French prize, and he made no attempt to set up any. She was the finest ship of her rate I ever saw. I wished to make a cruise in her with the Alliance in company. I had, including those recovered from their wounds, one hundred and sixty-seven of the Richard's old crew, and the Alliance had two hundred and eighty, nearly all Americans. This was four hundred and forty-seven men to divide between the two ships. I had planned to take two hundred and fifty in the Serapis and leave the rest in the Alliance and put Richard Dale in command of the latter. Of course both ships would have been short-handed, but I could take advantage of the first easterly gale to get out, and I was sure of making Dunkirk if not of working through the channel round to l'Orient, where I could readily fill up complements, make all necessary refit, and be ready to sail on another cruise in the earliest spring.

But all these hopes were dashed, I fell a victim to diplomatic cabals. I believed then, and have not since seen reason to alter my opinion, that M. Le Ray de Chaumont was at the bottom of the whole contrivance; and I could never assign any reason for it except that he wished to

control the sale of the Serapis as a prize under the provisions of the Concordat, she being worth more than all the others taken, after the three sent to Bergen had been given up.*

Sad as the foregoing recital may seem, the situation it describes was not wholly without a spice of humor, and, curiously enough, the man to leave that side of it on record was none other than Sir Joseph Yorke. Among the papers in the collection of Miss Janette Taylor, the Commodore's niece, was the following. The preface bore evidence of having been dictated by Jones himself:

About this time a seaman's wife, of Burlington, named Burnet, addressed a letter to Sir Joseph Yorke at The Hague imploring tidings of her husband, of whom, since the engagement of Jones with the Serapis, she had never heard, and who, she feared, had fallen in the fight. Sir Joseph gallantly and humanely complied with the poor Englishwoman's request, with a humorous hit at the policy of the Dutch and the shuffling of the French. Sir Joseph wrote to Mrs. Burnet as follows:

"DEAR MADAM: As soon as I received your letter of the 7th instant I lost no time in making inquiries after your gallant husband, Richard Burnet, and have now great pleasure in congratulating you upon his being alive and well, on board the Countess of Scarboro' at the Texel. . . . It will be a still greater pleasure if I can get him exchanged, which I am making my best endeavor for; but as the people who took him are sometimes Rebels and some-

* Jones's Memorial of December 24, 1779, as revised by him in 1784; printed in French Collection, Paris, 1799. This was one of the papers submitted by Jones to the Marechale de Castries, then French Minister of Marine, as part of his case in reclamation of prize-money in 1784-85.

times French, as it suits their convenience to be, and do not remain one or the other long at a time, the affair of exchange of prisoners with them is difficult. If they should conclude finally to be French (or even Rebels) and remain so, I could settle the exchange at once.

"I am most happy to be able to give agreeable news to the wife of my brave countryman.

"Your most faithful servant,

"JOSEPH YORKE.

"The Hague, November 26, 1779."

Under date of The Texel, December 17, 1779, Commodore Jones wrote a letter to Dr. Bancroft, in which, after briefly adverting to the Landais investigation, in which Dr. Bancroft represented him, he said:

The situation here has not materially changed since my last. The diplomats (our own I mean) and M. de Chaumont have overcome me at all points, I have given up my prisoners and prizes to the King, and am now only Captain of the Alliance, waiting a fair wind to sail. The only satisfaction I have is that, in spite of the diplomats, I have used my position here to strain the relations between Holland and England to a point past mending. Nothing now keeps Holland neutral except the influence of the ship-owners, who are doing almost the entire commerce of Europe at enormous rates, and the bankers of Amsterdam, who are handling all the Continental exchanges that before the war went through London. But the Dutch people are for us and for war. And our cause has been helped by the arrogance of Sir Joseph Yorke's demands and the style of dictator which he assumes for his master the King. Privately, however, I am told that Sir Joseph is a clever old fellow and as good a vis-a-vis at dinner as one could wish.

Most unexpectedly I encountered him for a few moments at the house of M. Van Berckel, the Grand Pensionary, when arrangements were being made for comfort of the wounded prisoners, who had been landed. I had expected to deal with his secretary, but Sir Joseph came himself. He was most civil, and requested me, if not too inconvenient, to supply him with a list of names of the wounded and something as to the condition and prospects of each, saying he wished to have it because many letters of inquiry came to him about them from relatives in England. This I did as soon as I returned to the Texel, and he thanked me through M. Van Berckel. I could not help noting, though, that he eyed me curiously.

The only personal allusion he made was to say that he presumed I had seen or heard reports in print or gossip that he offered reward for the surreptitious seizure of my person, and if so he hoped I would view them with suitable contempt. I said I had heard such rumors, but that my knowledge of his character was a sufficient answer to them; for which he thanked me. He offered to send medicines, blankets, and food, and, if necessary, to employ a Dutch physician to take the place of Dr. Bannatyne, late surgeon of the Serapis, who had broken down. I accepted all his good offices in behalf of the prisoners on shore.

Sir Joseph said he would send the supplies up by a small vessel from Amsterdam to the Texel in a day or two, consigned to me. But I, not wishing to be responsible in any way for them, for fear that malicious enemies might accuse me of appropriating them—which I frankly said to Sir Joseph—requested him to consign such supplies as he might send, to Dr. Edgerly, late surgeon of the Scarboro', who, since the illness of the late chief surgeon of the Serapis, had been placed by me in full charge of his wounded countrymen landed at the Texel Fort. Sir Joseph, at once, most politely expressed his approval of this suggestion and said he would consign the supplies to Dr. Edgerly, who, being

a non-combatant, was, of course, not held under any restraint whatsoever by me.

I returned that night by land conveyance to the Helder, and went aboard my ship the next morning. Two days later Sir Joseph sent by a hoy from Amsterdam a goodly supply of medicines, blankets, food, tobacco, with considerable wine and some liquors, for the wounded and convalescent of his countrymen. And with the consignment of these articles to Dr. Edgerly as I had requested, he sent also a private letter to that gentleman, requesting him to inform me that if, as he (Sir Joseph) suspected, the wounded Americans might also be in need of such supplies as he had sent, they should have an impartial share; "because," said Sir Joseph in his letter to Dr. Edgerly, "we all know that Old England can never tell the difference between friends and foes among brave men wounded in battle, even if some of them may, peradventure, be rebels!"

I confess that when Dr. Edgerly showed to me this sentiment of Sir Joseph's I was at loss for comment, and said only that nothing else could be expected from an English gentleman! But I must also confess that my opinion of Sir Joseph as a man from that moment took a very wide divergence from my estimate of him as an Ambassador.

Fortunately, however, thanks to the assiduity of the Baron Van der Capellen and our other Dutch friends in behalf of our own wounded, I was in a position to dispense with Sir Joseph's gentle charity as to the wounded of our own crew. Everything that charity could do in that way was already being done by the lovely Holland dames and daughters of the Helder, who every day thronged the decks of the Serapis and the Pallas with all the delicacies that only the good hearts of women can contrive for the comfort and succor of brave men who have been wounded in battle. Every day these blessed women came to the ships in great numbers—mothers, daughters, even little girls—bringing

with them for our wounded sailors all the numberless little comforts of Dutch homes; a tribute that came from the hearts of the people, and therefore far overlaid in effect all statecraft and all diplomacy for or against us!

If it be permissible to put a political interpretation upon such an avalanche of charity and benevolence, I would say that this evidence of Dutch feeling means quite as much popular sentiment in our favor, at the foundation of Dutch society, as the natural generosity of the Dutch people.

Or, I might say, it shows a latent resentment toward England quite as clearly as an active sympathy with us. I am sure that the strain put upon the relations between Holland and England must end in rupture between them within this year.*

That Jones was not mistaken as to the effect of his conduct in the Texel toward straining the relations of England and Holland to the breaking point, may, we think, be considered sufficiently attested by the text of the first count in the bill of grievances set forth in the royal proclamation of a state of war against Holland, dated "St. James, December 20, 1780." † This first count of grievance was as follows:

That, in violation of treaty, they [the States-General] suffered an American Pirate (one Paul Jones, a Rebel, and State Criminal) to remain several weeks in one of their ports; and even permitted a part of his crew to mount guard (with arms and munitions, under his authority) in one of their Forts in the Texel.

* This letter was written December 17, 1779. War was declared between England and Holland December 19, 1780.

† See Minute of Order in Council of the same date, British Foreign Office Papers.

Isolated by the diplomats, and single-handed as he was, Jones did not give up the Serapis without a struggle. Under date of March 21, 1781, after his return to the United States, he addressed to Congress through the Marine Committee (then termed the Board of Admiralty) a review of all his operations between sailing from Portsmouth in the Ranger, November 1, 1777, and the date of his return home in the Ariel, February 7, 1781. In this review he says:

23. I had command of the Serapis from the time the Bon Homme Richard sunk until she (the Serapis) was remasted, repaired, and fit for sea at the Texel.

24. When ready for sea I received a letter from His Excellency Benjamin Franklin, Esq., referring me to the Ambassador of France (the Duke de la Vauguyon), who sent for me to come to Amsterdam; and after a dispute of thirteen hours I yielded to go from on board the Serapis to command of the Alliance. This because I was solemnly assured upon the honor of the Ambassador that it was the personal wish of my benefactor, His Majesty the King of France. But I afterward understood that it was brought about by M. Le Ray de Chaumont.

When Commodore Jones transferred his flag from the Serapis to the Alliance, he assembled all the seamen of both crews who were not French subjects on board the latter; and he then gave to the aliens in the two crews the opportunity, if they desired, to take honorable discharges with certificates of their shares of prize-money. Only thirty-five availed themselves of this offer, mostly Portuguese and English. All the Swedes and Norwegians remained, declaring themselves American citizens, about forty,

altogether, in both crews. The total number now on board the Alliance was four hundred and twelve, which was one hundred in excess of her full complement, and more than she could comfortably berth. One clause in the order of M. de Sartine forbade Jones taking any French subjects in the Alliance; but five French volunteers of the Richard's old crew stowed themselves away, and appeared on deck as soon as the Alliance got outside. They were Pierre Gerard, Pierre Fanchot, Denis Bouchinet, Baptiste Travaillé, and Leonard La Roche.

We cannot, at this point, do better than let Nathaniel Fanning relate the brief history of the uneventful cruise of the Alliance from the Texel, with incidental comment by Paul Jones. Fanning says:

On Christmas day an easterly gale began, which soon compelled the English fleet cruising in front of the Texel to make an offing, all but one or two of their frigates being driven quite off the coast. In the afternoon of December 26th the wind abated and about 10 o'clock that night Jones stood out to sea in the Alliance and boldly shaped his course for the Straits of Dover. He now ran through the Straits of Dover and down the English Channel, passing close enough in to fire a shot at the Channel fleet anchored off Spithead, and then cruised as far south as Corunna, where he remained two weeks, watering and victualling his ship. Spain being at that time at war with England, the Alliance was most cordially received and the civilities of the town were exhausted in entertaining Commodore Jones and his officers. The crew of the Alliance at this time numbered four hundred and twelve officers, seamen, and marines.

On January 28, 1780, having refitted, watered, and victualled the Alliance, Jones sailed from Corunna for l'Ori-

ent. It has been stated that he had a large crew, composed almost entirely of Americans. Some of them were survivors of the old crew of the Richard, others were those detached into the Alliance at l'Orient in July, 1779.

The second day out from Corunna the jack-o'-the-dust handed to Commodore Jones a petition signed by the entire crew. It was as follows :

"We respectfully request you, sir, to lay us alongside any single-decked English ship to be found in these seas, or any double-decked ship under a fifty." [That is, rating not more than fifty guns.]

This was not a "round robin," but a straight petition, headed by old John C. Robinson, the boatswain, and signed in order of rating by every member of the crew, including the cooks and cabin boys.

In his journal of 1787 Commodore Jones says of this incident :

When this paper was handed to me I could hardly control my feelings. I at once mustered the crew and told them that it was necessary for us to return to l'Orient as soon as possible, and that we were not prepared for a long cruise. I also told them that, the season being midwinter, we would not have much chance of encountering English cruisers of force similar to our own in the Bay of Biscay. But I promised them that I would keep a good lookout and, if occasion presented, would conform exactly to the terms of their petition.

Knowing their spirit as I did, I had made up my mind to lay our little thirty-six-gun twelve-pounder frigate up alongside anything English that might get in our way up, to and including a fifty. But none such got in our way. I stood off and on for two weeks in the Bay of Biscay looking for anything from a frigate to a fifty, but no English man-of-war of any rate crossed us. Therefore, the weather being bad and our time for arrival at l'Orient limited, I bore up for

Isle au Groaix and anchored in the harbor of l'Orient February 14th, 1780.

In view of the condition of the ship and the strong force and fierce temper of my crew, I am persuaded that our failure to encounter an English ship of reasonably equal force was a misfortune to our cause. Knowing the strength and spirit of my crew as I did, I would not have hesitated to lay the Alliance close aboard of any fifty-gun ship in the English Navy.

My regular complement was only three hundred and twelve, and I had over one hundred in excess of it. No English fifty-gun ship had as many men in her regular complement as I had on the Alliance, and my experience in the Ranger and the Richard had taught me that men mean more than guns in the rating of a ship, provided that the men are American sailors and the Commander knows how to use them.

Besides this, the Alliance was a much smarter sailer, quicker worker, and shiftier handler than any British ship of any rate. This, with my great deck force to work ship, would have enabled me to lay an enemy on board very early in the action, with any reasonable luck. And I was sure that if I could once lay that crew on board an English ship anywhere near our rate, the rest of the action would take care of itself. No one who knew their feelings as I did could doubt the result.*

* While the Alliance lay in the port of Corunna, an incident occurred which illustrates the tact of Commodore Jones in affairs of discipline. Certain junior officers, as related by Fanning, had in some way made the acquaintance of certain nuns belonging to a convent there. These nuns met the junior officers—who, by the way, were Mayrant and Tom Potter—at the house of a cordwainer near the convent. They were surprised there by the Spanish police, and the officers were placed in the calabozo, while the nuns were hustled back to their convent. This event occurred at quite a late hour, and the Commodore happened to be on shore, dining with the Governor of the city. The affair was reported to the Governor just as the party was about to rise from table. As the ship was to sail next day but one, Commodore Jones requested the Governor to allow him

In his journal of 1787 Commodore Jones describes what occurred on his arrival at l'Orient as follows :

Our arrival at l'Orient demonstrated anew the avidity of French owners to get American officers, and, as far as they could, American seamen for their privateers. This was not easy, because to command their privateers it was of course requisite to speak French, which many of our young officers could not do. There was at this time a great association of French merchants and bankers that owned many ships and possessed much capital, engaged wholly in privateering. The managers of this enterprise were M. Monthieu, of Paris, and M. Marcereau, of Nantes. Their principal ports were Dunkirk and St. Maloes.

Very soon after I had warped the Alliance in from Isle au Groaix to the inner harbor of l'Orient and begun to strip her for a much-needed overhaul, M. Marcereau came over from Nantes in person to get me to help him recruit some Americans for two fine new privateers belonging to his association, then ready for sea at St. Maloes. I had

to take the offenders on board, promising to visit upon them the most condign punishment. His Excellency was polite enough to agree with this, and the two culprits were taken from the calabozo and sent aboard considerably past midnight. The next day a summary court-martial was convened, which "sentenced" Mayrant and Potter to deprivation of their rank, and other penalties.

"This finding," says Fanning, "the Commodore translated into Spanish, engrossed a copy of it with his own hand and forwarded the same to His Excellency the Governor, by the hand of Lieutenant Ned Stack, supported by Midshipman Linthwaite and myself. His Excellency expressed complete satisfaction at the promptness and thoroughness of the Commodore's action, saying it was much better that the affair should have taken that course than to have detained the offenders for punishment by the Spanish authorities, which might have caused complications. But the day after leaving port the Commodore reviewed the case and peremptorily set the proceedings aside on the ground that *the punishment was inadequate to the offense!* This left Mayrant and Potter as they were before, and they of course resumed duty, subject only to the raillery of their messmates—for getting caught."

then in the Alliance the four hundred and twelve Americans and the five Frenchmen who had gone out from the Texel with me. In addition to these I had found twenty-two American seamen adrift at Corunna who had been recaptured in an English prize by the Spanish frigate El Torreador. This made four hundred and thirty-nine in all, and I could easily spare one hundred and twenty-five or one hundred and thirty of them and still have a full complement for the Alliance.

I therefore brought M. Marcereau and my young officers together, with result that Mr. Nathaniel Fanning and Mr. John Mayrant soon made engagement with him. The French privateer owners had a fashion, when they secured an American officer to command, of putting on board, under the guise of a so-called "agent-comptable" (literally, "purser"), a real commander by virtue of the articles or "concordat" they would make the American sign, and also by operation of the French regulations governing letters-of-marque. Under such an arrangement, as my friend, poor Conyngham, had found to his cost, and as I myself was not wholly inexperienced in, the man who should be captain was in effect reduced to the rank and authority of sailing-master. Thus as soon as the preliminaries were over, M. Marcereau, with the usual bland politeness of his race, produced his "concordat" for Mayrant and Fanning to sign. Looking it over I found that it was the usual form, reciting that the letter-of-marque is made out in the name of the "agent-comptable," representing the owners, thereby making the captain a colleague if not a subordinate of his ship's purser.

I at once explained this to Fanning and Mayrant and pointed out the difficulties and distractions such an agreement must subject them to. They without hesitation agreed with me, and declared they would not go under such conditions.

M. Marcereau pleaded that it was a mere affair of form, necessary under existing letter-of-marque regulations. I

denied this and said there was no reason why the letters-of-marque should not be made out in the names of Fanning and Mayrant, who were to command the ships. M. Marcereau said that the King's letters-of-marque could run only in the names of the King's subjects, which I knew was not true.

Embittered by my own recent experience, I told him he had better, then, get French subjects to command his ships, and frankly assured him that my boys should not with my consent enter his service under such conditions as he proposed. Waxing, perhaps, a little warm, I told him that the whole Kingdom of France, in all its history, had never bred two seamen as brave and capable as my two boys who stood before him, Mayrant and Fanning, and that they were by no means beggars for his service, as I would see them properly taken care of under their own flag, in the event of his not agreeing with them suitably to my views. I also told M. Marcereau that he and his associates would never, with my consent, be permitted to play with Mayrant and Fanning the part that Le Ray de Chaumont had played with me.

M. Marcereau, seeing that I was not to be fooled by any French rogue whatsoever, and wanting above all things that my boys should command his ships, now asked what would satisfy me to let them go. I said simply that I would be satisfied if the letters-of-marque were filled out in their names both as captain and as "agent-comptable," and nothing short of it. He then said he was not authorized to do this, when I told him it was immaterial to me what he was or was not authorized to do; that I had my fill to the full of French chicanery and that unless he could take my boys on my terms he could leave them as they were, with me.

He then withdrew and we all thought it was ended. But not so. The next day about two o'clock in the afternoon he came again aboard the Alliance with papers filled out in the form I had insisted on. I then wrote and attached to

the backs of the two letters-of-marque the following indorsement :

"It is agreed and understood and solemnly covenanted that the within letters-of-marque and reprisal, running in the name and drawn by the sovereign authority of His Most Christian Majesty Louis XVI., King of France and Navarre, for the said ships, namely : the brig-sloop l'Éclipse, and the ship-sloop La Bonne Aventure mentioned in the attached articles, shall, pending and until further orders of His Majesty, commit the said ships to the sole and unquestioned command of Nathaniel Fanning and John Mayrant, Midshipmen and Acting Lieutenants in the American Continental Navy, and that such further orders as are mentioned shall not be made until after the said Fanning and Mayrant shall have completed at their discretion at least one cruise in the said ships. And it is further covenanted and agreed that no letter, paper, or authority of any kind issued to or lodged in the hands of any person whomsoever shall in any way or to any degree supersede or limit the sole power granted to the said Fanning and the said Mayrant by the within letters-of-marque on the part of His Majesty and confirmed by the owners of the said vessels by the indorsement foregoing ; this 22d day of February, A.D. 1780."

This indorsement I made M. Marcereau sign and attest on behalf of his Association in due form, and had it witnessed by Richard Dale and Edward Stack, whereupon I countersigned the indorsement in my own name on behalf of Mayrant and Fanning. This I did for the purpose of exhibiting that they were acting in such capacity by my orders, as detached on particular service, so that no prejudice could be made as to the continuance of their commissions or warrants as American officers. The officers involved in these proceedings were John Mayrant, acting lieutenant ; Thomas Potter, midshipman, and Reuben Chase, master's mate, of the late Bon Homme Richard, who entered as commander, first lieutenant, and second lieutenant, re-

spectively, of La Bonne Aventure; and Nathaniel Fanning, acting lieutenant, and Henry Gardner, gunner of the aforesaid, who entered as commander and first lieutenant, respectively, of l'Éclipse.

Having at last satisfactorily arranged these vexatious details in a manner to protect the interests of my boys and give them actual as well as nominal command of their ships, I issued a formal order directing Mr. Mayrant and Mr. Fanning and the other officers selected to proceed on duty on board the said ships for particular service. To the enlisted men who accompanied them I gave honorable discharges with prize-money certificates. These acts were approved by his excellency Dr. Franklin. I took this course to preserve the rank and status of the officers in the Navy of the United States without prejudice by reason of their accepting foreign letters-of-marque.

The number volunteering was five officers and one hundred and twenty-five men, of whom three officers and sixty-four men joined the ship-sloop La Bonne Aventure and two officers and sixty-one men joined the brig-sloop l'Éclipse, the crews in each ship being made up to about one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty by Frenchmen, and all of course under the French flag and navy regulations provided for the government of letters-of-marque. They sailed from St. Maloes, March 5, 1780, the Bonne Aventure commanded by Mayrant, the Éclipse by Fanning, and they arranged rank according to their respective places in the roster of the Richard, which made Mayrant the senior officer.

Their cruises, lasting about twenty months, were the most daring and successful in the annals of French privateering; due wholly, I am persuaded, to their freedom from interference by "concordats" and "agents-comptables." They inflicted damage upon the enemy's commerce amounting by actual appraisement to more than two hundred thousand pounds sterling.

Though Commodore Jones had given Mayrant and Fanning *carte blanche* in the selection of the men he was willing to let go with them, he apparently winced somewhat when he saw the result. Almost without exception the seamen who went with them were the young, stalwart, adventurous fellows, largely from the remnant of the Richard's crew. They were all Americans, too, except about twenty who were Swedes and Norwegians; and these, in Jones's estimation, had little or no odds to ask of his Americans as prime sailors. He more than once refers to this fact in his subsequent papers, and there is reason to believe that the absence of these men had much to do with the misfortunes that befell the Alliance a little later. They were surely the bone and sinew of his crew.

CHAPTER XI

AIMÉE DE TELISON

Commodore Jones anchored the Alliance at l'Orient the 10th of February, 1780. He was destined to pass the ensuing year almost wholly on shore in France. Though not marked by either opportunities or successes in his profession, it was yet in many respects the most interesting if not most important year of his life. His first care, after arranging, as has been described in a previous chapter, with masterly skill and affectionate forethought, a privateering cruise for his "two gallant boys," as he fondly called John Mayrant and Nathaniel Fanning, was to provide for a general overhaul and refit of the Alliance. While he had been making his cruise to Corunna in the latter ship, the Serapis, under the French flag, had been brought round from the Texel to l'Orient and was moored in the dockyard basin for repair and refit. She had been appraised as a "King's prize" and was to be sold under French prize laws, and the Minister of Marine had decreed that 240,000 livres (about $60,000) should be paid for her as prize-money to the captors.

Jones now renewed his hope of getting command of her, when refitted, and Dr. Franklin used all possible diplomatic effort to aid him in his aspiration. There was at one time, not long after the Alliance

got into port, so good a prospect of success in this endeavor that Jones expressed regret at having let Mayrant and Fanning go, with their one hundred and twenty-eight American and Scandinavian sailors, in the two French privateers already described. In a letter to Dr. Bancroft, under date of March 17th, he says :

If I get the Serapis, of which my advices from Dr. Franklin and M. de Genet lead me to be hopeful, I shall miss sadly my gallant boys, Fanning and Mayrant, and the one hundred and twenty-eight Yankee sea-tigers they took with them in the privateers. As you know, Fanning is the man who threw the hand-grenade from the Richard's main yard down through the hatch of the Serapis that blew up the enemy's lower tier, and did more than any other one thing to decide the battle. And Mayrant is the man who led the Richard's boarders to storm the decks of the enemy and finish the fight. I cannot find two more like them, yet when they had opportunity to better the poor fortunes held out by the unrequited service of our own neglected and mismanaged navy, I could not find it in my heart to say them nay. So they are gone—the apples of my eyes, I might say—and, what is worse, the one hundred and twenty-eight others they took with them were the pick and flower of my old crews. All who volunteered to go with them were young men ; hardly any that I can think of over twenty-four or twenty-five years old ; nearly all American sailors, many of them whalemen, some who had served with me in the Ranger, and a few as far back as the cruises of the Providence and the Alfred. But they are all gone now and cannot be recalled. The only consolation I have is that they will be heard from, and it need surprise no one if the first news of them comes from the East Indian seas ; for I am sure their daring souls will never be content with the doldrums of the Atlantic.

As it is, after sending the sick on shore, and discharging a few malcontents in preference to trying to coerce them by punishment, I now have two hundred and seventy good men in the Alliance. Most of them are nearly at the end of their enlistments, but they will all or nearly all re-engage if there is sure prospect of another cruise. But if I get the Serapis I shall need at least three hundred more. One hundred and twenty have recently arrived in a cartel at Nantes, just exchanged from English prisons for the wounded or convalescent of Pearson's crew that I left in the Texel. Mr. Dale will proceed to Nantes to recruit as many as he can of these. The rest I probably can, if necessary, fill up with French volunteers.

The foregoing letter was dated in March, before Jones had reason to apprehend losing control of the Alliance. In another letter, also to Bancroft, dated December 1st, while the Ariel was fitting out for her second sailing, and when he had high hopes of obtaining the frigate Terpsichore, he wrote:

I cherish now a hope of getting the Serapis for myself, keeping the Ariel for Mr. Dale, and not only that, but the Duke (de Chartres) is doing all he can to get the Terpsichore—which is the frigate he came to the Chesapeake in during the Spring of 1775—placed under my orders. She will be commanded by a protégé of the Duke—Captain de Roberdeau—and have a French crew. I shall rely much on your interest at court and particularly on your access to the new Minister of Marine, Marechal de Castries, to help me in this. With the present crew of the Ariel and what recruits can be got at this and other ports near, I can muster three hundred and seventy-five Americans, and these with, say, two hundred French volunteers, will crew both ships.

But these fair hopes were doomed to be shattered. The actual destiny that befell Jones and his plans would be a long story if we should attempt to trace its history in detail, as set forth in the voluminous correspondence on the subject which, during the months from April to December, 1780, passed between Jones and Dr. Franklin, Jones and Genet, First Secretary (or as we would say, Chief Clerk) of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; Jones and the Count de Maurepas, Prime Minister; Jones and the Count de Vergennes, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Jones and the Duchess de Chartres; Jones and Madame Campan, Genet's daughter, then First Lady of Marie Antoinette's household; Jones and Dr. Bancroft; Jones and Robert Morris; and many others—including, of course, what Jones sardonically describes at a later period as "my involuntary exchanges at a much longer range than I wished with the Honorable Arthur Lee."

The whole or nearly all of this correspondence may be found in Wharton, in the Collection of Miss Janette Taylor, in the Bancroft Collection, in the Sherburne Collection, in the Gardner Papers, or in the French Collection of 1799. Taken together and reproduced verbatim it would fill a small volume. In the Janette Taylor Collection, which does not embrace all the correspondence, forty-six pages of print are given up to it, and in the French Collection thirty-two pages. The reader of it *in extenso* can do no less than marvel at the facility of diction and the versatility of adaptation that Jones exhibited in this volume of writing, sometimes in English and sometimes in French; and not only that, but at

the same time closely superintending the overhaul of the Alliance, keeping an eye on the repair of the Serapis, arranging for enlistment of seamen and besieging the French court for return and settlement of prize-moneys due to his impoverished crews. And even this is not all that he had to occupy this time; for during the same period he made several journeys between l'Orient and Paris and l'Orient and Nantes, and was, whenever in Paris, or Versailles, constantly fêted and lionized everywhere by everybody.

Unquestionably this ceaseless activity, both physical and mental, and this reckless, wasteful expenditure of energy without due rest or recreation, had much if not all to do with the general weakening that resulted in his untimely death a few years later, at the age of only forty-six years. He has himself left record of these facts. In his last journal, that of 1791, he says:

My greatest trouble in those years was inability to get sound or refreshing sleep. I can say, without the slightest exaggeration, that from my sailing from Portsmouth, November 1, 1777, in the Ranger, to my arrival at Philadelphia, February 18, 1781, in the Ariel, I had never known what it was to sleep four hours at a time. I could never turn in without something on my mind to keep me wakeful, and many times I had to rise and resume my duties more fatigued than when I lay down to a delusive rest. As early as 1780, from much writing at night, by the bad light of ship's lamps and from my indisposition to employ the aid of eye-glasses, my sight began to be impaired. But I still put resolute trust in the strong constitution nature had blest me with and in the rigid habit of temperateness in the use of the good things of this life that

I had always inflexibly forced myself to observe. If I drank wine it was always sparingly ; as little as might be consistent with the due etiquette of the dinner-table socially ; or sometimes for a stimulant when in the face of work that must be finished before sleeping, I might quaff a little sack (champagne) to keep me from falling down. As for fiery liquors, I never touched them in any guise, and was as much a stranger to the taste of rum or brandy as to that of ratsbane.

This from anyone but Paul Jones might be considered a rather gratuitous self-certificate of temperance and continence ; but as everything that he wrote was written with the idea that he ought to take the world, present and future, into his confidence, and also that history would in remote times thank him for his candor, it does not seem amiss to reproduce here the foregoing passage of unconscious egotism.

Early in June the overhaul of the Alliance was done. Dr. Franklin had groaned under the expense, to meet which had often put the good old philosopher at his wits' ends, and his remonstrances with Jones in the interest of economy at this period are—or would be if we could lose sight of the poverty of the United States then—almost comical. In one case, which may illustrate all, the good old Doctor says, under date of April 30, 1780 :

. . . The whole expense will therefore fall upon me, and I am ill provided to bear it, having so many unexpected calls upon me from other quarters. I therefore beg you, my dear Commodore, that you would have mercy on me, put me to as little charge as possible, and take nothing that you can possibly do without. . . . I approve

your application to Messrs. Gourlade and Moylan [American Navy Agents at l'Orient] for what repairs and supplies you must have; but let me fervently repeat, my dear Commodore, for God's sake be sparing, unless you mean to make me a bankrupt or have your drafts dishonored for the most convincing of all reasons, that of want of money in my hands to pay them.

To which Jones replied by return mail:

I feel most keenly, my great, good, and most exaltedly honored superior and friend, your reasons for urging frugality. But, as I hardly need remind you, I have not hitherto been among the most extravagant servants of our country, and so now, you may depend on it, I will not violate the precedents of my former conduct; and more than this, knowing your distress for funds, my personal homage for you will make my calculations of expense particularly nice in the present situation.

About this time began Jones's final quarrel with Arthur Lee. The latter had ceased to be a member of our Commission in France; all his authority as a representative of our interests in Europe had been withdrawn; he had been ordered by Congress to return to the United States, and was only awaiting what he might consider a passage suitable to a personage of his rank and dignity. Lee thought the Alliance would be a proper conveyance, but he did not wish to be a passenger in a frigate commanded by Paul Jones. So Mr. Lee determined, if he could, to take the Alliance away from Jones, and to accomplish that object he did not hesitate to conspire with the already discredited and disgraced Landais.

Dr. Franklin, then the sole representative of the

United States in France and our senior representative in all Europe, had detached Landais from command, had ordered him to report to the Marine Committee for trial on the charges of infamous conduct preferred against him by Commodore Jones; and he had, when apprised of the conspiracy between Arthur Lee and Landais to seize the ship, followed all this up by a peremptory order to Landais to refrain from any attempt at "usurping command of the Alliance."

Lee now took it upon himself to counsel Landais to disregard the order of Dr. Franklin. Jones was at the moment in Versailles, whither he had gone to effect a settlement, in part at least, of the prize-moneys due from the formal sale of the Serapis and other captured ships. Jones had already, before leaving l'Orient on this mission, arranged to give Lee the best accommodations the Alliance afforded. But after that had been arranged, Lee had demanded space for two fine coaches, made in France, which he desired to carry to Virginia, and also freight-room for a small cargo of wines, liquors, books, pictures, furniture, and bric-a-brac he had acquired during his four years' residence in France as a representative of the struggling Colonies.

On the other hand, Dr. Franklin had ordered Jones to take on board and transport to this country a great quantity of arms, munitions, clothing for the Continental Army, and other bulky public stores. The Alliance could not stow all these and leave space for the luxurious belongings of Arthur Lee. Therefore, Jones demurred to the coaches, the domestic supplies, and the furniture of Mr. Lee, though, at the same time, he offered to arrange for

their transportation in a French merchant ship, the Luzerne, which the Alliance was to convoy to the United States. But this did not suit Lee. He was not only determined to go home in the Alliance with all his private effects on board, regardless of the public exigencies, but he was also resolved not to sail in her with Paul Jones as captain; and beyond all that, he was at last resolved to testify his contempt and hatred of both Jones and Dr. Franklin by using the vestige of power that still remained in his hands to reinstall in command of the ship the congenial wretch whom Jones had personally disgraced as a coward, and whom Dr. Franklin had officially discredited as a delinquent naval officer.

Jones was apprised of these manœuvres a few days before they culminated. His friend Genet, Chief Clerk of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, gave him the facts, and with them a copy of a peremptory order to the Chevalier de Thevenard, commanding the defences of l'Orient, to stop the Alliance if Lee and Landais should attempt to take her out, the order directing Thevenard to sink the ship with the cannon of the barrier forts, if no less drastic measures would suffice. Genet then informed Jones that the order had been issued almost in the terms of Dr. Franklin's request for it dated the 13th of June, as follows: "That the Alliance, if seized by Landais, as reported, should be stopped from going to sea," etc., and requesting that measures to that end be taken "as a friendly act to the Government of the United States." To this Genet added: "We know but one way to deal with mutineers."

In Volume II., "Historical Anecdotes of the Court of Louis XVI.," we find the following:

. . . When Genet handed this order to Jones the latter said:

"This is terrible. I hope the dernier ressort may be averted. To sink the ship would punish nearly three hundred good and brave seamen, who are innocent or misguided, in order to reach two base conspirators. I will go post-express to l'Orient and try my best to avert such a horror."

"But how can it be averted," inquired Genet, "if they have possession of the ship and insist on going out? Thevenard already has orders to stop them until further directed. You are, of course, aware that the order of which you have a copy was sent to l'Orient four days ago on the representation of Dr. Franklin."

"Yes," said Commodore Jones, "I understand that. And I have an order from the Doctor authorizing me to revoke the permission previously given to Arthur Lee for passage home in the Alliance, the order reciting that it is generally understood that the mutiny in that ship has been promoted or advised by Arthur Lee. But I do not think the Doctor has any idea of the ship being fired upon by your forts. Does he know the full tenor of your orders to Thevenard?"

"We have notified him," replied Genet, "of our compliance with his request. Of course we have informed him only that we will, agreeably to his official request, stop the ship if attempt be made to sail with her under command of anyone but yourself. Naturally, we have not acquainted him with the details of our military instructions to the Chevalier de Thevenard."

"Then," said Commodore Jones, "I must go at once to l'Orient and do what I can to obviate such a horror as the sinking of the Alliance would be. . . ."

The foregoing interview occurred June 18th. Jones at once left by express-carriage for l'Orient, making the journey of two hundred and eighty miles in fifty-four hours—then almost unprecedented time between Versailles and l'Orient. Under date of l'Orient, June 21st, he wrote to Franklin as follows:

SIR: I was detained at Versailles forty hours by M. de Genet from the time of my arrival there and was then informed by M. de Genet that an express had been sent from court with the necessary orders to the King's officers at l'Orient respecting Captain Landais and the Alliance. I arrived here yesterday morning, fifty-four hours after leaving Versailles. M. de Thevenard had made every necessary preparation to stop the Alliance, as appears by the enclosed document on the subject. [This document was a copy of Thevenard's orders.] He had the evening before sent orders to the forts to fire on the Alliance and, if necessary, sink her to the bottom if they attempted to pass or even approach the barrier across the entrance of the port. Had I remained silent an hour longer the dreadful work would have been done.

Your humanity will, I know, justify the part I acted in preventing a scene that would have rendered me miserable for the rest of my life. At my request and on my agreeing to take the whole responsibility, the Chevalier de Thevenard suspended the orders to fire, and the Alliance was permitted to be warped and towed through the rocks, and is now at anchor in the outer roads, between Port Louis and Isle au Groaix.

Mr. Lee has now pulled off the mask and I am convinced is not a little disappointed that his operations have produced no bloodshed between the subjects of France and America. Poor man! . . . Mr. Lee and his party, in representations to M. de Thevenard, pretend to justify their measures because they say you did not formally put Landais

under arrest. And Mr. Lee says you cannot displace Landais, however great his crimes, because Congress gave him the command of the Alliance, and no other authority can deprive him of it.

M. de Thevenard, on his part, wishes me to request you to at once assure the Ministry that his failure to fire on the Alliance in accordance with his orders was due to what he understood to be a request from you conveyed through me; this, of course, is to clear him of responsibility for letting the ship go out. Please notify the Ministry to the above effect, as I know you would have done exactly as I did had you been on the spot.

Dr. Franklin acted in accordance with the Commodore's request, and in a few days M. de Thevenard received from the Ministry a note approving his conduct. The Alliance sailed for the United States the 22d of June and arrived at Boston the 2d of August. Her voyage involved a strange commentary on the "way of the transgressor." Hardly had the ship cleared Cape Finisterre, when Landais announced his intention to cruise as far south as the Windward Islands on the way home. Arthur Lee violently remonstrated against this crazy project. The ship was laden with military stores that were urgently needed. Her crew was short-handed and discontented to the verge of mutiny. But Landais was obdurate, and ordered the course shaped for Fayal. Not an officer in the ship would obey him, and Arthur Lee, quite rightfully, sustained them. Among Lee's numerous accomplishments had been the study of medicine, and he had taken the degree of M.D. from the Edinburgh College of Physicians and Surgeons. He now brought this branch of his learning into use,

held a volunteer survey upon Landais, and declared him insane, in his capacity as a doctor of medicine; and then in his capacity as an ex-Commissioner of the United States, he ordered Lieutenant James Arthur Degge to take command of the ship. As soon as they arrived at Boston a court of inquiry was held, which, mainly on Lee's testimony, found Landais unfit to command, and he was dismissed from the service — or, at least, permanently suspended.

During the period under consideration—1778–79–80—was developed the only affair in the whole career of Paul Jones that had the flavor of sustained romance, in the sense of a permanent relation with one of the fair sex. However numerous may have been his temporary amours, this one, at least, lasted his lifetime, with only such interruptions as were unavoidably caused by the incidents of his career as a naval commander.

The lady was Aimée Adele de Telison. She was born in 1758 and was twenty years old when Jones met her. She was a natural daughter of Louis XV. by one of the numerous temporary mistresses of that king, during the period of Madame de Pompadour's ascendancy. Her mother was Mademoiselle de Tiercelin, known to history as "de Bonneval," a name the King made her assume when he took her under his protection.

According to Soulavie ("Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XV.") the King, through his confidential procureur, le Bel, learned of Mademoiselle de Tiercelin when she was only twelve years old, and then placed her in charge of a governess named Madame

Bertrand, who gave her a fair education until she reached the age of fourteen years, when the King, with the consent of Madame Pompadour, gave her apartments in the Palace of Versailles for some time. The father of this girl, M. de Tiercelin, was an impoverished nobleman of Provence, and Lacretelle relates that when he presumed too much upon being the grandfather of the King's natural child by his daughter, he was effectually silenced by the harsh sound of the great key of the Bastille, within whose walls he remained several months.

Louis XV. had taken warning by the example of his grandfather, Louis XIV. That monarch had been in the habit of recognizing and legitimatizing the children borne to him by his various mistresses, such as la Vallière and de Montespan; the result having been large accessions to the noblesse of France, involving not only infinite scandal but vast increase in the public burdens for their support.

While Louis XV. inherited all the Bourbon lust of his grandfather, Louis XIV., he seems also to have fallen heir to the Alpine frugality of his mother, Adelaide of Savoy. Therefore Louis XV. did not burden the Almanach de Gotha with the results of his frequent and fleeting amours. On the contrary, as Lacretelle says in his "History of France," verified by the memoirs of Madame de Hausset and many other records of that profligate Court, too numerous to quote in detail; Louis XV. soon tired of his young mistresses one after another, and "they were sent away, loaded with gifts and generally provided with pensions, but almost certain of never again beholding the King who had dishonored

them, even when they bore in their arms or at their bosoms the living pledges of their submission to his lust."

In Mlle. de Bonneval, however, Louis XV. seems to have taken more than his usual interest. She became a mother at the age of fifteen. Louis XV. then settled upon her an annuity of twelve thousand livres and also made provision for the education of the child. Soon afterward the father of the King's discarded young mistress, M. de Tiercelin, was accused of being an emissary of Frederick the Great, and the Duke de Choiseul ordered both the father and the daughter to be imprisoned in the Bastille. But Madame de Pompadour promptly interfered in favor of the daughter, who was released, and in 1761 Madame de Pompadour arranged a marriage between Mlle. de Bonneval and an official in the Chancellerie of Marine, named de Telison, who, by the way, was a widower with two children. Upon this event the natural daughter of the King by Mlle. de Bonneval took the name of her stepfather and became "Aimée Adele de Telison."

Madame de Pompadour continued her interest in the fortunes of both mother and daughter until she died, in 1764. After that the arrangements that Louis XV. had made for Aimée's education remained in force until the monarch died, in 1774, when Aimée was sixteen years old. Then her resources were suddenly cut off, notwithstanding that her mother's annuity, which, it appears, had been paid out of the private purse of Louis XV., was continued by Louis XVI. Aimée then left the Telison household and was taken under the protection of the

Marchioness de Marsan, who enabled her to complete her education and in other respects assumed toward her the relation of a foster-mother. In 1778 Aimée had finished her education, and about that time she met Paul Jones when he came to Paris after his cruise in the Ranger.

Madame de Marsan was then past the prime of life, but took an active interest in social affairs and possessed great influence at Court. She was one of the intimate friends of Madame Campan, née Genet, sister of the celebrated French envoy of that name, and Jones was indebted to M. de Genet for his introduction into this exclusive circle, Madame Campan being then one of the principal ladies of the Queen's household. This circle included also the famous Countess de la Vendahl, who for a time appeared to share with young Aimée the tender regard, if not the affections of the American hero. Aimée was also a *protégée* of the Duchess de Chartres, and in fact it was at her palace that Jones was first introduced to the young lady.

The memoirs and historical anecdotes of that period abound with references to Paul Jones as a society man at Paris and Versailles, and they also make frequent mention of his attentions to Aimée de Telison, who was generally recognized as the object of his affections. Aside from the fragmentary correspondence preserved by the Commodore's niece, Miss Janette Taylor, and the "Anecdotes of the Court in its Last Days," by Eugene Calléry (published, however, anonymously), the most pointed references to the relations between Paul Jones and Aimée de Telison are found in the Memoirs of Ma-

dame Elliot; the "Letters of an Englishwoman in France During the American War," by Mademoiselle Edes-Herbert; the original edition of the de Genlis Memoirs, and several other contemporary papers of less note.

The most entertaining of these personal recollections is that of Miss Edes-Herbert. She was a daughter—or stepdaughter—of the British agent for exchange of prisoners at that time, but had lived most of her life in Paris, her own father having been British agent in 1756–63. She met Paul Jones for the first time at the salon of the Marchioness de Marsan in 1780, shortly after his return to France in the Alliance, and about the time the King conferred on him the order of knighthood. At that time Aimée de Telison was under the protection of the Marchioness, and the party was given in her honor, or rather she was the hostess of the occasion.

Miss Edes-Herbert records her impressions of Paul Jones as follows:

Having been taught to regard Captain Jones as a rough, desperate renegade, if not pirate, I was amazed to meet a most courteous, graceful gentleman of slight build and rather delicate, not to say effeminate, cast of features, faultlessly dressed, exquisitely polite, altogether handsome, and speaking French fluently, though with indifferent accent and many lapses of grammar. However, his French was better than that of most English persons of quality who pretend to speak the language in the drawing-rooms of London. For some reason he was quite attentive to me, and we danced twice. Naturally we avoided political subjects, though once he asked me if I had heard or

read anything about the affair of taking the Earl of Selkirk's plate at St. Mary's Isle in the cruise of the Ranger. I said I had, and he then told me that his relation to the affair was not correctly understood, and he would do himself the honor to send to me copies of all the papers in the case, in order that I might be able to form a right judgment. And, by way of compliment, I suppose, he added that, while under the circumstances that existed he was compelled to be indifferent to the estimation in which Englishmen held him, he was as sensitive as ever to the sentiments of Englishwomen ; also that, while he might be at war with my countrymen as a nation, he could never be anything but at peace with their daughters. Altogether I was quite charmed with him. He was quite impartial in his attentions to the ladies. However, his preference for her ladyship, our gracious hostess, could not be quite hid ; it was not even partly veiled. Neither, I must say, was her ladyship's reciprocity of it. A few days afterward he called on my father to initiate a scheme for exchanging the crew of the Serapis for American prisoners in England. I did not see him on this occasion, but my father informed me that he was deeply impressed by him and could not help seeing in him genius of the first order. My father spoke of his manner as extremely cold, reserved, and wholly official, which was the exact reverse of his deportment toward me at the reception. My father said that when he told Captain Jones, as he had to, that our (the British) Government had not given him authority to recognize the right of cartel to the American insurgents, the Captain replied : "Very well, sir ; but, as Voltaire says, the future is much longer than the present." *

Elsewhere Miss Edes-Herbert speaks of meeting Paul Jones again at a *fête champêtre* given by the

* Miss Edes-Herbert's stepfather had no authority to arrange exchanges for any but French and English prisoners.

Countess d'Houdetot at the Château Montmorency. This event occurred shortly after the King had knighted Jones—the letters patent bearing date of June 28, 1780, and the *fête* of the Countess d'Houdetot occurring on the 14th of July following. Of this occasion Miss Edes-Herbert says :

Though there was all afternoon and evening a throng of the noblesse and persons of quality in all stations of eminence, no one gained so much notice or was so sought after for introductions as the American Commodore, Paul Jones, now titled "Monsieur le Chevalier."

As on the occasion of our previous meeting at the Marquise de Marsan's, he was now especially polite to me ; so much so, that many of the ladies rallied me on what they were pleased to term my "conquest of the conqueror." Finally I ventured to say to him : "Monsieur le Chevalier, you will not think it strange if I am not so cheerful as these French ladies are in paying devotion to you, because all these honors are in compliment to your victory over my own people."

To this he instantly replied, not in French, which we had been talking, but in English : "My dear Miss Edes-Herbert, I most fully comprehend and appreciate your sentiments. And permit me to say also that had my adversary on the occasion you speak of been any but a countryman of yours, I would not be thought entitled to so much credit as they seem to give me for the victory. Therefore, my dear lady, instead of being sad you should be buoyant in the thought that it is only upon those who have defeated Englishmen that such honors are bestowed. And beyond doubt the extreme infrequency of such events has much to do with the extravagance of praise the French now bestow upon me."

While this conversation was going on we were seated together on a rustic bench apart from the throng, and Mlle.

de Telison came to present the Commodore to some other ladies. As soon as the introductions were made I repeated to the whole party what he had just said to me.

"What beautiful sentiments!" exclaimed Mlle. Aimée. "No one else in the world could be chivalric enough to entertain them! But it is like him; and he has no equal among men!"

This was said with a passionate vehemence and entire disregard of environment that left no doubt in any mind as to what had become of Aimée's heart. As for the Chevalier, he listened with a half-affectionate, half-amused expression, and said only in reply that it was not in his power to suitably express the sentiments that such honors stirred within him. "And," he added, "you know, ladies, that I am but a simple sailor, unaccustomed to such graces as yours."

Miss Edes-Herbert's letters were first published in a weekly journal of Edinburgh and were afterward assembled in a small volume. Among her gossipy letters is the following, written in 1780:

The Countess de la Vendahl, a young and dashing woman, seems to have no objection to indulge a little harmless gallantry on the part of the famous American Commodore. Among the accomplishments of the Countess is much cleverness as an artist, and she is one of Van der Huydt's pupils. She has lately painted an exquisite miniature of him (the Commodore) under Van der Huydt's direction, and she has also given him her own miniature. . . .

Miss Edes-Herbert was at this time employed by the Countess and other French noblewomen as a teacher of English, and was an inmate of the Ven-

dahl household. In a letter of date subsequent to the foregoing she says:

Since my last, the famous Paul Jones has dined here and also been present at afternoon teas. If I am in love with him, for love I may die, I am sure, because I have as many rivals as there are ladies; but the most formidable one is Lady de la Vendahl herself, who seems to possess all his heart. This lady is not only of high rank and virtue, but is very sensible, good-natured, and affable. Besides this she is possessed of youth, beauty, wit, and every other female accomplishment. He is going soon to America. The Countess and he correspond, and his letters are replete with elegance, sentiment, and delicacy. She drew his picture in miniature and wrote some lines with it, which are much admired, in presenting it to him; and he, since he received it, says he is like a second Narcissus—in love with his own resemblance. To be sure he is the most agreeable sea-wolf one could wish to meet with—at least on the land; but he is doubtless not so charming to meet at sea. He is an extraordinary genius; a poet as well as a conqueror.

A few days ago he wrote some verses for Mademoiselle de Gerard, the young daughter of his great friend the Envoy. These verses* were written extempore in the presence of quite a group of ladies, with but little hesitation and hardly any changes from the first text. I send you a copy of them. Do with them what you please. But if you publish them, do not give any names but his own.

The King has given him a magnificent gold-mounted sword, which, lest perhaps it should fall into the hands of

* The verses addressed to Mlle. de Gerard have been published in most of the biographies of Paul Jones, together with other similar effusions. All the metrical efforts of the Commodore indicate that, while he may have been a poet among sailors, he would doubtless figure as a sailor among poets, and his prosody was not on a par with his seamanship. His fame, we think, rests much more securely on his victories than on his verses. We therefore omit them.

the enemy, he has begged leave to commit to the care of her ladyship—a piece of gallantry highly applauded here.

Whatever may have been the warmth of the *entente* between Commodore Jones and the Countess de la Vendahl as described by Miss Edes-Herbert, it was evanescent and did not interrupt his relations with Aimée de Telison, who, fond of him as she was, seems to have been not only destitute of jealousy, but, on the contrary, took a pride of her own in witnessing the admiration that others of her sex bestowed upon her idol. Among the few of her letters to him that have been preserved is the following, under date of August 28, 1780, addressed to the Commodore at l'Orient:

. . . Since your departure, my dear Commodore, I have done little else than answer inquiries concerning you from your legion of feminine worshippers. "Is he going to sea again?" "Has the King given him a new command?" "When will he return hither?" are questions constantly addressed to me by all the fair world. In vain I expostulate that I am not your jailer! That you honor me, only as you do them, with your society betimes, and regale me only as you do them, with your exhaustless wit and graces.

They will not have it so, but declare one and all that I am the chosen one. Only yesterday the Countess de la Vendahl said to me, "Alas, my poor husband; he is so good and withal so dull! What would I not give to be, as you are, enshrined in the affections of a heart like that of Paul Jones; to know that devotion and affection for me were cherished in the same bosom that holds the courage that made him the conqueror in a battle the like of which is unheard of? Do not fail, my dearest Aimée, to plume yourself upon your conquest. You are, as all know, the daugh-

ter of a King. But, far more than that, you are, as all equally know, the beloved of a hero !"

Now, my dear Commodore, what can I say in reward of such compliments? Surely I can say nothing that would be adequate. But I never permit myself to doubt that what all say must be true. I could not doubt it without despair. Fortuneless as I am, and dependent upon the charity of a benefactress who, I believe, has taken me in place of a child of her own, denied to her in the providence of God, I am richly content so to be, if only I may trustfully believe that I have your affection.

Her Royal Highness [meaning the Duchess de Chartres] has told me since you went away that there is no doubt of your receiving command of another squadron by direct order of His Majesty and without interference of M. de C—— [Chaumont] or any other interested person. She tells me H. M—— [the King] himself has said you shall have the Serapis as soon as she is fitted out; your own prize, gained by such desperate valor—by valor like unto the legend of La Tour d'Auvergne.

Necessarily I hope so. It will take you once more far away from me, amid perils no one can foresee the end of; but all in pursuit of glory and in defence of our common cause. For that, and that alone, I am willing to deny myself all; even the rapture of being with you soon again.

When you are in readiness with your new Argosy to sail in quest of another Golden Fleece, may not your poor little Aimée Adele come to l'Orient to say "Bon voyage?" True, I cannot indulge the fancy that such parting would in any wise reinforce your chivalry, which needs not reinforcement; but it would enable a poor little waif who loves you to see for once her hero with his armor on in all panoply of battle !

Paul Jones refers to Aimée de Telison several times in his correspondence, particularly in that

with Jefferson, when the latter was American Minister to France. These references indicate beyond doubt that Jones charged himself with her maintenance; and though when in Paris he never lived under the same roof with her, he always—at least after his return to Paris in December, 1783—provided her with an establishment of her own, quite suitable to her rank. Whatever her own resources may have been, it is clear from at least two of the missions in her behalf, which he intrusted to Jefferson, that he held it his duty to make up any deficit.

In September, 1787, Jones was in New York, which was then the national capital, and while there he made a remittance to her, through Mr. Jefferson, in the following letter:

(Private) NEW YORK, September 4, 1787.

HONORED SIR: I am much obliged to you for the letter from Madame Telison which you forwarded by the June packet. I now take the liberty to enclose a letter for that worthy lady; and as I had not the happiness to introduce you to her, I shall now tell you in confidence that she is the daughter of the late King by a lady of quality, upon whom His Majesty bestowed a large fortune on her daughter's account. Unfortunately, the King died while the daughter (his favorite) was very young (only sixteen years of age); and her mother has never since shown her either justice or even natural affection. She was long the silent victim of such injustice; but I had the pleasure to put her in a fair way to obtain redress.

His present Majesty received her last year with great kindness; he gave her several particular audiences, and said he charged himself with her fortune. . . .

But the letter from her, sent through you, left her in tears. Her friend, her protectress, her introductress to the

King (the Marquise de Marsan) died suddenly. She was in despair. . . . I hope, however, that she went to visit the King in July, agreeably to the appointment made for her in March. I am persuaded that His Majesty would now receive her with additional kindness, and that her bereavement would, in his mind, be a new claim to his protection; especially as he well knows and has acknowledged her superior merit and just claims.

As I feel the greatest concern for the situation of this worthy lady, you will render me a great favor by writing a note to the enclosed address, requesting Madame de Telison to call upon you, as you have something to communicate to her from me. When she calls upon you please deliver to her the within letter and separate enclosure, and also please show her this letter, that she may see both my confidence in you and my advice to her.

While in the first instance I ask you to do this for my sake, I am sure that when you have made her acquaintance you will be glad of having complied with my request for her sake.

(Signed, etc.) PAUL JONES.

The enclosed letter to Mlle. de Telison, which Jones requested Thomas Jefferson to hand to her, was as follows:

NEW YORK, September 4, 1787.

MY DEAR MADAME: No language can convey to my fair mourner the tender sorrow I feel on her account. The loss of our worthy and noble friend is indeed a fatal stroke! It is an irreparable misfortune which can only be alleviated by the one reflection that it is the will of God, whose providence, I hope, may yet have blessings in store for us. The noble Marquise was more than a mother to you. We have lost her. Let us cherish her memory, and send up grateful thanks to the Almighty that we once had such a friend.

I cannot but flatter myself that you have yourself gone to the King in July, as he had appointed audience for you. I am sure your present loss and bereavement will newly induce him to protect you and render to you justice. He will hear you, I am sure, and you may safely unbosom yourself to him, telling him frankly all your relations and asking his advice, which cannot but be agreeable to him to give you. Tell him you must now look to him as your father and protector. If it were necessary I think, too, that the Count d'Artois, his brother, would on your personal application render you good offices by speaking in your favor. I should like it better, however, if you do without him.

His Excellency Mr. Jefferson will show you my official letter of this date to him. You will see by it how disgracefully I have been detained here by the Board of Treasury. It is impossible for me to stir from this place till I obtain their final settlement on the business I have already performed; and as the season is already far advanced, I expect to be ordered to embark directly for my destination in the North. [Referring to his mission to the Court of Denmark.]

Hereafter, until further advices, please forward all your letters to me through Mr. Jefferson. Just at this moment I am almost without money, and, though not resourceless by any means, cannot realize on my securities quickly without sacrifices I am not willing to make. Thus I am puzzled for an adequate supply. For thirty-six thousand livres worth of prime securities I am offered fifteen thousand, which fact may enable you to perceive the depression prevailing here.

I have written to Dr. Bancroft, in London, who has in his hands over forty thousand livres for me in ready cash, to assist me in meeting your present needs. When this reaches you, call on M. le Grand [Jones's banker in Paris] and, presenting this as credential, ask him to hand you 4,000 livres (about $800) from my Holland account. He will know what that means. I enclose a bit of paper in

cipher with my signature. I need not translate it to you, but it is a form of order for the amount mentioned.

I do this and mention these facts with infinite regret, and for no other reason than because it is impossible for me to transmit to you an adequate supply under my present circumstances.

This is my fifth letter to you since I left Paris. Two were written while yet in Europe, and I sent them in duplicates. But you say nothing of having received my letters.

Finally, my dearest friend, summon all your resolution. Exert yourself and plead your own cause. You cannot fail of success. The justice of your cause and the charm of your entreaties would move a heart of flint! Present my tender respects to your sister. . . . I persuade myself that she will continue her tender care of her sweet little godson and that you will cover him with kisses from me. . . .

Mr. Jefferson carried out Paul Jones's wishes, and during the remainder of his term as American Minister in France, which included the greater part of Jones's service as an admiral in the Russian Navy, he gave to Aimée the most assiduous care, protection, and counsel, employing her frequently to aid him in obtaining information for which she had many valuable facilities and giving her the full benefit of his personal influence at Court.

The "sister" referred to in the foregoing letter was Aimée's stepsister, daughter of M. de Telison by his former marriage, and she was some years older than Aimée. This stepsister was then the wife of an officer of marine artillery in the French Navy, the Chevalier de Thouvenot.

It must be admitted that there is a possible mys-

tery as to the "little godson" mentioned in such affectionate terms at the conclusion of the letter. The inquiry might be offered, "Who were the parents of Madame de Thouvenot's 'little godson?'"

In the early part of the reign of Louis Philippe an historical novel was published in which Paul Jones figures as "the Chevalier de Joignes" and Aimée de Telison as "la Marquise de Bonneval"—the *nom de plume*, it will be recalled, given by Louis XV. to Aimée's mother. The anonymous author of this novel says in his prologue introducing Paul Jones and Aimée de Telison as characters in the romance, that it was their child and the fruit of a secret marriage. But we can find nothing to corroborate that version, and nowhere else in any papers of Jones or Aimée extant can be found the slightest reference to such a child. We therefore think it perfectly safe to assume that if Paul Jones had had a son by Aimée de Telison, his voluminous correspondence, either public or private, would have contained, somewhere, some other reference to the fact; because he was not the kind of man to neglect his offspring, no matter what the circumstances might be.

In the "Anecdotes of the Court of Louis XVI." Aimée de Telison is described (about 1784) as "petite, extremely vivacious, of most charming temper, and possessed of all the polite accomplishments. Her features are a softened and refined image of the late King, her father; her eyes are large, dark, and lustrous, and her hair, which is of great length and profusion, is a deep auburn, often in bright light having the hue of red gold. Her com-

plexion is the perfection of pink and white, and, though in her twenty-sixth year, she passes everywhere for a young girl not twenty. She talks and writes with grace and wit, speaks the English and Spanish languages fluently, and is admitted by all to be the most finished performer on the guitar in Court circles. She enjoys the protection of the most powerful ladies, and is consequently in request to aid in the most important *fêtes*, receptions, and balls, and in the most exclusive private theatricals. Though without fortune, she has ever commanded the attentions of the most distinguished men; but has never encouraged anyone except the famous Chevalier Paul Jones, Commodore of the American Navy, and, next to him, she most affects the society of the great and learned Dr. Franklin, by whom she is most delicately esteemed."

We are indebted to the same authority, about the same time, for the best personal description extant of Paul Jones. The date is in the winter of 1783–84, when Jones was beginning his operations, as Special Commissioner of the United States, to collect prize-moneys due to American sailors in France, Holland, and Denmark. He is described as

A man of about thirty-eight years; five feet seven inches tall; slender in build; of exquisitely symmetrical form, with noticeably perfect development of limbs. His features are delicately moulded, of classical cast, clear-cut and, when animated, mobile and expressive in the last degree, but, when in repose, sedate almost to melancholy. His hair and eyebrows are black, and his eyes are large, brilliant, piercing, and of a peculiar dark-gray tint that at once changes to lustrous black when he becomes earnest or animated. His eyes

are in fact his most remarkable feature, and are the first to attract the attention of those whose good—or ill—fortune it may be to come in contact with him. They betray unmistakable evidences of a subtle nature, intense with passion, surcharged with ambition, and capable of the widest extremes of sentiment and action. His complexion is swarthy, almost like that of a Moor, though this is doubtless much due to his having spent the best part of his life from early boyhood till near the age of thirty at sea in tropical voyages, to the West and the East Indies.

He is master of the arts of dress and personal adornment, and it is a common remark that, notwithstanding the comparative frugality of his means, he never fails to be the best dressed man at any dinner or fête he may honor by attending. His manners are in comport with his make-up. His bearing is that of complete ease, perfect aplomb, and also martial to the last degree; but he has a supple grace of motion and an agile facility of gait and gesture that relieve his presence of all suspicion of affectation or stiffness.

To all these charms of person and graces of manner he adds the power of conversation, a store of rare and original anecdote, and an apparently inexhaustible fund of ready, pointed wit, always apropos and always pleasing except on the infrequent occasions when he chooses to turn it to the uses of sarcasm and satire. On such occasions his keen tongue is without pity, and, as all know that a swift and terrible hand lurks close behind the reckless tongue, it is always the study of those in his society to avoid rousing the ferocious nature so thinly, albeit so sleekly, veneered by gentle manners and seductive speech.

Next to the magic of his eyes is the charm of his voice, which no one can ever forget, man or woman, who has heard it. It is surely the most musical and perfectly modulated voice ever heard, and it is equally resistless in each of the three languages he speaks—English, French, and Spanish.

It is difficult, when one sees the Chevalier Paul Jones in the affairs of society or hears his discourse at dinner table or in salon, to believe that this is one and the same person as the ruthless sea-fighter; hero of the most desperate battles ever fought on the ocean, and, for the first time in history, the conqueror of those who had conquered the sea!

In all his personal habits he is moderate; not given to excesses of any kind, either of food or of drink, but always temperate, careful, and under the most perfect self-command. He is reputed to be as bold and successful in the affairs of speculation as in those of love and war, and most of his ready resources are said to be derived from that source. His connections in the world of finance are of the highest, and his advice is much sought after in regard to speculative ventures. For example, being in the United States when peace was declared, and knowing the scarcity of illuminating oils in France and the Netherlands, due to the stoppage of the fisheries by the war, and also knowing of large quantities of that commodity in store in America, he arranged large shipments both to Nantes and Amsterdam, with the support of certain French and Dutch merchants, and it is said that his share in the profits has amounted to £7,500 or £8,000.

Though the relations of Paul Jones and Aimée de Telison existed from 1778 until the death of Jones, in 1792, a period of fourteen years, and though in consequence of frequent intervals of separation due to the incidents of Jones's official career, their correspondence was voluminous, but little of it has been preserved. About a dozen of her letters to him were found among his private papers, after his death, by Gouverneur Morris, and Aimée allowed Capelle to publish a few of Jones's letters to her in the French Collection of 1799. All the letters of

Paul Jones to Aimée extant are addressed to her as "My Dear Madame" except one or two in which he uses her middle name, "Adele." They are all serious letters, mostly about public affairs or social matters of interest to both. But they are not in any degree sentimental or amatory, nor do they contain expressions that might be construed to mean anything but a platonic relation.

Capelle, whose book was printed in 1799, refers to her as having furnished to him much valuable data, including copies of Jones's correspondence with Prince Potemkin, Marshal Suwarrow, the Count de Segur, and two letters from the Empress Catharine. Capelle speaks of Aimée as being employed at that time in the capacity of a teacher of English in a seminary at St. Germain (probably that of Madame Campan). She owed her knowledge of the English language to Jones, who had not only taught her himself but had employed an accomplished English lady who lived in Paris during the American war—Miss Edes-Herbert, previously mentioned—to instruct her also.

Mlle. de Telison was of great assistance to Jones when he was in France on official business, acting as his confidential secretary, helping to write his voluminous correspondence, particularly during his operations to collect prize-money in 1784, 1785, and 1786, and transcribing his journals and other historical papers. She was, beyond question, a woman of great intelligence as well as amiability. One of the last acts of Paul Jones a short time before making his will, July 18, 1792, was to give to her a modest little house in the Rue Vivienne, and to

settle upon her an annuity. But it is probable that the annuity was swept away in the general wreck of the Revolution. Judging from the value of the property scheduled by Gouverneur Morris to accompany Jones's will, it would appear that, before making the will, he had given to Aimée de Telison about one-third of his possessions available at that time.

While Barère was employed as editor of Napoleon's official organ, under both Consulate and Empire, he availed himself of the ability and equipment of Aimée de Telison as translator into French of articles that from time to time appeared in the English papers, which Napoleon desired to lay before the reading public of France. In this way she established a status of her own, to such an extent that, after Napoleon became Emperor, she was employed by the Empress Josephine to instruct the young ladies of her suite in the English language and also to give them discourses upon the history of the American War of 1775–83 and the Court of Louis XVI. In this and other capacities Aimée de Telison maintained a prominent and respected place in the upper circles of French society until the divorce of Josephine and the advent of Maria Louisa, after which no trace of her career seems to be extant.

In this chapter we have departed widely from the chronological plan of the work as a whole, the purpose being to separate as much as practicable the purely personal from the public and official history of Paul Jones. Earlier biographers of the Commodore differ in their estimates of the actual relation between him and Aimée de Telison. One thing is

certain: There is not a line or a word in any of their correspondence authentically preserved to indicate the existence of that kind of relation commonly described by the French as "convenable." On this point, however, it may be worth while to introduce a comment by the editor of the Edinburgh biography, which appears in the appendix to the second edition of that work (1833). He says:

Those who would argue a purely platonic character for the noted relations that existed fourteen years between Paul Jones, the son of a Scottish peasant, and Aimée Adele de Telison, the natural daughter of a Bourbon monarch, lay infinite stress on the unblemished purity and the frank propriety of such of their correspondence as has been handed down, and also upon the total absence of incriminating statements or even insinuations in the extant writings of contemporary observers.

As for the first of these arguments, we think they give color to rather than take color from the theory of intimacy. Paul Jones was a man not only of almost phenomenal courage, but he was also one of the most consummate tact and the most calculating prudence in affairs involving either his own integrity or that of anyone dear to him. Proud as he may have been of his mastery over the heart of a beautiful and universally recognized daughter of a King of France —no matter if illicit, he would have been the last man in the world to parade the fact to his own discredit and to her shame.

Loose as the morals of the Bourbon courts were, Aimée de Telison held her head up as proudly as any woman of less clouded birthright might have done. She was the pet of such women as the Duchess de Chartres, the Countess de Bourbon, the Princess Lamballe, the Marquise de Marsan, Madame de Lafayette and a host of others—social leaders like them ; and she even enjoyed the sympathy if not the

patronage of the cold and prudish Queen, Marie Antoinette herself. But little knowledge of the real character of Paul Jones, but little insight into the alike fierce and gentle chivalry that was the inspiration of all his conduct, are needed to perceive that his public attentions to the lovely woman who gave herself to him with a singleness of devotion seldom seen, would naturally have been of the most discreet character and studiously planned to mask any relation, or even the semblance of one, equivocal. Letter-writing was a dangerous pastime in France in those days. No correspondence was secure from espionage. No one could be sure that a posted letter would not be intercepted or tampered with. For these reasons we think that the lofty decorum and careful propriety of the Commodore's correspondence with his morganatic princess of the house of Bourbon may be viewed as arguments for or against either theory of their actual relations, at the will of the disputant.

As for the absence of contemporaneous animadversion, we think it may be concisely accounted for by the knowledge, general at that time, of the Commodore's tendency to abrupt and often not altogether harmless methods of adjusting personal affairs, either on his own behalf or on that of those who might claim his protection or enjoy his affection.

The anonymous editor of this second edition of the Edinburgh life of Paul Jones, it has been said, was Malcolm. Be that as it may, there can be no question that the foregoing brief review must have fallen from a master-pen, guided by a subtle brain.

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